

ALL MEN HAVE LOVED THEE

A SONG OF FRANCE

H A R O L D C. G E Y E R

Illustrated by the Author



RICHARD R. SMITH . . . NEW YORK

COPYRIGHT 1941 BY HAROLD C. GEYER

**Published by Richard R. Smith
120 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y.**

**All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced
in any form without permission of the publisher.**

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PREFACE

To many readers of the present hour, it may at first sight seem like callous buffoonery for any author to describe his book as "A Song of France." It may not be amiss, therefore, to introduce the rather unusual song which follows with a few words of sober prose by way of preface.

"Every man has two countries, his own and France," wrote Thomas Jefferson at the close of the 18th century and even during France's current unhappy showing, an unending stream of books and articles bears witness to a concern and an affection which have survived the most cruel changes of circumstance. The Germans are in Paris and the fair symmetry of France is disfigured by a line as savage and unmeaning as any perpetrated by some demented picture slasher in the Louvre. Yet for those who ever truly knew her, France remains France for a' that. In some degree, it may be that France remains France because of that.

For France has ever been the dramatic heroine par excellence of our Western world. Always a little incredible in the radiant animation of her eras of prosperity, always titanically tragic in the violence of her reversals and upheavals, she has been time and again the vessel for experiences and emotions which seem to transcend the common range of intensity. This it is which the world watches fascinated as in a play and loves as a brilliant epitome of all that it divines within itself of its own capacities for exaltation or anguish. It is this which has given France the heroic stature which makes it imperative to describe any phase of her destiny in a medium corresponding to the measures of some heroic lay and it is in this sense that the word song may be employed even in treating, as does the present work, of a period so unhappy as the decade which preceded today's war.

I have spoken of France as the dramatic prototype of our Western world. She was especially so in the 1930's. In that chaotic epoch, that age of fear, when the shadow of the last war merged with the shadow of the next, it was in France, who had suffered most, that the great general fear attained its most ominous and paralyzing effect; there, too, that the glorious impression of a thousand years, of Western culture, heightened and made more poignant in a time of crisis, was experienced in its intensest degree. The shadow was blacker and more immediate there than elsewhere, the way of life and the scene which were threatened, not necessarily better, but instinct with that unique Gallic vividness already mentioned.

It is this high tragic spectacle, the beauty and the splendor of Western life,

seen against the dark shadows menacing it from within and without which is the subject of this Song and to present it I have used an art form which certainly cannot avoid the charge of being mixed. There are letters and pictures and poems and newspapers, but if the reader will begin at the beginning, read forwards and not backwards, he will, I trust, have no difficulty in assimilating this assortment of material and should, even after a short period, be conscious of a basic rhythm and order beneath the superficial incongruity.

Stay closely with the letters. It is they, with the pictures, which conjure up and sustain the immediate reality not only of that most delightful of vanished experiences, the life of an art student in Paris, but also of that more significant reality, the life of the French people — a life and civilization of such universal appeal that it has truly been said: All Men Have Loved Thee. It is the letters, also, which tie the other components of the book together.

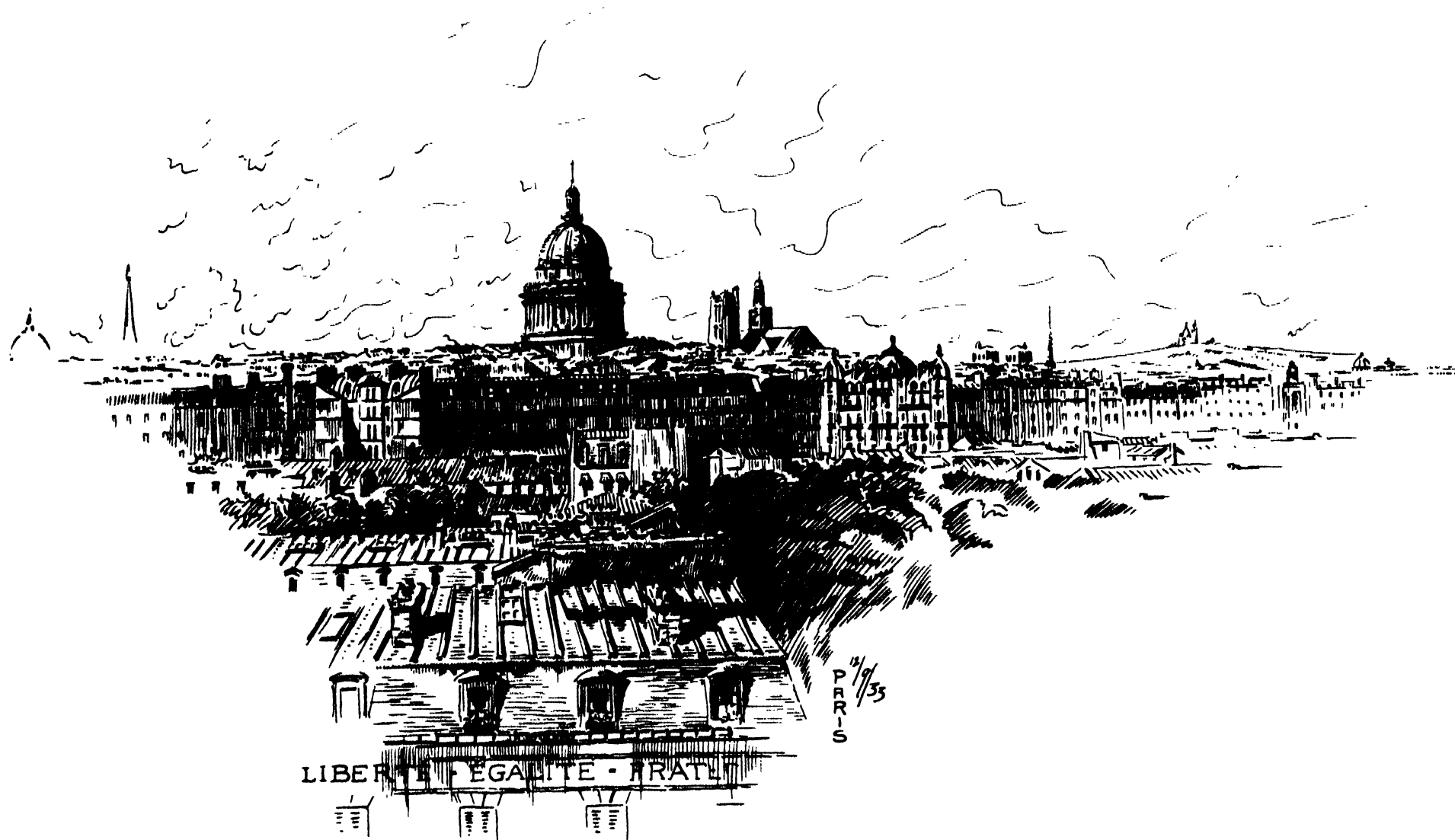
As for the newspapers, read them as you read your daily paper. If you are a headline reader, read the headlines; if you are a cover to cover reader, read them in their entirety; but escape them altogether, I fear you cannot. I have called the decade of 1930-1940 the Age of Fear; and though actual tragedy stalked in many places, for our Western World it was primarily in the black screaming headlines of the newspapers that the Time Spirit expressed itself. It is for this reason that I have presented these pseudo facsimile newspapers based on several Paris papers of different political complexion. The treatment ranges from actual translation to the freest adaptation, but in all cases the spirit and tone are rigorously faithful to the originals. Be it noted in passing that only a few of the articles marked "continued" are really continued and only when they follow on the adjoining page.

Finally, there are the poems, whose function is not unlike that of the chorus of a Greek tragedy. They are designed to comment on the progress of the action and to bring out those elements of beauty whether tragic or exalted which in the long run the author would have remembered as the principal attraction of this Song of France.

The occasional cartoons are by Sennep in the *Echo de Paris* and by various artists in *l'Humanite*. With these exceptions, all the drawings and etchings are by the author.

H. C. G.

New York
October, 1941



Grand Hotel des Gobelins,
57 Boulevard St. Marcel.
September 12, 1933.

Dear Mother:

At last I have found it—a room, a room with a window and a view, a view that for a whole year will hourly sing the tremendous fact that I am actually living in Paris. Grand Hotel des Gobelins, 57 Boulevard St. Marcel, Paris XIV. Does that mean anything to you? I doubt if it does. Few Americans ever venture so far. Take out your guide, then, and look up the Gobelin works. It is near there. That is about all it is near. It isn't even in the vicinity of M. Elaincourt's studio where all the rooms were expensive or looking out on a light shaft. I didn't want to look out on a light shaft. I wanted a view of Paris that was Paris, and you cannot imagine all the horrible hotels I have visited on the chance that from some attic window the magic panorama might unfold. Quite unexpectedly I found it yesterday morning way over here on the Boulevard St. Marcel.

"Yes," said the landlady, "I have a room on the top floor"; and then there was a pause. She was about to have a baby and the femme de chambre looked far from well. Neither wanted to climb to those airy heights for nothing, but the femme de chambre had to do it and up we went, passing the carpet line on the fifth floor into an altitude bereft of all superfluous hotel vegetation. Even the plumbing, as I later discovered, takes on a decidedly bleaker and more primitive form. But of that anon. Just now, we are intent on a view and the femme de chambre is unlocking the door of number 64, a scarred and battered door in the recesses of a dark passageway.

You know how for a fee the attendant will unveil some famous altar-piece: how the shabby curtains are yanked apart and the expected master-

piece shines forth the more symmetrical and inevitable for this dramatic if sordidly inspired introduction. So did my vision burst upon me yesterday. A vicious encounter of jangling keys and creaking lock, an opening door, a window already open, and there it was: the dome and tower crowned summit of the Mont Ste Geneviève quietly glowing in the soft light of a September morning. I approached the window and, as I did so, the frame expanded until it seemed to embrace the whole of Paris from St. Pierre de Montrouge to the clock tower of the Gare de Lyon. Look! I will make you a little sketch from memory. The room won't be vacant for three days but the view already belongs to me. I see it all the time. Look, in the center, the Pantheon, as on a veritable acropolis with the attendant towers of Clovis and St. Etienne Du Mont; on the left, the Val-de-Grâce and the Eiffel Tower, but don't look at that. I leave it out. Then to the right, the towers of Notre Dame (think of that!) and the Basilica of Sacré Coeur and St. Paul and St. Louis, and the column in the Place de la Bastille . . . But there isn't room for them all. The view goes on and on way round to the Salpêtrière. But it isn't the individual buildings that are so exciting. It is the sweep of the entire city that one feels—the reality of the Mont Ste Geneviève, the way the ground falls away to the river and surges up again to Montmartre.

"How superb!" I said to the femme de chambre who was staring with lacklustre eyes.

"Yes," she replied dully. "It's a good view."

My enthusiasm, however, needed no special confirmation. Past any doubt, it was a most remarkable view.

"Et la chambre vous plaît?" asked the femme de chambre.

"Ah oui!" I said. Then I looked at the room. There was a radiator and the room was a fair size. In fact, it is really two rooms for there is a large entry with a window where I can put my etching press and other paraphernalia and, while there is no running water, there is a spigot just around the corner in the hall. So I took one more look out of the window and engaged the room at 310 francs a month.

At the studio, M. Elaincourt has collected quite a group, about five men and five girls when they are all there. Most of them were in our classes at Fontainebleau. All are Americans. At present, we are chipping in for a model as M. Elaincourt sets great store by figure drawing. Gosh, I hope I get good soon! Real good! There are so many things I want to do. That femme de chambre's head at the hotel today, for instance. There's an extraordinary look about her. Such a sad, white face with many lines in it, yet not really old. Poor thing, I'm afraid the seven flights of stairs are too much for her.

For the moment, however, anything so subtle as that face is far beyond me. My figure subjects, as you will observe, are still best hidden in deep shadow; the deeper the better.

This is the old crone in the kiosk at the corner whither I repair each evening for my JOURNAL DE PARIS, though sometimes I take the PARIS-SOIR just for the name.

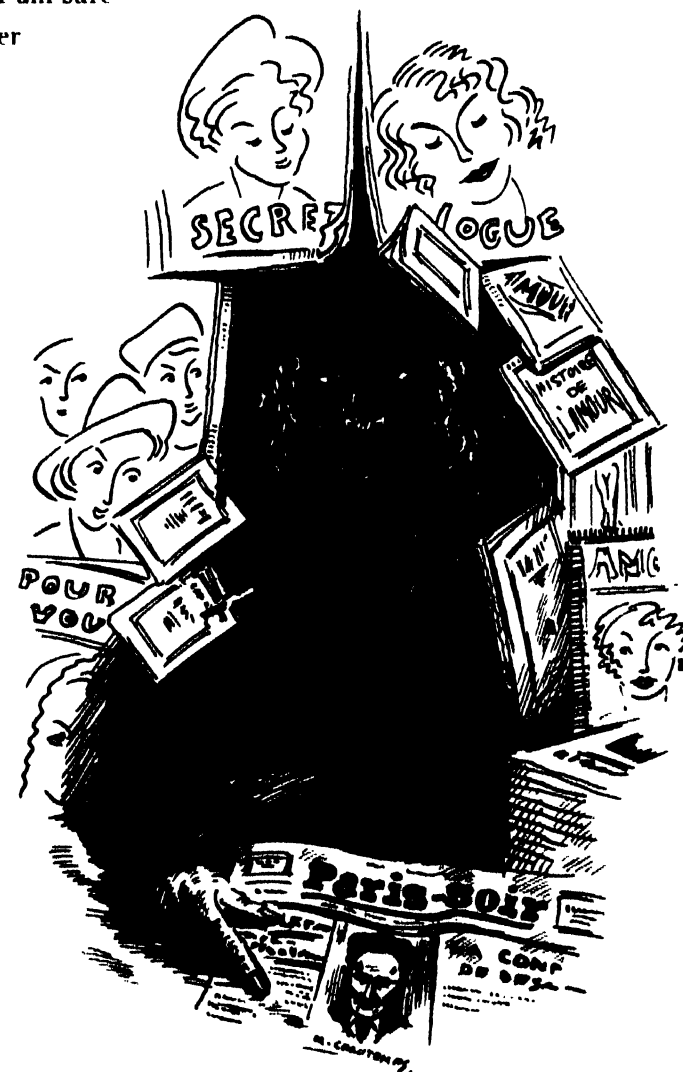
PARIS-SOIR! What romance in those light, caressing syllables! I can go on whispering them over and over in a wrapped and beatific state of breathless contemplation.

PARIS-SOIR Evening in Paris — the quiet sky glowing behind the Quai d'Orsay station, the lights coming on in the Place de la Concorde, the thousand and one little cafe interiors all at once illumined as for a play. PARIS-SOIR — the quays, the bridges and the shadowy river. PARIS-SOIR PARIS-SOIR And I am actually living here at last. Well, so begins the great adventure. I am sure it will be altogether wonderful.

Please write to me soon.

As ever,

Bill



A UNIQUE DRAMA

Ex-Lovers Fight Fierce Pistol-Sabre Duel

Vindictive Lady Hurlled from Window

A drama, but let us be precise, a duel, rather, of estranged love took place in the darkness of last night at Morigny Champigny, near Stamps.

At 10 o'clock, M. Raoul Broquet, a chemical engineer some 65 years old, was just dozing off to sleep in the room which he occupies at number 8, Rue des Deux Ponts, when he was aroused by suspect sounds which seemed to be coming from the closet. Quickly throwing back the covers, M. Broquet sat up in bed. At the same instant, a shot shook the room. Then a second. A regular salvo!

As the engineer rushed towards the closet from which the shots were coming, a ball grazed his shoulder, followed immediately by one that was fired almost point blank. It was time for M. Broquet to look to his defense. Crouching for a sabre on the wall, he made a series of passes and a cry of pain soon revealed that his counter-attack had carried home. The cry was also accompanied by words which enlightened M. Broquet on the character of his adversary. He or, rather, she was indeed the person he had supposed; to wit, his ex-mistress, Mlle Lermiaux, aged 61, and like himself, a native of Belgium.

The engineer redoubled the ardor of his defense, for well he knew the present sentiments of her who had been his tender friend up to that day when, faced with separation, she had dashed a bottle of vitriol in his face!

This time, the lady had resorted to a revolver -- two revolvers, as it turned out later--and, to divert the aim of his mistress, M. Broquet was forced to such lively sword play that, when the blade hit something a little harder than Mlle Lermiaux, it broke off. Our engineer continued to make passes with his broken weapon but reflecting that, if his mistress had many shots in reserve, the fight might become too unequal, he made a quick decision. Grasping his adversary by the waist, he pushed her to the window, opened it and hurled her from the second story into the court. (See Col. 2)

Lord Grey of Fallodon Is Dead

Disarmament



Once more Disarmament is the crucial question of the day. The thrice laid apparition of the Conference is about to walk again but to what a changed situation the poor ghost returns! After six more months of the cold, methodical Hitler Terror, even our idealistic Anglo-American friends nay, even Mr. MacDonald himself, seem convinced that their plan of granting Germany virtual and immediate arms equality is no longer feasible.

It is now generally agreed that if the armed powers are to reduce to Germany's level, it can only be after an all around standstill period of three or four years, and then only if an international system of inspection has proved practical in determining that this standstill agreement has been loyally observed.

Such is the conclusion reached by the British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Captain Eden, and the American delegate, M. Norman Davis, in preliminary discussions with Premier Daladier and Foreign Affairs Minister, M. Paul Boncour, in Paris this week.

Will Germany accept such a trial period? Or such an inspection which might certainly lead to embarrassing revelations of what the Reich has already accomplished in the way of secret and illegal rearmament?

And what sanctions are to be taken for infringement of such an agreement?

We shall see.

Meanwhile, we propose the following as the guiding principle for our delegates at the conference:

THE BALANCE OF POWER MUST NOT BE SHIFTED TO THE PREJUDICE OF THE GREAT CONSERVATIVE POWERS AND PROTECTORS OF THE ESTABLISHED ORDER ANY ARRANGEMENT TENDING SO TO DO WORKS AGAINST PEACE!

National Lottery

THE DRAWING FOR THE FIRST SERIES OF THE NATIONAL LOTTERY IS NOW DEFINITELY SCHEDULED TO TAKE PLACE ON NOVEMBER 8.

She fell with a terrible noise on the roof of some sheds which collapsed with her but to which, no doubt, she owed the fact that she broke no more than her hip. In the meantime, the neighbors had appeared upon the scene and were inspecting the battlefield, the wrecked furniture, the broken window panes and the two revolvers which the lady had left behind her. A discovery in the closet revealed that the discarded mistress was absolutely determined on vengeance for she had brought enough provisions to last her several days!



MAY THE TRUTH PREVAIL!

Reichstag Fire Trial To Open Monday Before High Court in Leipzig

The trial of the 5 Communists, charged with firing the German Reichstag building on the 28th of last March, will open this coming Monday before the highest German tribunal, the Empire Supreme Court, sitting at Leipzig. The defendants, under a double indictment of arson and high treason, include the Dutch mason, Marinus van der Lubbe, the former German Communist Reichstag deputy, Torgler, and the 3 Bulgarians, Dimitrov, Popoff and Taniff -- all of whom have been under preventive arrest for 6 months.

The entire world will follow with passionate interest the proceedings of this trial, which promises to be one of the greatest politico-judicial cases of all time. For the Reichstag fire was no ordinary blaze. But for it, the Nazi movement could never have fastened itself on Germany as it has. On the eve of a critical election, it was this fire and the spectre of Communist revolution which stampeded the German electorate into the Nazi camp, destroying the alleged authors of the crime and entrenching their opponents in unsailable power. A most heinous, a most abominable fire, and yet most singularly opportune for the present rulers of Germany who are now to demonstrate with all the niceties of legal procedure how their great opportunity was lightheartedly handed them by those who have had most reason to regret its results. It is not surprising, therefore, that the conduct of this trial should have aroused the gravest misgivings in an outside world more preoccupied with elemental justice than with questions of Nazi policy and expediency.

London Commission of Inquiry discovers no link between Communists and fire. Sees serious grounds for thinking that Reichstag was burned at instigation of Nazi leaders. See page 3.

Col. Lindbergh Visits Sweden

(Stockholm) Colonel and Mrs. Lindbergh, who flew here yesterday from Copenhagen, are pausing in their survey of the Northern airways to visit the Colonel's ances-

IN NEW YORK

Giant Parade Hails N.R.A.

(New York, Sept. 13) More than 250,000 persons took part here today in a gigantic parade in support of President Roosevelt's reconstruction program. The vast majority of stores and factories declared a half holiday so as to permit their employees to take part in the demonstration.

As the interminable procession passed before General Johnson, administrator of the National Recovery Act, aeroplanes raced overhead bearing streamers on which the Blue Eagle, symbol of the N.R.A., was prominently displayed.

ROOSEVELT RECOVERY LAGS. (See page 4)



Dear Ma:

September 22, 1933.

Here is the first etching of this series, for a series it will certainly be if M. Elaincourt continues to demand two plates a week. As you see, I have not gone far afield for my subject. In fact, it is the same as that of the sketch I sent in my last letter.

Sometimes my view is like this etching and sometimes it is like the sketch and often it is something else again. Sometimes it is contracted, sombre and brooding; and again it is spacious and buoyant. It all depends on the light and how I am feeling.

"Bien caracteristique," was M. Elaincourt's pronouncement on this first effort; "very typical," though typical it could hardly very well avoid being. All of 19th century Paris, as a matter of fact, was intended to be a multiplication of that stupid apartment house across the street. Seven stories topped by a mansard with dormers — that is the unvarying formula. From my window, I can count over a thousand dormers exactly like my own. It would be interesting to know what goes on behind them all.

Yes, indeed!

Just now, I am especially interested in the dormer right next to mine. I have even crossed the street on purpose to study it, hoping thereby to obtain more light on the character of my neighbor. Who is he? Cer-

tainly a very curious person. The slightest sound I make here in the evening provokes a violent thumping on the wall, sometimes accompanied by a voice which appears to come, not from the next room, but from the cellar, seven stories down, or from under the sea. It all goes back to the first night I moved in, when I had occasion to shift the furniture about and rehang the mirror. This last necessitated driving a new hook in my neighbor's wall, an operation which was answered at once by lusty pounding on the other side. However, as I was planning no further noises myself and as those I had made seemed very trifling, I did not attempt any apology.

A few nights later, as I was undressing, I happened to drop a shoe and instantly there was a demonstration on the other side of the wall, although the sound the shoe made could hardly have been heard above the noisy traffic on the boulevard. "Well," I thought, "you are a nervous customer," and went to bed not a little disgruntled with this unreasonable world. Surely a man should be allowed to drop a shoe occasionally.

Somewhere in the small hours of the next morning, I found myself awake and listening intently. Not a sound, and yet I was sure there had been a disturbance of some sort. Ah, there it was again: THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! It was my neighbor pounding on the wall. I



pondered whether I should get up and do some pounding of my own but, as it was cold and the noises not repeated, I soon dozed off again without taking any action.

When I awoke, the memory of my neighbor's nocturnal salute came back to me. From my bed, I studied the door which connected our two rooms. It had been papered over, effaced as much as possible, but now it loomed a most momentous portal. What on earth lived on the other side? For I had never seen my neighbor. Although our rooms adjoin, our hall doors are not beside each other, his being around a turn in the corridor, and never have I happened to meet him either coming or going. I decided to question the *femme de chambre*.

"Say," I asked, "what sort of a person is my neighbor?"

"On which side?" she asked, though I could see she knew quite well; and then, forgetful of prudence, she continued quickly, "*C'est un imbécile, un simple. He is mad, quite mad.*"

I told her about the thumping.

"Pay no attention," she replied. "Get up and pound yourself when he commits his stupidities. He makes more noise than anyone else. He talks to himself, he sings, he claps his hands, yes, for his own applause. Listen! I'll bet he's at it now."

She put her head close to the connecting door and beckoned to me. I tiptoed over and applied my ear.

"Do you hear?" she whispered.

I listened. The same strange voice, still sounding far away or buried under the bedclothes, was reading, as it seemed, aloud and without any expression, some foreign language. Every now and then, the murmur of sound would stick and then go on like a skipping motor.

"What is he talking?" I asked. "It isn't French, is it?"

"Oh dear no, he isn't French."

"What is he?"

"Search me. Maybe he's a Greek."

"Is he old?"

"About forty, perhaps. But don't worry about him. He's completely cuckoo."

"Does he work?"

"Yes, for a while he had some kind of work, but not lately. He must pay the rent, though, or he wouldn't stay long."

So I let it go at that. The next development occurred when I bought my etching press. The two struggling delivery men had carried it half way up the seven flights of stairs when we were stopped by the "Patron," a big brute of a man.

"What is that?" he asked menacingly.

I told him.

"Does it make a noise? There have been complaints that you make a great deal of noise."

"Don't worry," broke in one of the porters. "This old press is heavy but it works as silently as I do." This picturesque observation seemed to satisfy the patron, sufficiently at least to permit the installation of the machine. He wasn't very nice about it, though, and warned me again that there had been complaints.

"From my neighbor?" I demanded.

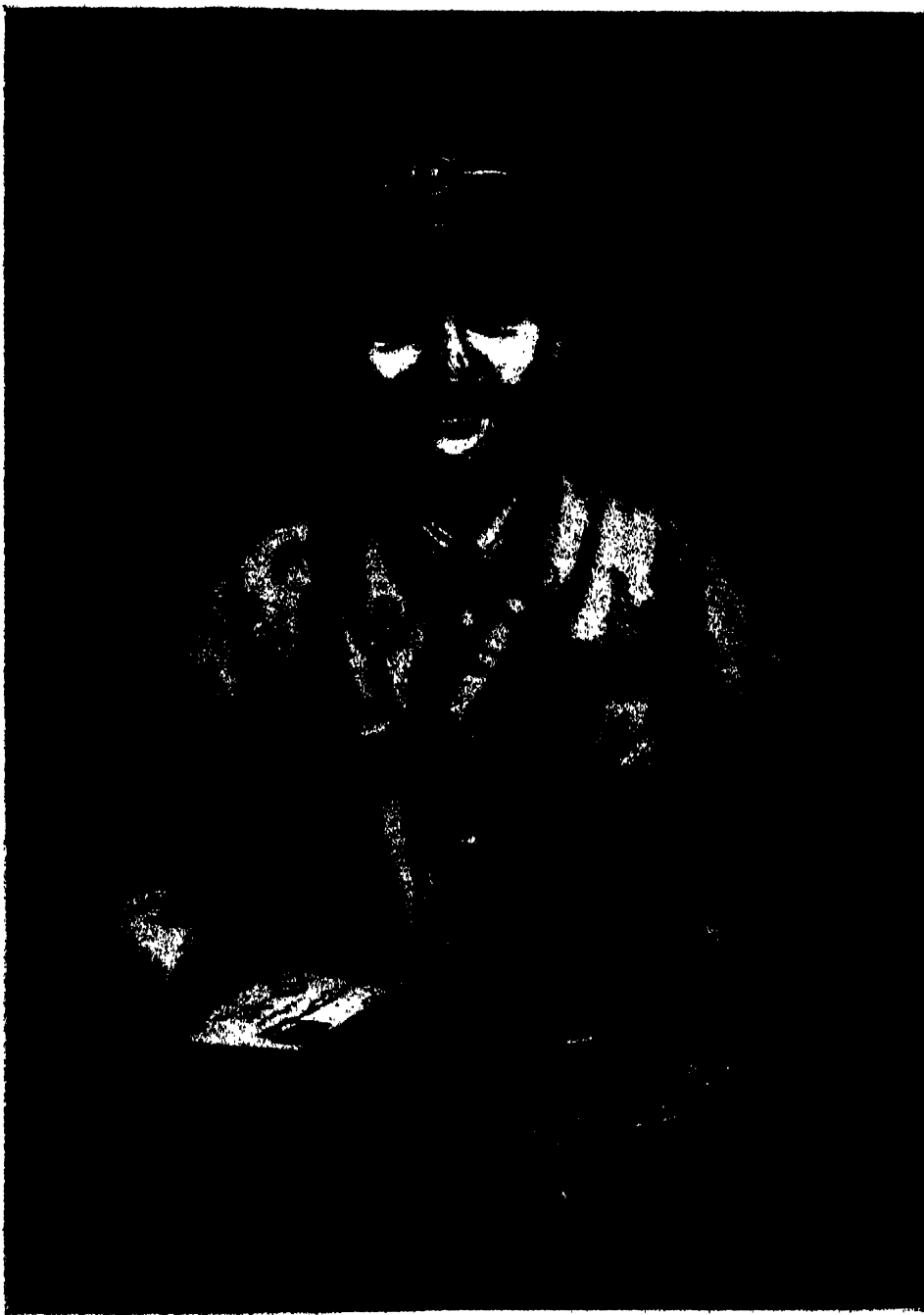
The patron seemed disinclined to commit himself. He looked malignly at me from under his heavy eyelids.

"But Lucille says the man is mad"

Still the patron made no reply and as there seemed nothing more to be said, I turned away abruptly and followed the groaning porters to my room.

And that is where the matter rests at present except for an occasional salvo from the other side of the wall.

Incidentally, Lucille is not the woman who first showed me the room and who was here for the first two or three days. I was shocked. "But where is . . . where is — ?" I began to ask the brisk, husky young girl who had apparently taken over the job.



"She is dead," replied Lucille curtly. "They took her away on Thursday and she died on Saturday. Couldn't you see that she was not for long?"

I stayed looking out of the window a long time after that. Weariness and sickness even unto death — that was the extraordinary meaning that had struck me in that lined and transparent face!

"Couldn't you see that she was not for long?" — There is, at times, a bare simplicity about Lucille's speech which stamps her phrases on the mind:

"And your husband?" I asked after she had told me about two infants she keeps in a school somewhere outside the city. "And your husband, is he dead?"

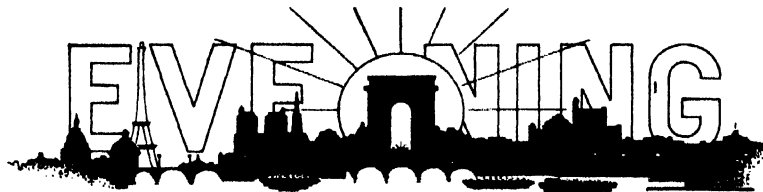
"Ah no," replied Lucille. "It was another woman who stole him away."

As ever,

Bill

P.S. I think I shall hie me up into Normandy this coming week-end. There is a decidedly Autumnal feel in the air and I want to lay in a stock of sketches before it grows too cold. At La Houbloniere, near Lisieux, there is a little castle-farm which caught my eye from the train. I shall go there first and then possibly on to Caen and Falaise.

P.S. P.S. This is my first figure subject. It has turned out rather better than I expected so I guess I will send it along. It couldn't be called a portrait of our postman but it's an impression. As you see, he is a little wisp of a man with great cavernous eyes and a preposterous mustache.



SENSATIONAL REVELATIONS

Push Via Switzerland Seen as Reich War Plan

Geneva to Be Gateway to France

Just as the Disarmament Conference is about to reassemble at Geneva, we are reliably informed of sinister projects menacing the security of the Peace City itself.

One of the most eminent English journalists, M. Poliakoff (Augur), whose articles carry weight in diplomatic circles because of the reliability of their sources, has just revealed in the columns of the *Petit Parisien* the German General Staff's revised plan of conquest.

Yes, the German General Staff has already drawn up to the last detail a plan for penetrating to our vital centers.... Faithful to its traditional strategy, it still looks to an enveloping outflanking movement for ultimate revenge. New conditions, however, have necessitated a change of orientation. A second attack through Belgium would precipitate once more the immediate intervention of Great Britain and, from Longuyon to the Swiss frontier, the way is barred by the formidable fortifications due to the patriotic foresight of Andre Maginot.

"Taking all this into consideration," writes Augur, "the German strategists have been obliged to study a vast enveloping movement with their left wing. Such a strategy, besides depriving Great Britain of any excuse for intervention, would have the advantage of bringing the Germans nearer to those allies they expect to find in Italy, and its success would finally permit a direct thrust at the heart of France!

Berlin has a great opinion of the Swiss army's means of resistance and this for the following reasons: (1) The human material is good but it lacks training and modern technical facilities. (2) The Swiss arms and munitions factories are in the north near the German frontier and could be taken or destroyed in a single night. (3) The Swiss forces, unwilling to face a decisive defeat on the first day, would be forced to retire into the mountains. **Paris Attacked from the Rear! See Page 3.**

M. Bonnet Seeks Balanced Budget

M. Bonnet, Minister of Finance, speaking

The Disarmament Trap



As the current League session opens, one question obsesses every mind. Can the great powers rescue the coming Disarmament Conference from failure? The general impression is not optimistic but better no agreement at all than the one now outlined as the Anglo-Franco-American plan!

We knew that this agreement included the immediate transformation of the professional Reichswehr into an army of short term service doubled in size and with twice the equipment in cannon and machine guns permitted by the Versailles treaty.

We knew that the so-called offensive weapons of the armed powers and of France in particular, the heavy cannon, tanks and bombers were to be suppressed after a period of three or four years.

This we knew, but we did not know, and this is capital, that our delegates have agreed to the virtual destruction of the French army and that to begin at once! Yes without any trial period at all, the French army, Europe's one bulwark of peace is to be reduced to a figure in the neighborhood of 200,000 and its organization completely disrupted by the introduction of a six months period of service instead of a year!

THIS IS A CRIME AGAINST FRANCE AND AGAINST PEACE! Granted that the Reichswehr is likewise to be transformed into a short term army. Granted that the German and Italian military societies are to be merged in the regular army. What do such changes signify in dictator countries where it is impossible to tell where the nation leaves off and the army begins?

And what are we offered in return for the destruction of our army? A system of international arms control which cannot conceivably work plus the good will of Britain and the United States for having furthered their precious disarmament schemes!

The good will of Britain and the United States! What does that mean? Suppose Germany signs the said standstill agreement; suppose she continues to arm secretly and is not found out, or if found out, no suitable action is taken. What then? Will this good will of Britain and the United States be translated into physical force, if necessary to make up for our ruined army?

At this very moment, Germany is secretly remilitarizing the Rhineland in defiance of Locarno and the guarantees of Britain and Italy, yet neither has lent the slightest ear to our protests.

As for the United States, we have just seen the Senate's Foreign Relations Committee hasten to disclaim its delegate's promise that the United States would join in boycotting an aggressor.

IT IS TIME FOR FRENCH PUBLIC OPINION TO AWAKE! THERE IS STILL OPPORTUNITY TO SET OUR BAMBOOZLED DELEGATES STRAIGHT. Germany, incredible fact, still delays accepting these extraordinary advantages. She wants fortifications in the east and the terrorization of our eastern allies. She wants certain so-called defensive weapons. But then, what doesn't she want?

Stripped of all camouflage, GERMANY WANTS THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TREATIES AND THIS WE DO NOT WANT.

LET US SAY SO AT ONCE BY REFUSING TO SACRIFICE OUR ARMY, THE ONE AND ONLY BULWARK OF PEACE!

If the Conference fails, if an arms race follows, it is too bad. There are however, more dangerous alternatives.



AT GENEVA

League of Nations Opens Fourteenth Session With Plea for Cooperation

(Geneva) The 14th session of the League of Nations opened this morning with an address by M. Mowinkel, delegate from Norway, in his capacity as acting president of the council.

After welcoming the new secretary general of the League, M. Avenal, M. Mowinkel observed that the prestige of the League has, unfortunately, not grown since last year.

"What interests the peoples," continued M. Mowinkel, "is not the work of the Secretariat, remarkable as that is, but the ability of the League to create a new understanding and to consolidate and assure peace."

"Fifteen years after the end of that fratricidal crime called the World War, we perceive with shame that we have achieved no closer understanding among the peoples. On the contrary, the possibility of war is an ever present menace."

M. Mowinkel regretted that the Disarmament Conference has so far given no practical results and questioned whether, if it closes without having at least partially accomplished its task, it may not further damage the League's prestige. The orator recalled Stresemann's appeal to the assembly on September 8th, 1929: "Our task is to bring the nations together and iron out their differences." Also recalled was Briand's exhortation to women and mothers at the same meeting:

"On that day when children are taught the love of peace, when they are taught to esteem other peoples, to seek out what unites in preference to what divides the nations, on that day we shall no longer need to guarantee security nor to invoke Article 8 of the pact. Peace will reign among the peoples!"

Intense Activity in Lobbies

Numerous meetings of delegates followed in the course of the day. M. Paul-Boncour conferred with the British delegates, Sir John Simon and Captain Eden. M. Beck was M. Goebbels' Woods M. Beck. See Page 8

Col. Lindbergh Flies to Moscow

IN THE U.S.A.

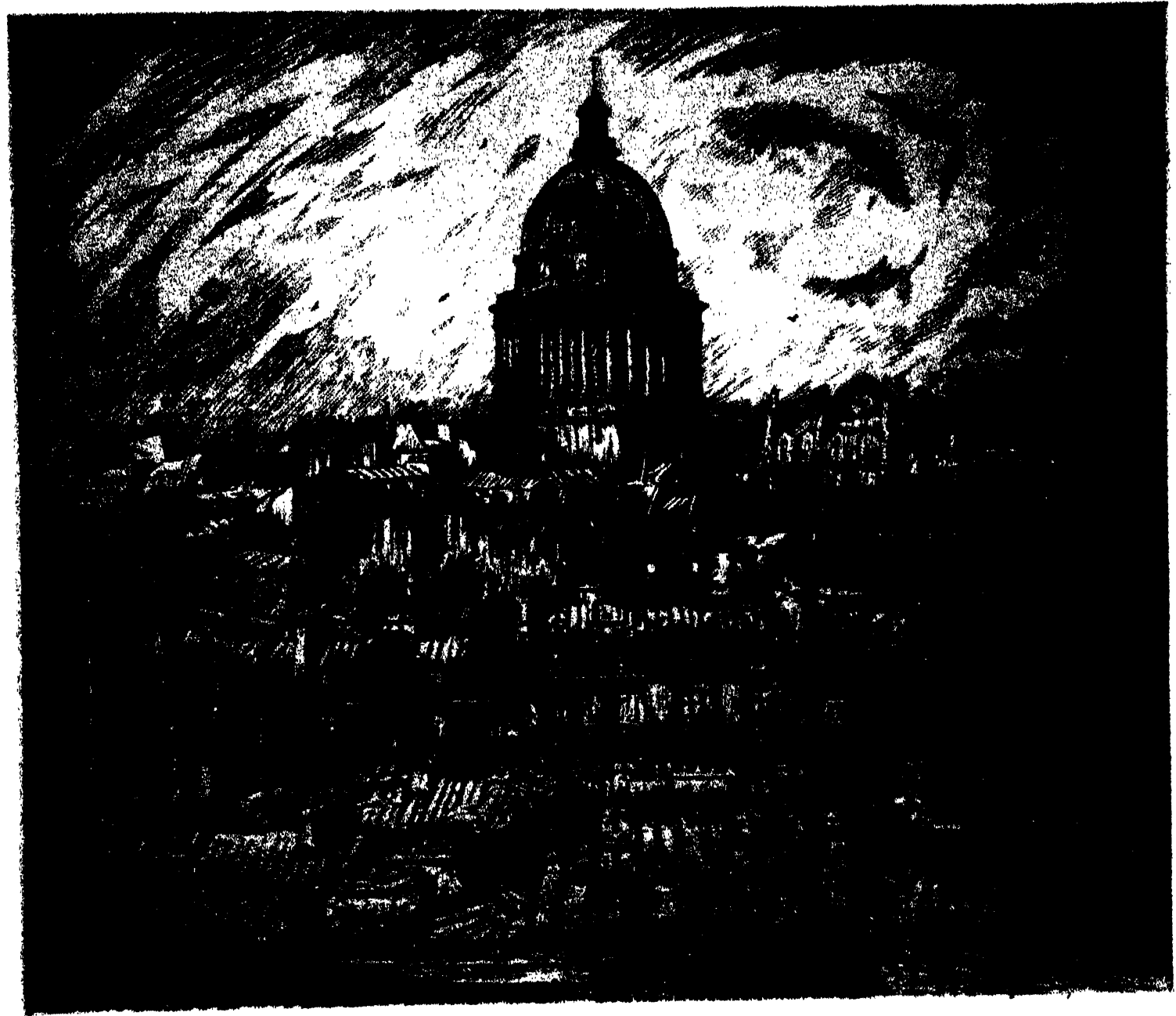
M. Roosevelt Pleads for Peace

(Washington, Sept. 24) In a radio talk addressed to the nation today, M. Roosevelt declared that only by constant and insistent education on the necessity for cultivating the ideal of peace could nations with imperialist tendencies be returned to the cooperative community of nations. "The threat to peace," said the President, "certainly does not come from the

King Albert Scales Italian Peak

(Turin, Sept. 24) King Albert of Belgium today accomplished the ascent of Monte Castello in the company of Count Bonacossa, President of the Italian Alpine Club.

United States. We are unanimously opposed to war. As a nation we do not seek to augment our territory at the expense of our neighbors. The United States does not seek to annex Canada, Mexico or the least part of those nations."





Ma Chérie:

Never did I expect to perpetrate a landscape with cows in it. Yet that is what I have done — or rather am going to do, for the problem hasn't really been solved in this version. Perhaps you didn't even know they were cows, but they are cows all right, beautiful Norman cows!

I wish they had been confined to the picture, for even if one isn't afraid of cows they are large impressive things to have standing at your elbow, trying with their tongues, first your ink bottle, then your pad and finally your elbow itself. You know how cows are on the road? Well they're just the same way in the pasture; and, if you happen to be standing in their habitual line of march, it takes them half an hour to decide to go round and that half hour is spent just looking at you or giving vent to a sound which you hope is asthma and not an incipient bellow.

57 Boulevard St. Marcel, Paris XIV. October 7, 1933.

But cows or no cows, it was a most delightful week-end. The beautiful countryside glowed through a warm haze and my choice of lodging was, for the first night at least, most singularly fortunate. Really, I think the Hotel of the Golden Apple was the most genuine thing I have seen in France in the way of a hostelry. It was a century old half-timbered building, though you would never have guessed it from the front which had been stuccoed over in modern style. In the back, however, the timber work shows while the ceiling of the lower floor is supported by two of the most monstrous beams in captivity. Food and cider were lavishly supplied and, while I had rather more eggs than I like, the quality was excellent.

"Madame, "I said on leaving, "I am sorry to go. I like it here."

"Yes," she replied doubtfully. "At least it is quiet."

What could she have been thinking of? Beneath my window was a barn yard with two dogs, a cow and a calf, crowds of chickens and a whole fleet of ducks: with a quack-quack here and a quack-quack there, here a quack, there a quack, everywhere a quack-quack, especially when a gnarled and knotted old woman, who tended both yard and guests, came out with the feed. A most remarkable old woman! A little bit like Cousin Sis and more than a little like the Queen of the Goblins, which I suppose amounts to the same thing.

The space in front of the hotel was no less lively than that in back. It seemed to be a stopping place for all the country and it was amusing at meals to see the people drive up in carts whose two wheels must have been eight feet high.

Saturday morning, I climbed into one of those carts myself and was driven down to Lisieux to start a short but intricate journey to Falaise. On the way, I asked the driver about Lisieux's Ste Thérèse and her miracles.

"It's all a matter of what you believe," he answered non-committally; "all a matter of what you believe."

Falaise is interesting. You feel as though you were getting down to bed rock when you stand in the birth place of William the Conqueror — nay, even look through the very twelfth-century window through which old tenth-century Robert the Devil first saw and coveted the fair Arlette thrashing her washing in a seventeenth-century fountain!

A queer old man came up to me as I was drawing the castle and asked if I spoke German and then again why I was sketching the castle.

"Why, because it is picturesque, impressive. Do you not find it so?"

"Ah," exclaimed the old man. "If I had my way, the State would level that chateau and all the others like it to the ground."

"But why?"

"Why! What are they but monuments to those who have oppressed the poor? No, no, they should not be permitted to remain!"

A peripatetic, revolutionary old philosopher, rather like Uncle Oliver, I would say!

I would have liked to stay longer at Falaise but had to hurry on by bus to Caen in the afternoon. Caen is a hectic place. It is packed with interest and yet no single one of its attractions is dominant enough to pull the town together. I don't know how William and Mathilda hit it off, but, certainly, in the twin abbeys they built to expiate their marriage the royal cousins have for nine hundred and ninety years made Caen the scene of most unseemly architectural squabbling. No sooner has the visitor climbed to penitent Mathilda's Abbaye aux Dames at one end of the city than the spires of penitent William's no less impressive and historic Abbaye aux Hommes summon him imperiously to the other; and neither St. Pierre with the finest spire in France, nor St. Jean with its leaning tower, nor St. Sauveur of the elegant flamboyant apses, nor St. Nicolas of the unique Norman apse, nor the picturesque dilapidation of the butter market that was St. Sauveur du Marché, nor the charm of the street cleaners' depot that was St. Etienne, nor the pathetic desolation of the storehouse that was St. Giles can impose any peace and order in this town of divided authority. Like embarrassed guests, they have been waiting all these years for host and hostess to come to terms.

None the less, Caen is a wonderful place to realize the ubiquity of the medieval church — that church which could build three shrines like St. Pierre and St. Giles and the Abbaye aux Dames right next each other



and a dozen more within a stone's throw. And I am stirred by the front of William's Abbaye aux Hommes, that bleak and stony precipice around which the sea winds of nine hundred Norman winters have wept and wailed, a wall cruel and stern as fate, brutal as the Conquest of England. They should have a few walls like that among their gothic embroideries at Yale!

It would be hard to find a more violent contrast to the lusty, bouncing Golden Apple than the musty, neurotic pension I stayed in at Caen. It, too, was centuries old, an ancient flamboyant mansion; but that is all they had in common.

When I entered the dim dining room, the withered guests were fretting over the parsimonious menu though their own discontent was mitigated, as I presently learned, by the prospect of how a fellow boarder yet to come would take it.

"Just wait till Madame Gondé sees those stuffed tomatoes!"

One old gentleman with a goatee even mimicked the scene in advance.

Suddenly the talking ceased. A vast fat lady, swathed in much untidy drapery, waddled through the room to a table in the corner. All the company watched her as she went, watched as with infinite difficulty she wedged herself into place, waited while her over-exerted faculties cleared sufficiently for her to take cognizance of the menu and the intolerable reappearance of the intolerable stuffed tomatoes. Then their fun began. I could not make much out of Mme Gondé's high wailing complaint but there was no difficulty in understanding the old gentleman when, with exquisite irony and a diction worthy of the Comédie Française, he spoke his long premeditated line:

"Ah Madame, patience! Patience! This is a school of patience and abnegation!"

But the unhappy lady was not to be pacified. She struggled painfully to her feet and clutching her draperies about her went choking from the room, leaving the old gentleman to put on his little act all over again. I was disgusted with him, however, and turned my attention to the drab dish of stuffed tomatoes which had been the cause of Mme Gondé's dismay.

The next time I came to, the old gentleman was inveighing against Bartholomé's statue of embattled Paris — that startling trench helmeted female in the Place du Carrousel. The subject properly belonged to another less vociferous boarder, just returned from the capital, but the old gentleman had at once pounced on it and made it his own, leading a chorus of unanimous denunciation. The statue was a "monstrosity, a preposterous abortion of strained originality, a national scandal, a disgrace!"



“In fact,” concluded the old gentleman, “they might better have put up a statue of Madame Gondé!”

The war memorials one finds in every little Norman village do not err in the direction of “strained originality.” They are practically all alike: a square shaft with a cast-iron chanticleer on top and, more often than not, a flock of live chickens pecking in the earth below. At first they seem mean, these monuments, cheap and wholesale; but their effect is cumulative and often the quaint turn of a name will prove more moving than all the artistry of a Bartholomé. In one deserted hamlet, I came upon a shaft with only three names, the last of which was eloquent with a tragic double entendre.

A LA GLOIRE ETERNELLE DES HEROS DE VILLENEUVE

Paul Favet

Pierre Brisson

Jean le Mieux

Bon, meilleur, le mieux. Good, better, best! Alas!

You would have thought the world was well on its way to the next war, could you have ridden back with me to Paris yesterday afternoon. From Caen, I had gone on almost to Cherbourg to sketch a desecrated little priory which I cherish as my first glimpse from the railway of medieval France. The nearest station is Valognes and it took about eight miles of walking to locate my quest and, of course, another eight miles to return. When at last I staggered on to the train, I was practically in a stupor. Would that ride back to Paris have been more rewarding had I been wide awake, or was it more suggestive as it was: half seen, half heard, as in a dream?

There were four other persons in the compartment: an old man with shaggy eyebrows and walrus mustache like Clemenceau's; a young sailor, rosy and debonair in his jaunty uniform; a black-robed priest and, finally, a fourth figure — a shadow who sat right next to me and whom I never really got into focus, drowsy and passive as I was. They were talking,

talking, talking; talking about the Disarmament Conference and how it was doomed to fail, and how Germany was to blame, and how Britain was to blame and how America was to blame for a victory lost and a struggle all to begin over again.

Outside, the Norman countryside rushed by, a romantic reel of cattle grazing in green watery meadows, of golden tinted woodlands and compact betowered little cities such as the saints hold in the palms of their hands — BAYEUX! Bayeux of the militant, triple spired cathedral and the mile long tapestry in which the conqueror's wife chronicled the conquest of England — CAEN! Caen of the grim twin abbeys and the many towers — LISIEUX of the gentle Ste Thérèse — BEAUMONT LE ROGER of the spectral ruins — EVREUX of the English Devreux, burned by the English, burned by the French — MANTES where the Conqueror fell from his horse to die at Rouen — towns, meadows and woods; meadows, woods and towns — a narrow, continuous panorama unwinding and unwinding like Mathilda's interminable tapestry at Bayeux . . . and still the hoary old man who looked like Clemenceau, the red-white-and-blue sailor, the black priest and the dark shadow — quaint costumed figures, projected against the swimming landscape with the sharp relief, the heightened vitality of actors in a play — kept talking, talking, talking. All the way to Paris they kept talking of the Disarmament Conference which was bound to fail and how Germany was to blame, and how Britain was to blame, and how America was to blame and how war was certain unless France took a very strong line.

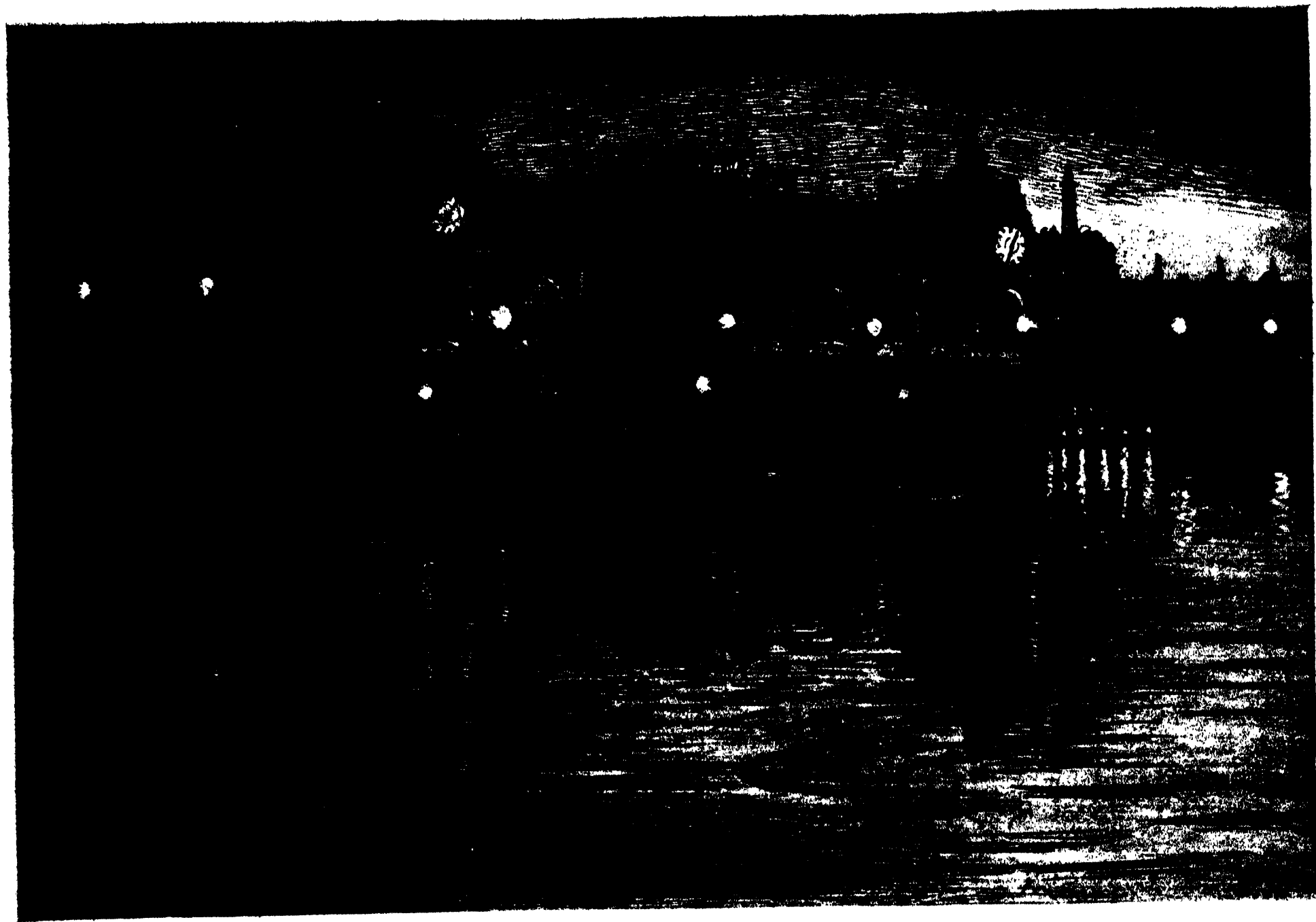
P.S. One of the villages I passed through on the way to my priory is called Brix. I find now in my guide that that is where Robert the Bruce's family hailed from. I am glad of that. For there was something mean-

ingful in that cluster of houses and church, high on a hill off the main road. I could see them for miles before I reached them, sitting so proud and lonely up there, and when I did arrive, the black weather-beaten church reared itself up in extravagantly portentous fashion. Yes, the Bruces did well to come from Brix!

I remember especially one moment when the sun went under and I was wrapped in the invisible but imminent presence of the sea — that presence which even in summer pervades every corner of Normandy. Let the sun go under for an instant and the unseen sea envelops you, its cool breath on your cheek, its sad tunes humming in your ears, its shadow falling on the darkened towers, mighty, mysterious and thrilling! So was it with peculiar force up there in tiny, lofty, unremembered Brix. The eyrie of the Bruces! Well, not every adventure in the country finds so apt a footnote.

P.S. P.S. I got back to Paris about five and had supper in a little place near Saint-Lazare. Then I walked down through the city and across the river in the twilight. What is more wonderful than coming back to Paris? A return after only two days, even, is enough to stir unimaginable depths of jubilation. Why tonight, even the Gare d'Orsay was a palace of witchery and enchantment!







October 15, 1933.

Why Chérie:

I think you are horrid not to like my letters. Too much scenery, you say, and too little about my diet, my companions and my work? Poor Chérie! Just wait till you get the account of my outing in Normandy! Purple, Chérie, positively purple!

Well, well, perhaps I shall break down and answer your prosaic questionnaire item by item; but let us begin with the work. Here is my latest opus hot, or rather, damp off the press. How do you like it? Of course, M. Elaincourt hasn't seen it yet but personally I think it is pretty swell. Probably I won't think so tomorrow but just now I am on the crest of the wave. It's André Chenier's house in the Rue de la Lune. You remember André Chenier, the poet the opera is about, that got beheaded in the Revolution and wrote that poem about not wanting to die? Well, he lived in this house just before the Revolution, and not only the house but the streets on either side are almost exactly as they were then. Rue de la Lune! Truly in the evening a street of the moon! A ghostly moonshine fragment of the dead past, millions of miles removed from the garish Boulevard St. Denis around the corner.

Scenery! Scenery! Toutes mes excuses, Madame! I hasten to questions of diet and society.

But first, I must tell you some more about my neighbor. I had hoped

my trip to Normandy would give him a chance to settle down, but not at all. The very first night I was back there was an ominous, measured thumping on the wall towards three o'clock in the morning and then a night or so later, as I was reading in bed, there came a rapping on the outer door of my entry which I at once attributed to my neighbor or some even more dubious imponderable. The room suddenly became most unpleasantly still except for the trams grinding in the boulevard below. KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK! Well, I'm ashamed to say I just stayed snug in bed listening with preternaturally sharpened ears. I swear I could hear the trams on the entire circuit from INVALIDES to BASTILLE.

There surely are some queer people in this hotel and the funny thing is that, except for the little deaf-mute Russian woman opposite me, I hardly ever see them. The chronic condition of the W. C. would suggest a subhuman type.

But enough of such scenery! By all means let us hasten to "La Corbeille" in the Rue Delambre to discover what I get to eat. "A la Corbeille" — no use to tell you about the chequered red tablecloths and stovepipe, the Patronne reigning at her desk, the parboiled Patron peering through his little window, and poor flustered Mimi scuttling back and forth and to and fro, harassed by cries on every hand. All this is



Yale but I never met him until he walked into M. Elaincourt's studio a couple of weeks ago. He won the Paris Prize last year and has a sumptuous studio out on the Rue des Plantes, where he is now engaged on a vast mural of Parisian workers in the Rivera manner. However, I doubt if you would notice Frank or even Arthur Clement, the somewhat more striking junior holder of the Paris Prize, once you had glimpsed our female representatives. Sally would probably catch your eye first as she is literally a radiant natural blonde. You look at her and, like an impressionist painting, she just dissolves in light. In Spain last summer, she so startled a blind beggar that the poor impostor cried out, "Santa Maria! What a blonde!" Dazzling is the word for Sally and her Irish wit is not far behind. Such stories! Most improper, but most entertaining up to a certain point at which it has become customary to interrupt with, "Sally, eat your dinner!" The truth is that Sally is something of an exhibitionist and grows tiresome after a while. Moreover, it is all talk. As Frank says, "You put your arm around her and it is all over." Ruby and Nina, our other two ladies, are far more satisfactory company. Hmm . . . Does that sound like what the French call a "propos tendancieux"? It was not so intended. Ruby and Nina are frank, friendly girls and very amusing, too. Ruby is a pianist and Nina a painter as is Sally also.

Nina and Ruby are by no means backwards about coming forwards either. Last summer, they bummed their way through Brittany and Normandy. Yes, I mean to say they stood by the side of the road and asked for rides. Can you imagine it? Two very personable young women, red-haired and virginal! Nothing like it had ever been seen before and their success was phenomenal. Farmers, truck drivers and private cars — all halted to help the poor benighted maidens and were presently tooting on their way in lively converse with their charming and utterly unimaginable passengers. Their funniest adventures were with respectable middle-aged couples. These would stop when signaled and

earnestly question the stranded damsels with the fresh young faces. Almost at once, however, a counter development would become apparent in the manner of the married pair: the lady becoming more and more frigid, her partner more and more expansive. In such cases our errant demoiselles always took the bitter with the better in the most gracious way. In they would climb and the poor protesting wife would be whisked miles out of her way to visit some obscure local antiquity or merely to set Ruby and Nina an appreciable distance on their way. Only once did a low-browed truck driver try to get fresh. Truly, since Jeanne d'Arc was escorted from Vaucouleurs to Chinon, such miracles have not been seen in France!

Ruby and Nina are two very remarkable young women, if you haven't guessed it already. When they arrived at the Chateau de Josselyn, which they very much wanted to see, they found the Lord and Lady marrying off their daughter and the chateau, therefore, closed to the ordinary tourist. There were to be all sorts of "fêtes" and rejoicing in the great court, peasant dances in full costume by the tenantry. Did Ruby and Nina let slip this unique opportunity? Not they! You imagine, perhaps, they climbed a wall and watched through field glasses? No. Cooly, they announced themselves as special envoys of the Paris New York Herald and sat in the very front row.

As you see, they know their way around.

So, Madame, all your questions have been answered. I hope you are satisfied. You certainly deserve the best. I was so glad to hear of your fine long visit at Aunt Anne's.

As ever,



P.S. I took this out to mail at supper time, but have brought it back. We are all in a dither. As I left my key in the office, the Patronne came running up. — "Ah!" she cried, "have you heard? They have just announced a formidable piece of news over the radio! Hitler has broken up the Disarmament Conference! Yes! And Germany is leaving the League! Yes! And is going to rearm and start a new war as soon as possible!"

"Yes! Yes!" chimed in another roomer who had stopped for his key, "Thank God we have built our fortifications in the East!"

This last seems to be the general reaction. I heard it a score of times on my way to dinner and back.

Have you ever noticed how superdramatic the newspaper reader is at night? I have this evening seen scores of strained attention

and wide eyed dismay which I shall long remember. Just look at this! And there are dozens of others which I must get down on paper. The news vendors are wonderful too. There is an old woman down on the corner who is the perfect image of a prophetess or a sybil. I must get her to pose for me —

as for Mr. Hitler, I don't know. If there were a Bismark in Poland or Czechoslovakia or France, I think something might happen but there doesn't seem to be such a Bismark.

October 14
1935

Germany Unmasked

REICH QUILTS ARMS CONFERENCE AND LEAGUE IN UGLY MOVE TOWARD OPEN REARMAMENT

Hitler Summons Nation to Endorse His Policies in Special Vote

REICHSTAG DISSOLVED, PLEBISCITE ELECTION TO BE HELD NOVEMBER 12TH

Official notice of Germany's withdrawal from the Disarmament Conference was received by M. Henderson, President of the Conference, in the form of the following telegram from Foreign Minister von Neurath:

"Mr. President: In the name of the Reich Government, I have the honor to communicate to you the following:

"From the course which the latest discussions touching disarmament have taken among the powers, it is clearly apparent that the Disarmament Conference will not accomplish the one and only task proper to it; i.e., that of general disarmament.

"It is, besides, further established that this failure of the Conference is due to the unwillingness of the strongly armed powers to fulfill their pledges of disarmament at this time. Thus, the realization of Germany's conceded right to equal privileges has been rendered impossible and the conditions which led the Reich at the beginning of this year to resume its collaboration with the Conference no longer obtain. The German government, therefore, sees itself forced to quit the Disarmament Conference.

"Please be assured," etc.

Geneva Aghast

If a bomb had fallen on the League palace, it would not have produced more surprise and excitement than the bald announcement of Germany's act. Some such move had indeed been rumored for twenty-four hours, but it had been rumored before so often, that this latest story was taken to be yet another manoeuvre of intimidation. But not so. Chancellor Hitler decided yesterday and the news broke this morning just as the meeting of the Disarmament Conference was ending. No one could believe his ears. Delegates and journalists flocked into the lobbies demanding details and speculating on the consequences of this audacious move. "They want war! Hitler's gone crazy!" were some of the comments heard in the babble of tongues.

London Stunned



Germany has spoken. In one fell blow, Chancellor Hitler has shattered all the dreams and illusions that have centered about Geneva for the last 14 years. It is just as well so. Though the League is crippled, though the Conference is killed outright, we at least are freed of the perilous commitments to which our delegates had so blindly bound us. Nor can this brutal gesture fail to open the eyes of England and the United States to the realities before them.

This day marks a decisive turn in European History and the decisions now taken will weigh heavily on the future. What will the former allies do?

Germany has announced that, since the powers will not disarm immediately to her level, she will rearm to theirs, justifying her action by the declaration of equality granted her only as an inducement for participating in the Conference.

Let there be no mistake about it. If Germany is allowed to tear up the military clauses of the Versailles Treaty, all the political and territorial arrangements of that treaty will follow after. Already, the annexation of Austria looms as the first item on the program of a rearmed Germany.

Germany wants war. The plebiscite, called for November 12th, is a plebiscite for war. If things are permitted to go on as they are going, war will one day burst upon us as sudden and unheralded as today's brutal defiance to the nations.

Text of Hitler Proclamation

Animated by a sincere desire to achieve the peaceful rehabilitation of our people, and of its political and economic life, the preceding German government declared itself ready to enter the League of Nations and take part in the Disarmament Conference, confident that Germany's due equality of rights would be accorded.

Germany has been bitterly deceived. Although she has declared herself ready to follow out, if necessary, to the last detail the disarmament which she has been the first to accomplish, other governments have not been able to resolve on fulfilling the pledges they made in the peace treaty. The German government and its peo-



(Continued from Col. 3) In these circumstances we find ourselves unable to participate, as a nation of second rank and denied our rights, in negotiations which can only lead to now "Diktata."

Therefore, while renewing the assurances of its unalterable will for peace, the German government, with the most profound regret, is obliged to quit the Disarmament Conference because of this humiliating and dishonorable treatment.

It gives notice also, and for the same reasons, of its withdrawal from the League of Nations.

The government submits this decision to the German people, accompanied by a new declaration in favor of a sincere policy of peace and cooperation.

It invites the German people to declare itself and awaits from it the same resolve for peace and conciliation, but also the same conception of honor and the same energy of decision.

Consequently, in my character as Chancellor of the German Reich, I have proposed to His Excellency the President, as a visible sign of the will of the German government and people, to submit this policy of the Reich government to a national plebiscite to dissolve the Reichstag and give the German people an opportunity to elect deputies who, as convinced representatives of this policy of peace and honor, can give the German people an unalterable guarantee of its interests in these vital matters.

An Chancellor of the German people and as head of the National Socialist movement, I am convinced that the entire nation will rally as a single man in a profession of faith and a resolution corresponding so well to the love which we have for our people, to our respect for its honor, as also to the conviction that World Peace, so necessary for all, can be achieved only if the idea of victor and vanquished is replaced by a conception of equal vital rights for all.

ADOLF HITLER

Washington Shocked

ple have been constantly and deeply humiliated by an adamant refusal of equality in moral and material rights.

After the German government, relying on the equality of rights, recognized on December 11th, 1932, declared itself ready to take part again in the negotiations of the Conference, the representatives of other countries let it be known in official speeches and in declarations made direct to our delegates that this equality of rights could no longer be conceded to the present German government.

The German government sees in this action a decision against the German people as unjust as it is dishonoring. (See Col. 4)



October 20, 1933.

Dear Mother:

Our little war pang of the 14th has happily subsided. Brief as it was, it is disconcerting to note that like climaxes in a play, each crisis is a shade more acute than the one before. It is hard to know what to think. I have acquired unawares quite a French point of view. Then I read Mr. Shaw's remark, "To me it seems altogether inevitable and the only sensible thing to do. You know the League of Nations is nothing more nor less than an organization charged to keep Germany down. Germany is like a fallen horse which has the whole world sitting on its head and which wants to get up at any price. It is up to Hitler to free his country from this slavery." I read something like that and I realize it is very true. But it is hard to remember the truth of it before the still frightful desolation of the cathedral at Rheims. It is still hard to believe it at Soissons and St. Quentin.

Frank, Nina, Ruby and I were over there last Saturday and, as Ruby says, "What you see still makes you want to go and knock over everything in Germany."

Rheims, itself, no longer presents a heart-rending appearance. Except for the churches and part of the Place Royale, nothing is left to recall the war. The town is bright and modern; but the cathedral, though apparently in the process of complete restoration, is as tragic a spectacle

as ever. The façade remains as it was in 1918; the choir is roofless, generally windowless and still walled off from the nave; nor has Mr. Rockefeller's roof which covers nave and transepts been joined together in the middle, an omission which produces a singular effect.

Thanks to a card from M. Elaincourt, we were escorted through the still unopened choir in most conscientious fashion. Unfortunately, however, our guide seemed to consider the crypt and "grotto" the essential part of the visit; so that before I knew it, I, who loathe crypts and grottoes, was whisked underground to spend fully two-thirds of our time inspecting the ultra modern heating plant and the newly discovered cell in which Clovis is said to have been baptized.

"See," said our guide, indicating the thickness of the baptismal grotto's ceiling. "This will make a fine shelter in the next war!"

The choir proper is very lovely and, so far as I could see, all that it needs now is a floor, furniture, an organ and some windows. The clere-story windows in the apse already have the old original glass restored at the expense of Sweden and Denmark, but there are many windows with no glass at all.

Rather nice of Sweden and Denmark, don't you think? Not to mention Mr. Rockefeller! I wonder how many people who saw red at the



Reims
17/10/33

name of Rheims during the war have contributed to its rebuilding.

After the cathedral, we went over to the musée in deference to M. Elaincourt. M. Elaincourt is funny, or rather his attitude towards the cathedral of Rheims is funny; or, to get down to the very bottom of the matter, the attitude of the classic French mind in general towards its medieval monuments is an amusing mixture of instinctive antipathy and national pride — a complex of emotions something like those of hum-drum parents who have hatched a successful artist. The child is theirs and it's wonderful, but

"So you are going to Rheims!" observed M. Elaincourt. "In that event, you must not fail to see the 'Marat' in the museum."

"The Ma-Marat?" queried one of the girls.

"The one who was stabbed in a bathtub," volunteered someone; but M. Elaincourt ignored this tabloid detail.

"David's great picture of the death of Marat, a master work of the French classic school," he continued in those resonant, authoritative accents which make us feel as though the voice of Truth itself were speaking; "and," he went on, "in the cathedral porch, you will notice three figures of a truly classic feeling."

But of the cathedral, not a word.

The "Marat" is fine, but the three statues are conspicuously out of place.

From Rheims, we came back to Soissons. As the macabre, skeletonesque towers of Rheims grew ever more dominant in the receding city and then slowly melted in the distance, Nina remarked, "There's something spooky about those towers, you know."

"Yes," rejoined Ruby. "You wonder if they are thinking altogether of the past."

The cathedral at Soissons has traveled further on the road to recovery than that at Rheims, probably because there is less of it to repair. When I visited it in 1924, the façade was quite detached from the

little that remained of the devastated nave, but now the cathedral has been restored from end to end and very lovely it is. Though small compared to Rheims, the interior of Soissons has a graceful sturdiness and noble elegance hard to equal anywhere. Outside, the tower is still a bizarre ruin, its two remaining corners freakishly held aloft like the prongs of a giant tuning fork. I think they might leave it that way for it wasn't a remarkable tower.

One other curious and, in this case, rather satiric trick the agents of destruction played at Soissons. In a wide swath of desolation back of the cathedral, there stands a little pre-war shop, practically intact, though sadly chipped and blackened, and across its front may still be read the painted advertisement:

ARMS AND MUNITIONS, ALL KINDS OF HUNTING EQUIPMENT.



AT THE CHAMBER

Daladier Cabinet Falls by Vote of 329-241

Premier and M. Blum in Bitter Clash

Not a seat was vacant on the floor, not a place was empty in the public galleries last evening as M. Daladier rose to plead the cause of his Budget Bill and more particularly the now famous Article 37 calling for a 6% cut in state wages. The Premier's speech was earnest, carefully prepared; and, in those passages rejecting inflation, it was most warmly received. M. Daladier argued soundly that, if we are to have neither inflation nor devaluation, the budget must be balanced and that Article 37 was a necessary if painful step in this direction. He pointed out that the sacrifice asked of state employees was less than those the depression had automatically imposed on all other classes and, with a final plea to all good republicans to put France on the road to recovery, he boldly staked his cabinet's life on an amendment to Article 37 designed to rally and propitiate all his potential majority.

Would his Socialist allies accept the Lascaille amendment? The seance was suspended in order that they might confer. Presently they came trooping in again and the word buzzed around that by a vote of 55 to 44 they had rejected even this softened levy on their faithful supporters, the comfortable employees of the state.

It was all over. Even with the support of those socialists who broke away from M. Blum, the government could not hope to survive. Nothing remained but the mutual recriminations of the two erstwhile partners and these were of an extraordinary, almost tragic intensity.

"What have you done," cried M. Blum, addressing M. Daladier, "except chase elusive phantoms in the hope of balancing the budget? Haven't you realized yet that you are on the wrong track? Instead of trying to pour fresh blood into the economic life of the country, you have been juggling with budget deficits. Who is behind this unconstructive policy?"

This M. Daladier took to imply that he was yielding to capitalist influences and, with pointed allusions to M. Blum's millions he furiously replied: (See Page 3, Col. 4)

Col. Lindbergh the Guest of Paris

The Impossible Partnership



The Cartel is in ruins. That much was crystal clear at the Chamber last night. The artificial and fundamentally incompatible alliance of Socialists and Radical Socialists which imposed on the electorate in 1932 and whose inner friction has plunged the country from crisis to crisis

ever since, is split wide open, nor will the breach soon be healed.

In their bitter recriminations last night, M. Daladier and M. Blum revealed to the spellbound audience the depth of the chasm which yawned between them. Terrible things were said, irreparable things.

How could it be otherwise? Let us give the devil his due. M. Daladier and the bulk of his Radical Socialists are good republicans for all their flamboyant party name and election slogans. How could their misguided partnership with the avowed enemies of the republican regime and otherwise than in bitterness and disillusion? Can deflation mate with inflation? Economy with spendthrift prodigality? Or practical common sense with the thousand and one theoretical chimeras of M. Blum and his co-disciples of Marxism?

Scarcely less striking than the breakup of the Cartel was the secondary split which rent the following of M. Blum, some 45 Socialists voting with the government in reckless defiance of all party discipline. This schism has of course been brewing a long time but last night may be said to have made the rupture complete.

The Radicals would do well not to build

too many dream castles on this split in their erstwhile partners' ranks. But already it is reported that M. Sarraut has undertaken to buttress a fourth Radical Socialist government with the bolters from M. Blum's flock on the one hand and the moderate center on the other, a futile effort to mix oil and water in the Radical cup. As if Marxists could ever be anything but Marxists whether under M. Blum's doctrinaire tutelage or more bizarre formulas of their own. Neither M. Sarraut nor anyone else will succeed in yoking the Center with a Marxist stray. Such a government cannot end the crisis. It will go the same way as the Herriot, Boncour and Daladier ministries leaving an even more dangerous sense of parliamentary impotence behind it.

No, what the situation demands now is a leader capable of shaking the whole revolutionary pack, Blums and anti-Blums alike, and resolutely turning to a combination of NATIONAL UNION where alone the salvation of the country lies. ONLY A UNION OF ALL THE NONMARXIST ELEMENTS OF THE CHAMBER CAN PROVIDE THE GOVERNMENT NEEDED IN THIS HOUR OF PERIL AT HOME AND ABROAD.

NEWS FROM ABROAD

Denmark

M. Stauning, Premier and Minister of National Defense, stated to the Ekstra Bladet of Copenhagen today that he would presently confer with his colleagues of Sweden and Norway over the creation of a common nordic democratic front. Denmark will defend Schleswig against Nazi Germany, he stated, with every means at her disposal.

Czechoslovakia

"While treaties are being made, Czechoslovakia will make treaties; if machine guns are fired, it will be ready to fire machine guns and, if cannons, it will be ready to fire cannons also." In these resolute terms did President Benes state the

Secret Rearmament

(London, Oct. 23) Continuing its revelations on German's secret rearmament, the Sunday Referee today publishes an article stating that Germany is currently manufacturing poison gases on such a tremendous scale as will presently put it in a position to annihilate the populations of the principal cities of Europe. The article cites plants at Stolzenburg and Hamburg, which for the last 15 days have been working feverishly night and day in the manufacture of poison gases at the rate of at least 200 cylinders a week.

Masks No Defense Against Gas. See Page 8.

Arms Parley Doomed

The Disarmament Conference is in its

THAT REICHSTAG FIRE IS HOT !

General Goering Explodes in Nervous Fury as Dimitrov Rips Nazi Case

Interest in the Reichstag fire trial was suddenly revived today by the appearance of General Hermann Goering as witness for the prosecution. The extra guards and crowded press benches all bespoke a certain anticipation not disappointed by the event. Today's session was by all odds the most dramatic so far.

"I consider myself," declared General Goering, on taking the stand, "a most important witness. It has been stated that the Reichstag was burned to provide a pretext for destroying the Communist Party in Germany, but no proof has been offered on this subject. The fire surprised me as much as anyone. As for stories that I watched my supposed handiwork from a window, clad in a blue silk toga, I will not stoop to answer such nonsense. They might as well have added that like Nero I played the lute!"

Worming to his subject, and with hand on hip, the General then proceeded to exonerate the Communists whom he denounced as international pests, led in all countries by sadistic murderers, poisoners, hoodlums, tramps and foreign crooks.

The General, however, was less fluent when it came to answering the awkward questions fired at him by the irrepressible Dimitrov, the Bulgarian defendant whose audacity and shrewdness have dominated the trial from the beginning. Why had the police under General Goering's orders told papers the next day that a membership card of the Communist Party had been found on Van der Lubbe when the contrary has been established? Why was there no investigation at Henningsdorf, where Van der Lubbe went on the eve of the fire, but only in the opposite direction?

Visibly embarrassed, the General finally took refuge in a burst of fury:

"I did not come here," he shouted, "to be accused by you, you scoundrel! You should have been hung long ago!"

"Are you afraid of my questions?" suggested Dimitrov.

Purple with rage, the cords of his neck (See continuation on Page 4)

A Polish-German Pact ?

Ma Chérie:

Relations between Greece and the United States reached a crisis last night. For the past ten days, there had been a banging and a hammering almost every night after I opened my window or shut the door. Also I seemed to be under a deepening cloud of suspicion with the management. The Patron was gruffer than ever, Madame was barely civil and even Lucille seemed less friendly. When a window was mysteriously broken in the stair well, I was subjected to ten minutes of the most insulting cross-examination.

As the days passed, I became positively mouselike in my movements, creeping about the room in fear and trembling. Try as I would, however, it was impossible not to bump into a chair occasionally, or let fall a shoe, or open the window too carelessly and on almost all these occasions, as by some mechanical connection, a violent thumping took place on the other side of the wall, followed up in the early morning by more banging.

Then, yesterday, the climax came. I was going out for the evening to make a call and, being late, was somewhat hurried in my preparations. Just what I did, I don't know. Perhaps a drawer was opened too quickly or shut too violently. I have no idea. I can recollect no cause sufficient for the extraordinary result. All I know is that when I returned from my call at about 1 A.M. the door between our two rooms, which I think I told you had been papered over, was standing ajar. You cannot imagine the horrid effect of that unexpected gash in the wall. The tattered wall paper and the long bright nails which had held the door shut, attested to the violence with which it had been burst open. Thunderstruck, I stood waiting and listening. There was only blackness and complete silence on the other side. It was impossible to close the door. It was too late to call the Patron. It was really too late to look

for a room elsewhere. I lay down on the bed determined to stay awake all night. I had visions of the madman driving one of those bright nails into my brain. Yes, I must stay awake! . . . but, in spite of this very wise resolution, I was soon fast asleep.

A slight rustling awoke me in the morning. I started up to see a furtive hand trying to close the door. I watched the poor hand for several minutes, but it worked in vain. The nails would not go back in the holes.

"Monsieur!" I called out somewhat uncertainly.

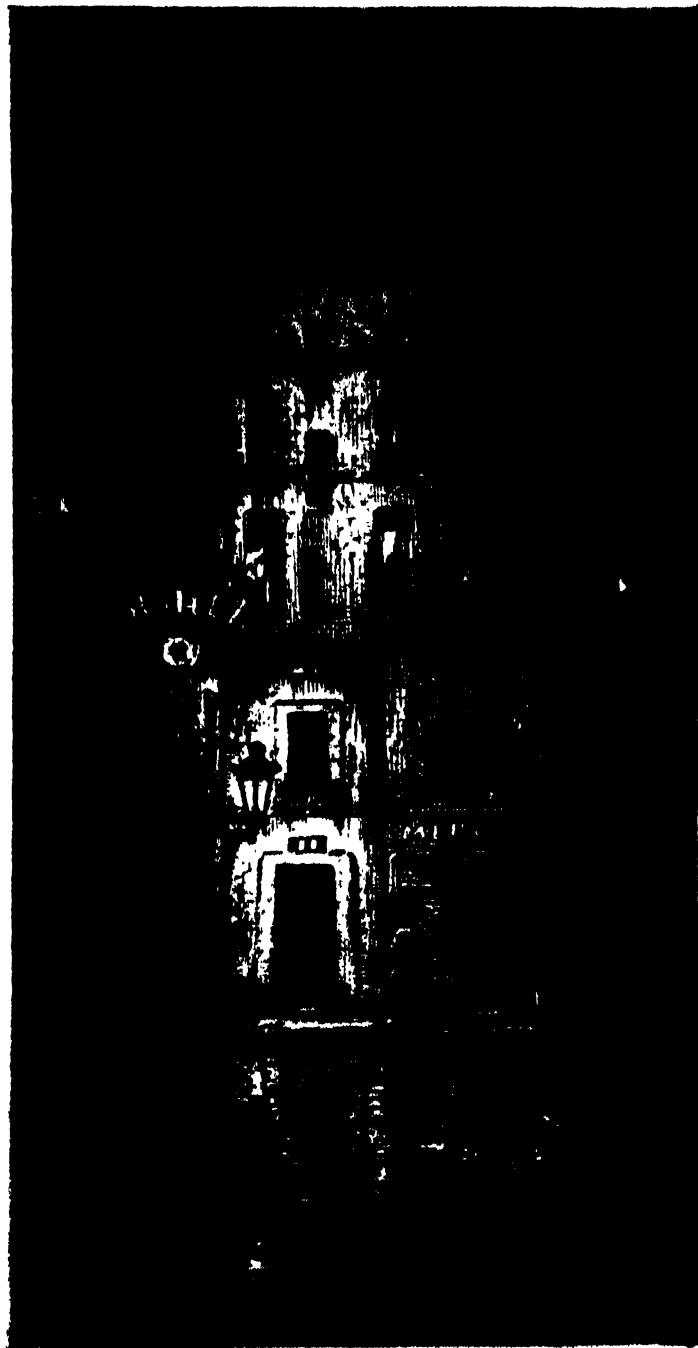
The hand was then supplemented with a tousled head and presently with the entire person of a spare little man who seemed to feel himself that some explanation was necessary. My noises had become intolerable. They were pounding on his brain continually. He had had to break through to remonstrate with me. He was a poor man who had to work all day and required sleep at night. I was rich. I had money. I did not have to work. I could sleep all day and make night hideous with my carousings. But I must stop. I must let him sleep. Otherwise, he was going to the police.

I am always being surprised. The word "madman" had suggested a violent and unsympathetic personality, and here I was confronting a sad-faced little man, pathetically protesting against an infinite grievance, an intolerable wrong.

I explained as best I could about the mirror I had rehung the first night and just what any subsequent noises could have been.

Again the tirade began, again I explained.

"Well, go to the police! Go right ahead!" I cried at last, delighted with the ringing fluency of my "Allez-y!" He paused and thought a



moment. "Listen," I continued, "When those noises were torturing you so last night that you had to break through the door, what did you find? Was there anybody here? You know there wasn't. Of course, I have made unavoidable sounds from time to time. I have moved a chair. I have opened a window, but that is all."

The little man looked piteously at me. "You astonish me," he said at last. "You astonish me," and then, after some more reflection, "Come, let us close the door."

When I went downstairs, the Patronne was waiting for me at the bottom. "What is this?" she cried. "Everybody is complaining about you. No, not only the one next door, but all those underneath as well. The entire Sixth comes to me this morning to tell of a terrible racket last night, a pounding and a grinding as though the whole house were coming down. What is it which is taking place?"

And then, before I could answer, she went on, her two hundred pounds quivering with indignation, "And this is by no means the first time. The other night I receive complaints. I mount to the Seventh. I knock at your door. But you do not answer. And yet I know you are there. Because I descend. I go out on the boulevard and I see your light brightly shining."

It was ten minutes before I could make any headway before this onslaught and another half hour before the tide began to turn as it were; but little by little, the iteration of the fact that I had been out all evening and, more important still, that the door had been broken in, began to have some effect.

"What? The door broken in! The door that was papered over! Ah, that is something else again! You say he broke down the wall? Well, we shall soon see about that!"

When I came home this noon, the Patron was engaged in nailing up the door and announced that he was going to send my neighbor away, for which I am sorry, because I am afraid he is pretty near the madhouse.

I attended the Armistice Day ceremonies at the Arc de Triomphe. It was cold and rainy and the occasion was further shadowed by recent happenings. It was as though another twilight beside the grey November dreariness were closing in around the fitful little flame, and in everyone's eyes I seemed to read the question, "Is this indeed only an armistice?"

As ever,

NOT A MONTH OLD!

Sarraut Cabinet Falls by Vote of 321-247

Erasing Policy Forfeits All Support

Once more the Chamber has tried to vote budget bill and failed. The session last night was pure farce. We wish we might have had the detachment to enjoy it, for we were full of the hilarious surprises of political comedy; very amusing, if only the results of the country were not at stake. There was M. Sarraut, a distinguished and worthy man, but surely just a little too old on the comic side with his elaborate, old-fashioned southern eloquence and irony. M. Sarraut was sure he was lost. The defense of his budget bill was packed with macabre allusions to the approaching execution — the last glass of wine, the last cigarette, the guillotine....

But M. Sarraut was not as lost as he thought. At the critical moment, M. Flandrin lied his followers of the Center to support him, while M. Herriot did valiant work with the Radicals. At 1 A.M., M. Sarraut's government did actually scrape through with a bare majority; very bare indeed, but still a majority. M. Sarraut suddenly passed to an ebullient, jutting mood even more amusing than his former self-conscious dejection. Everything was going well when an obscure deputy of the dissident Socialist group came to propose that the exemption figure for state wage cuts be raised from 10,000 to 12,000 francs. M. Sarraut, be it remembered, had just demonstrated his majority; he did not need Neo-Socialist help; his support had extended further to the right than that of any previous Radical ministry. He yielded! Was it good nature, or sheer confidence, or the now ingrained Radical habit of kowtowing to the Socialists? Whatever it was, to the vociferous disgust of his new allies in the Center, he proposed compromise on 11,000 francs! "Why not 15,000?" cried someone with bitter irony — the government collapsed in a roar of derision.

America Drinks To-morrow

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to Mexico, a breath of mad joy will sweep the United States tomorrow afternoon when 4 o'clock sounds the end of Pro-

"The Breakdown of Parliament"



Our cabinet crises follow each other in ever swifter succession. The inglorious Sarraut ministry has lasted not quite a month. Shall we presently be treated to a government a week?

The budget is still unbalanced although twice in five weeks the Chamber has rung with unanimous



warnings and admonitions. Financial recovery is stalled. Treasury bonds are difficult to place. We are borrowing in London to meet our December bills. Capital is fleeing abroad. Hitler is arming on our frontiers and a French government falls on the question whether the exemption figure for state salary cuts shall be placed at 10,000 or 12,000 francs! Yes, actually...

But we must and shall put an end to this tragic farce at the Chamber. Berlin is laughing too much already at our expense. Four ministerial crises in one year and all for the same underlying reason, the LIE which the parties of the Left foisted on the nation in 1932, the monstrous catastrophic mirage of a working Leftist majority!

There is no such majority. Time after time the Socialists have knifed their election partners in the back, yet still our Radical Socialist governments persist in looking to the Marxists for support, even when as was demonstrated last night they have a clear majority elsewhere. But no man can serve two masters and the Radical Socialists are no exception. They

cannot hope to have allies on the Center and the Left at the same time. Marxists remain Marxists whatever their inner divisions and the Center is not going to play their game. No Radical Socialist government can hope to straddle these two stools. It can only end like M. Sarraut in crashing ludicrously between them.

And yet in this hour of extreme peril we are informed that M. Chautemps will put on the same sorry act again. Again we shall see a Radical Socialist government proclaim the urgent necessity of setting the government's financial house in order. Again we shall see it trying to build on the shifting sands of Socialist support and again we shall see it go out in some crazy session at three o'clock in the morning with nothing accomplished but the further discredit of parliamentary government.

At that time, we shall be in a little deeper. We may even be in full panic. Then perhaps we shall be forced to the one and only possible remedy of NATIONAL UNION, the collaboration of all the non-Marxist elements of the Chamber. Let us hope it will not be too late!

In Strictest Confidence!

In yesterday's issue, our confreres the 'Petit Parisien' began publication of an extraordinary document which appears to be nothing less than the confidential instructions of the German Propaganda Ministry to its agents abroad. This publication will undoubtedly bring prompt and indignant denials from Berlin, but our respected confreres do not hesitate to guarantee the authenticity of the paper and the absolute exactness of the translation.

The objects of Berlin's policy are here set forth with exemplary clarity. The nullification of Versailles, the return of the Saar, the recovery of the eastern frontiers, the restitution of its colonies and of territories containing German minorities are a few of the items discussed. Particu-

larly noteworthy at this time are the references to Poland.

'Vis a vis Poland', declares the document, we have adopted for the moment a more conciliatory attitude. Particular efforts are being made in this direction to obtain satisfaction of claims by other means. It goes without saying, however, that such claims have not been abandoned any more than those relating to colonies.

'The Saar', continues the document, 'must be urged in the first line of claims while our inalienable rights to Alsace Lorraine should not now be stressed as much as if (See further revelations on Page 3, Col 4)

Disarmament Parley Adjourns

BOMBSHELL AT LEIPZIG TRIAL

Van der Lubbe Breaks Mysterious Silence to Demand Quick Verdict

Marinus van der Lubbe, enigmatic 24-year-old Dutch mason on trial with four others at Leipzig for firing the Reichstag building, suddenly electrified the court hearings today by animated declarations strikingly in contrast with his previous almost pathological apathy.

"I set fire to the Reichstag," he called out unexpectedly, "and I want to know how soon I am to be judged. We've been talking here for eight months and I'm fed up with it!"

Wishing to profit by this unprecedented volubility, Prosecutor Werner pressed Van der Lubbe to name his accomplices.

"I acted alone," he returned indignantly. "It is well known that I acted alone. Now I want something to be done about it. Condemn me to death. Give me twenty years. But do something! I am sick of the symbolism which has been read into the fire. I set it and I want to be judged."

"And what have you to say to experts who claim you cannot have acted alone?"

"The experts are deceived. It was easy enough. A matter of ten minutes."

"Why did you set the fire?"

"I have already said for personal reasons."

"Have you not said that it was to galvanize the German proletariat and unleash the Revolution?"

"When such words were put into my mouth I said yes. I may as well do so again."

"Consciously or unconsciously," interposed the co-defendant Dimitrov, "Van der Lubbe contacted with enemies of the German proletariat who persuaded him to...."

"No! No!" shouted the Dutchman. "Neither Communists or Nazis can be blamed for my action. I was alone. In any case, I can no longer bear the fight I carry on in prison with these problems."

Here the audience was briefly suspended. When it was resumed, it seemed as though Van der Lubbe would relapse into his usual silence.

"I can't say anything," he explained. "I have just been below. There are voices in my body. There are voices in my cell."

Col. Lindbergh Reaches Canaries

MERRY CHRISTMAS!



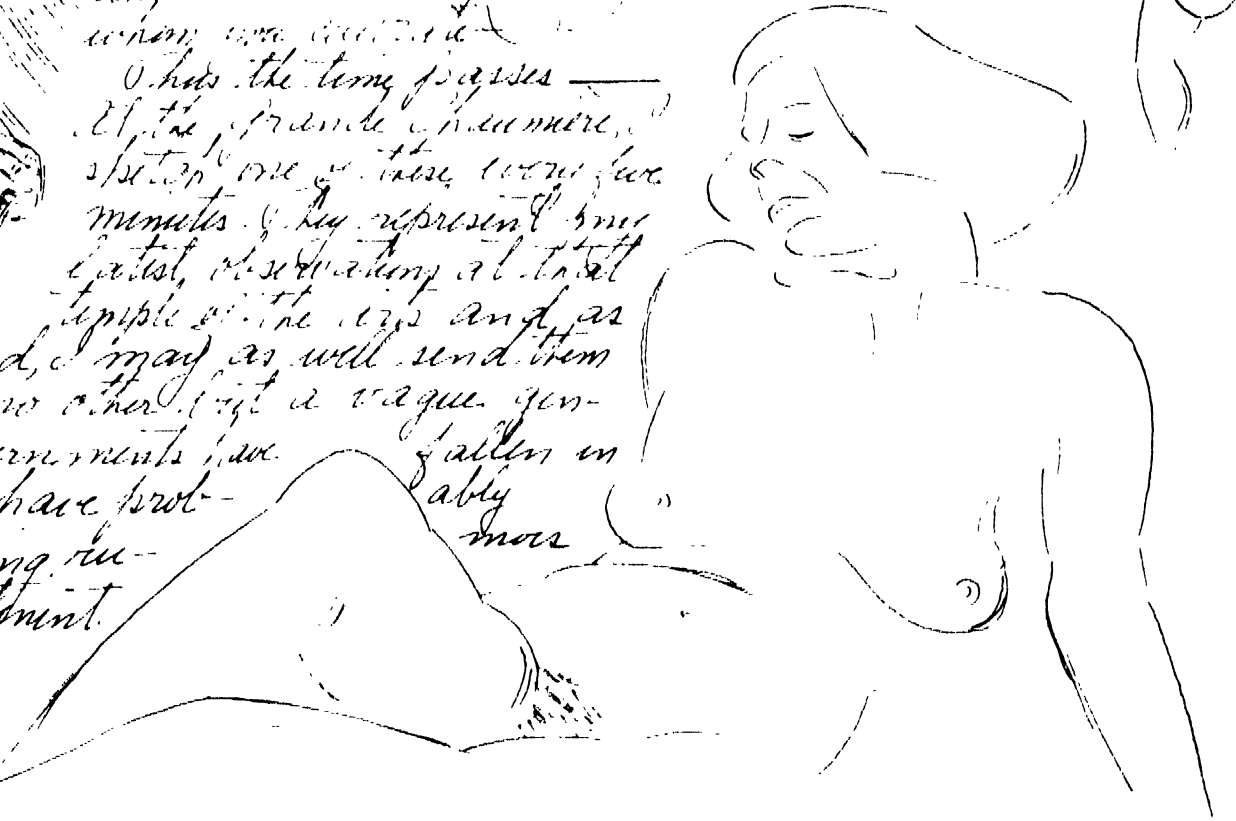
And a happy New Year! I am a little late for the first wish, but about right for the second — You have a present coming, too, which, I hope, you will like. Be sure and let me know how and when you receive it.

As the time passes — of the grand scheme, sketch one of these, even for minutes. They represent true art, observation, a total temple of the arts and, as

nothing much has happened, I may as well send them for now. There is indeed no other. It is a vague, general uneasiness. Two governments have fallen in quick succession as you have probably read and many alarming rumours are flying about the continent.

However, the situation here seems on the mend. In Chautemps, the latest Radical Socialist

Premier, managed to have the budget voted without Socialist support, but also without their



ten - 40 yrs -
how - 272 yrs -

maumera
The ~~holy~~ temple of a broken heart
Vowed to remembrance - To the little flame
Oh heart, speak softly of those speckled of all -
And silence still were best. - *the spouse*
Oh I do not *Francisco* *how* *of* *the* *name*
His name? *Unbroken*

Spent 300 yrs
and 50.50
in 100
and 500 yrs
150.50
65.00
75.50

75.50
16.14
5.10
96.74

Call up Ruby
mail package to mother
Charcoal
Flamish
Ground
Tapa

VIVE
U.S.S.R.

William Scott de Camp,
William Scott de Camp

his name? You know. How many fell victims?
million and a half of *Francisco* sons -
many - yes - and all these folk who come
stand enhanced still gazing at the flame -
was each a ~~father~~ *husband* *father* *brother* *friend*?
no - many *mothers*. But some of them are young
can have known the father who was killed -
a youth is selfish - *Why* *how* *do* *they* *come*?
at the altar and the *flame* - still *gazing* at the flame?

LE COMMUNISME EST

COMME LA LUNE

active opposition. They just got up and walked out. M. Elaincourt says they were afraid that if they wrecked any more cabinets they would line up all the other elements of the government, except of course the Communists, in a semi-dictatorial coalition of the Right. They didn't want that and they had to save their face with those constituents whose salaries were being cut. So they resorted to the flimsy expedient of not voting at all. Anyway, the budget is voted and it looks as if the Radical Socialists and M. Blum and his real Socialists have at last realized that they must cooperate.

I have found a fine model for my newspaper Sybil. Not the beaming lady on the first page, however. Her I had for something else and tried out in the pose. A marvelously roguish and sly old critter! When she arrived, she seemed much stouter than when I had engaged her, but the change was soon explained:

"Now," she said, indicating her opulent bosom, "do you like me like this?"

"Well," I asked, "how can you be any different?"

"Oh," she replied, "that is simple," and with that she pulled out wad after wad of newspaper until she was thin as a rail! Certainly a queer use for newspapers. Toilet paper, wrapping paper, and general poisoner of the public mind, yes! but in a case like this . . .

God, how I hate our modern press!

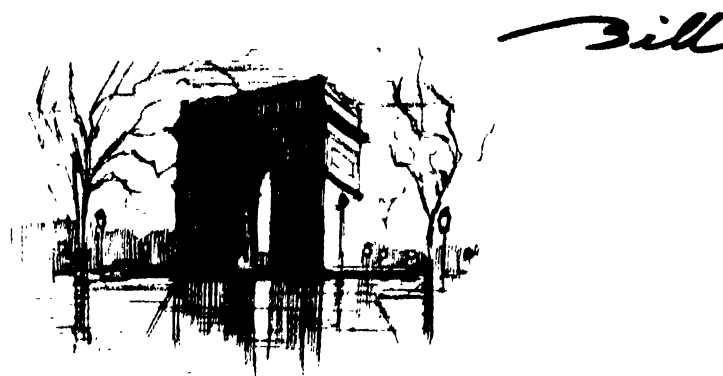
And yet . . . and yet, I love it too. Evening would not be evening without the newsstands and the vendors; without the intent, searching faces; without my jingoistic, reactionary Paris-Journal with its two little heads screeching to either side. It is us. It is our time.

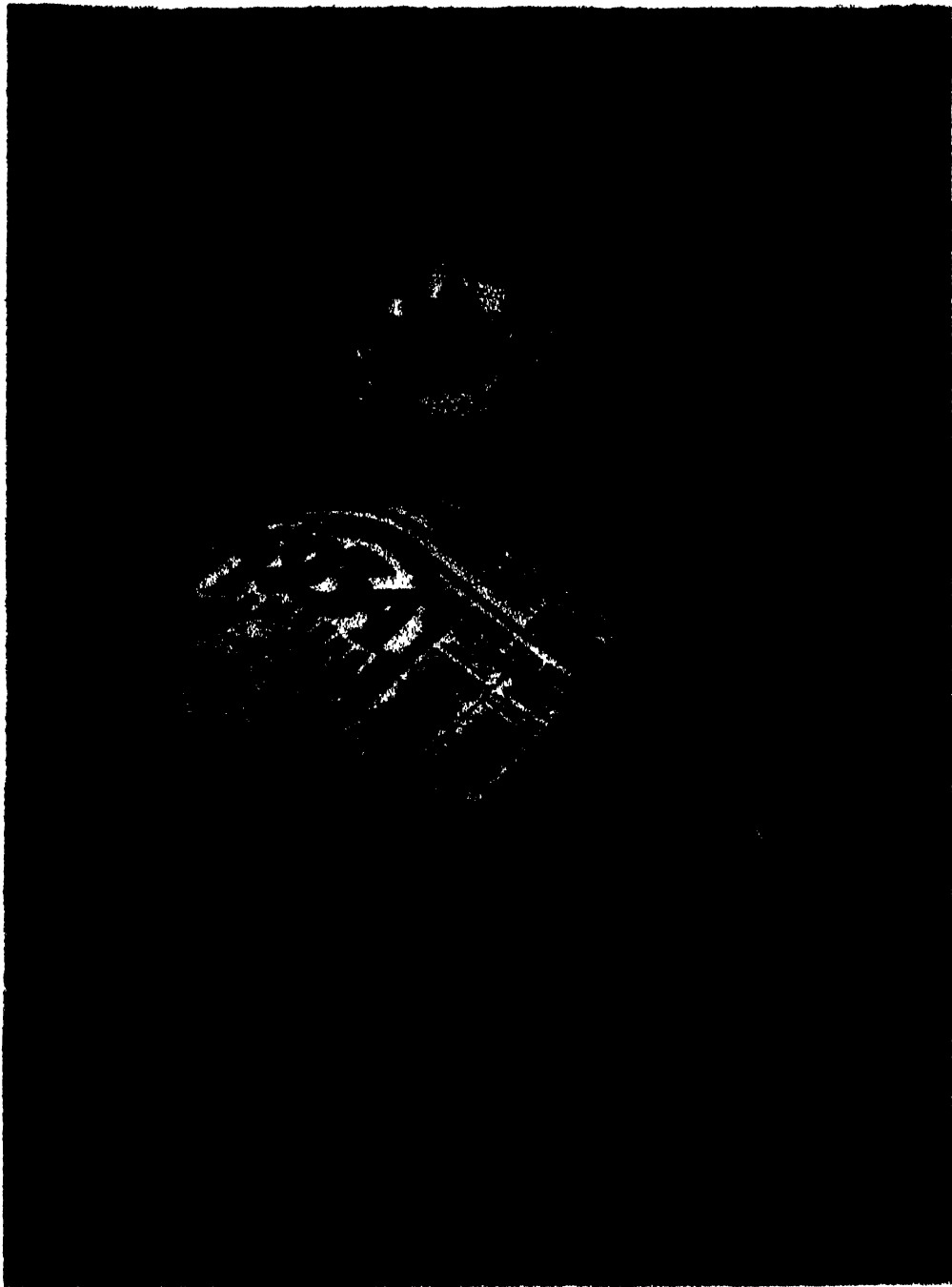
I am also working on a picture of the Arc de Triomphe. Who would ever have thought that I would put off Notre Dame for the Arc! But, somehow, the Arc seems the more meaningful now. The candles that burn before Our Lady of Paris are pale beside the hectic flame in the Etoile. I have always shunned that national shrine as gaping tourists

stood about it but now, in the night and the winter, it is fascinating to stand in the shadows and watch the unknown mourners of the unknown warrior: the middle-aged housewife with her sack of groceries, the young couple, the father and mother with a little child, the aged father and mother who come alone . . . plain, simple people stepping out of the night and the glacial, monotonous propriety of this aristocratic quarter to gaze hypnotized for minutes on end, more reverent than any worshipper in church . . .

And then the other night, a shocking thing happened. There was no one there but a single woman praying mutely; a policeman with his back turned, staring down the grandiose perspective of the Champs-Elysées; and myself, watching in the shadows. Suddenly, out of one of the lesser arches to the side, a young man strode quickly and purposefully up to the tomb, planted his foot squarely in the center, and vanished through the arch on the other side. The woman gasped and rushed up to the policeman, pointed to the tomb, pointed into the night, remonstrating, protesting, but the policeman only shrugged his shoulders, shrugged them as only a Frenchman can.

Of course, in a way the whole business is a hollow hocus pocus, and in another it is something very different. The young man should stand and watch awhile in the shadows!





Prophetess! Sybil! Fate! I might address you,
As all awry your snowy hair is blown,
As your reiterated cries possess you,
And the wild night wind agitates your gown!

As the pale, streaming, anxious, lamp-lit faces
Fix on your oracles their deep-shadowed eyes,
Well might I judge your age-old glance embraces
All the dark fate that in the future lies.

Yet this I know is but an outward seeming.
At odds your oracles and confused your lore!
Chatter and rant and strident, frenzied screaming
Witness a God unknown to men of yore!

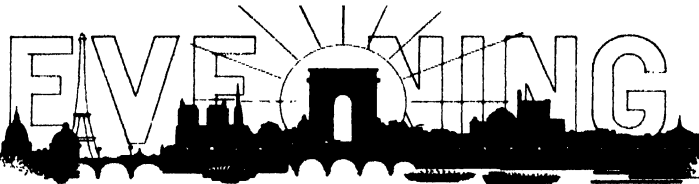
Witness a God in likeness of his creature,
Image enlarged of man's disordered brain,
Which thus projected grows a God in stature,
Able to act on little man again;

Cunning to play upon his fears and errors,
Clever to lull or rouse his noble rage,
Pompous in precept, multiplying terrors,
This is the breath and spirit of our age!

This is the voice has drowned all other voices,
Poet and preacher, singer, all are dumb;
One voice alone throughout the world rejoices —
Priestess, I heed your fury and I come!

A PARIS

OFFICES 13 PLACE DE L'OPERA (9)



JOURNAL

TEL: OPERA 18-31, 18-38. TELEGR: ALA

12 YEAR. - N° 11,221

PARIS, MONDAY, JANUARY 1, 1934

PRICE 0.25

WORDS OF WARNING

Belgian Premier Backs Strong Defense Policy

No Dreaming on a Battle Field

When Belgium speaks, France may well pause to listen. What other country is so well qualified by its geography and history to advise, and in these critical times to warn us? Belgium, extreme outpost of western civilization; Belgium, magnetic center between the two poles of Germanism and Latinism; heroic Belgium of 1914, whom destiny has doomed to live dangerously, to foresee the danger it must forestall! History, which has made of Belgium a battle-field for centuries, is the best teacher of vigilance and realism. A battle-field is not the ideal spot for daydreaming!

Let us look, therefore, at the address on national defense with which the Premier, M. de Broqueville, has inaugurated the new year. In it we find:

The resolution not to cede an inch of territory to an invader; a call for the organization at the frontier of a force strong enough to repel any sudden attack, and, finally, a call for coordination with the armed forces of friendly powers whose assistance is sure. (See Page 3)

THE ANSCHLUSS MENACE

M. Harbicht, the Nazi "Inspector for Austria," whose virulent radio broadcasts from Munich we have reported from time to time, writes as follows in an article entitled, "Austria Enters the New Year."

"Just as in the Reich the great Forger of German unity has created blow by blow the new Germany, just so in the Austria of today has misery brought all Germans together. We are certain that the peace of Christmas will come for them also and that, freed from a foreign yoke, they will enter into the great community of Germans under the aegis of the Swastika. It is with this hope that we now enter the new year, convinced of the grandeur of our undertaking, more resolute than ever to accomplish it, and confident that this year of 1934 will witness our victory."

M. Borah would isolate U.S.A.



A New Year

1934! Irrational, mystic power of numbers, marking the passing of the years! Who did not feel, on stepping out this morning, a breath of fresher air, a stronger stirring hope, simply because senile, decrepit 1933 is now no more and lusty 1934 is starting on his course with all the impetuous optimism of youth? 1933, year of intensest depression, misbegotten child from the beginning; squandering his youth on the orgies that celebrated the Third Reich's nativity; wasting his prime over visionary programs for disarmament, only to be sent reeling in his dotage by Hitler's brutal defiance to the nations,— such was 1933. And now, Oh touching charm of youth, his next of kin fills us with hope. Heredity and its curses are forgotten in the contemplation of youth, youth the unknown, the promising. Yes, it is well to hope. It is well also to remember!

1934! This is more than the birthday of a year. It is also the anniversary of a century. Our headlong, improvident, reckless 20th century is 34 today. Is the hair thinner about the temples? Are there lines in the face? No matter.. Let us look rather within. Is there any indication of maturity there, maturity with its promise of fulfillment? Are there any signs of the beginning of wisdom? The character of a century is a curious thing. Why should a system of chronology see crystallize within its arbitrary divisions a distinct, unique design of life which we must always associate with those divisions? Yet who, looking backwards through the centuries, will deny that it is so? The splendid, magnificent 17th, the elegant super civilized 18th, the tortured, romantic 19th and....

1934! Our millenium! Are we too premature? Perhaps. Yet think! **1934!** Our France, our Western European Civilization will be celebrating its first thousand years!

1934! Again, irrational, mystic meanings and powers of numbers! Who but will thrill to that sombre minor harmony when this year strikes the chord 1914-1934?

Rearmament !

We learn from Andorra that the little republic has decided to organize an army. According to reports received, the force will consist of a commandant, four subalterns and six corporals. The soldiers will wear on their uniforms buttons with the inscription, "Touch me if you dare!"

Scandal at Bayonne

M. Tissier, director of the Municipal Pawnshop at Bayonne, was arrested yesterday and charged with the sale of fake bonds and the misappropriation of public funds. Information is still lacking as to the precise amount of false securities issued but the sum is said to run into sev-

GREETINGS FROM BERLIN

Gen. Goering Hails War Scores Versailles Treaty

'Make War Frightful as Possible'

We have already had occasion to note in these columns our martial neighbors' heroic aversion to dying in bed. Possibly this sublime phobia is not really so common among the rank and file, but their leaders leave no opportunity neglected to spread it by precept if not by example. Less than a year ago, M. von Papen, in a memorable speech, proclaimed this national craving for a soldier's death with as much vigor as eloquence. Now it is Marshal Goering's turn to sing the praises of war. Speaking at the Foreign Office of the Nazi party yesterday, the dynamic but portly general addressed the diplomatic corps and foreign press correspondents as follows:

"National Socialism is a new philosophy opposed to Pacifism... From the soldier's point of view, Pacifism is cowardice consecrated as a principle. Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini were no cowards. Both of them fought in the very front line.

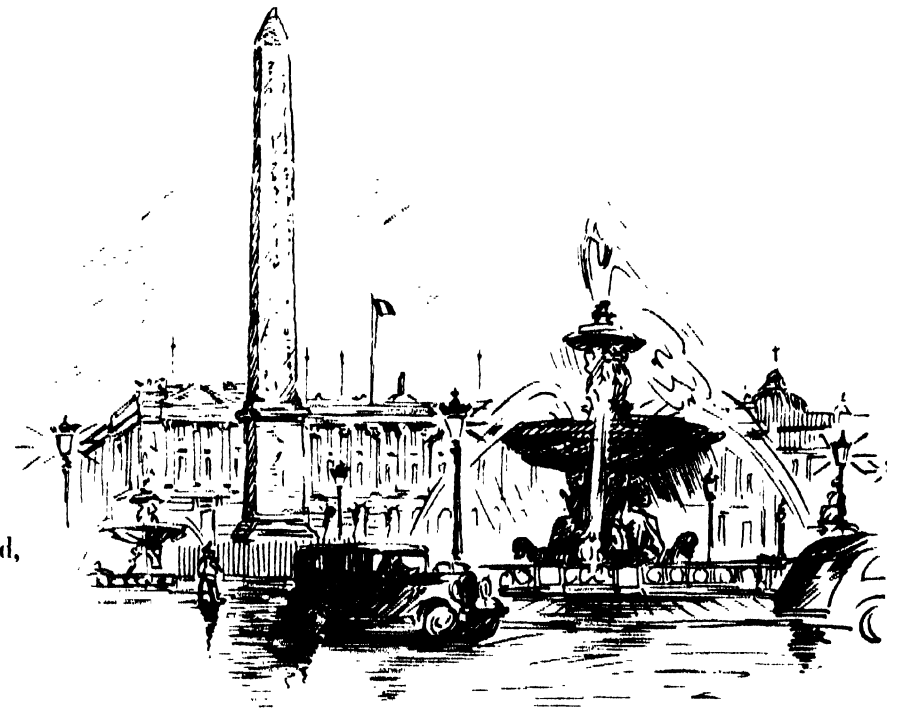
"It is a lie to say that war teaches men to hate each other! The soldiers who fought in the last war only did their duty. They saw opposed to them men who were braving the same misery, dying the same death, fulfilling the same destiny as themselves. In short, they beheld their own image. Can any man, I ask you, hate his own image?

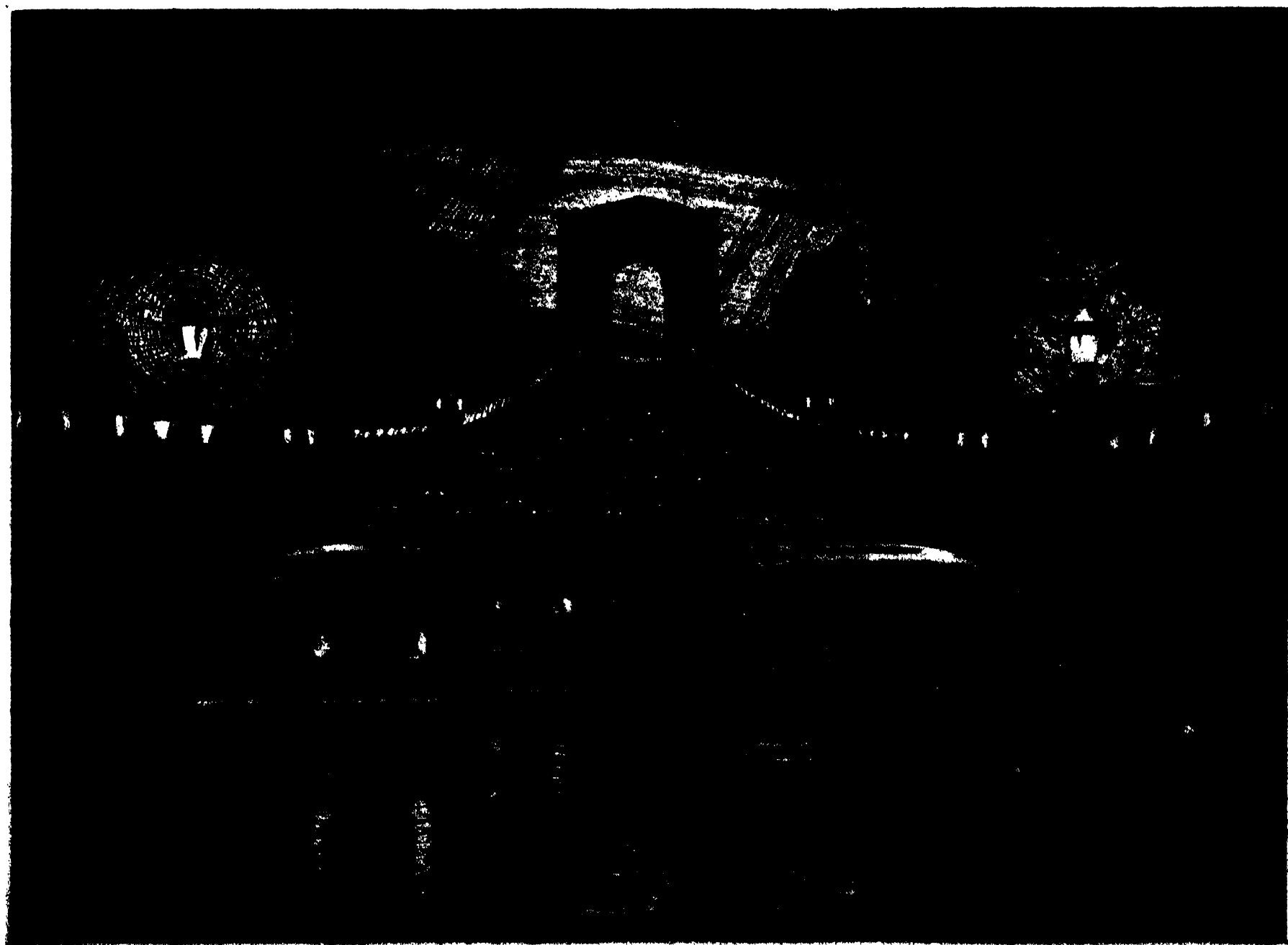
"The soldier marches and fights, kills and is killed, as is his duty and his destiny. So has it always been. War has its own laws. They are stern and implacable. They must be so if we are not to have perpetual warfare. To make war as harshly as possible is the elementary duty of the soldier and at the same time the most humane form of combat. For the sooner war is over, the sooner will peace be realized. "The blood that is spilled soils not the soldier. They who have fought with honor may live in peace with honor... But what was dishonorable, cowardly and contrary to the spirit of the soldier was the way in which the last war was ended. That which has been called the 'Peace of Versailles' was but a continuation (See Page 9.)

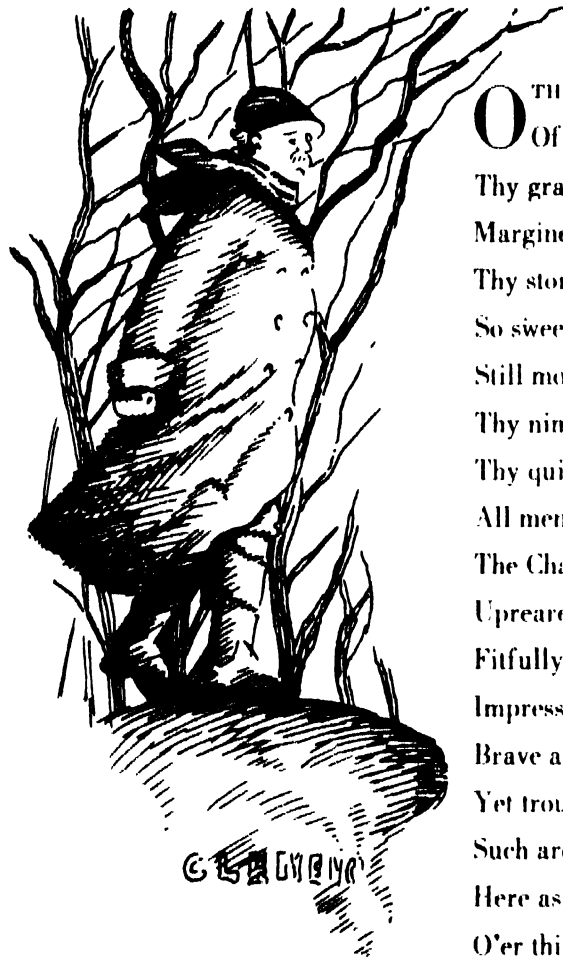
Two spies arrested



THE SUN has left our skies and in the south
Pursues his genial course. Day after day,
The sullen clouds have darkly scoured above
The roofs or, lowering still, enveloped all
In one vast void of mist. The sun is gone —
Yet now, for one brief instant e'er the night
Descend complete, look, in the pallid west,
Through various shifting, interposéd veils,
His far-off pale reflection wanly shines,
Only to fade for good. So shipwrecked men,
Long hours adrift upon the open sea,
Espy some sign of hope which, vanishing,
Leaves them despairing. Aye! The sun is gone
Who reigned so royal in his sphere of light
We doubted not a sovereignty supreme
Of force beneficent. Yet now, behold
What terrors dog the fringes of his sway
Who sang of warmth and ever-quickenning life!
Far off that sanguine music dies away
And in the wind another burden sounds,
Answer austere and stern, a voice that comes
Over the rain-swept Norman countryside,
Over the channel grey where Britain lies
Shrouded in mist, over the tossing waves,
That surging smite with ceaseless roaring on
The cliff-walled coast of Norway — music dread,
Lament austere of the dead, frozen North
And the illimitable outer cold!







OTHERS have sung thy beauty in the spring
 Of happier days, Spirit of France, have hymned
 Thy gracious valleys, thy smooth flowing streams
 Margined with willows, thy tree-vaulted ways,
 Thy storied towers and tranquil summer skies
 So sweet and soft and deep, so heavenly blue.
 Still more have praised the graces of thy soul,
 Thy nimble wits, thy laughter-loving eyes,
 Thy quick, spontaneous courage. For these things
 All men have loved thee. Yet as I ascend
 The Champs-Élysées towards that mighty gate
 Upreared against the sunset, while the wind
 Fitfully whispers, soberer thoughts intrude —
 Impressions gathered in a million eyes,
 Brave and yet anxious, patient still to bear,
 Yet troubled with a vast inquietude.
 Such are thy childrens' eyes and such are thine,
 Here as thou broodest, anxious soul of France,
 O'er this vast archway thou didst rear in pride
 Of braggart triumph, arrogance of soul,
 To dwarf the splendors of imperial Rome;
 This selfsame arch which, in a nobler mood,
 Thou didst reconsecrate thy people's shrine,
 The hallowed temple of a broken heart
 Vowed to remembrance. Lo, the little flame!







O HEART, speak softly if thou speakst at all
And silence still were best.

ICI REPOSE
UN SOLDAT FRANCAIS, MORT POUR LA PATRIE.

His name? — Unknown. — How many fell besides?
A million and a half of France's sons.
So many! — Yes. — And all these folk who come
And stand entranced, still gazing at the flame,
Mourns each a father, husband, brother, slain?
Aye, many mourn. — But some of these are young,
Nor can have known the father who was killed,
And youth is selfish; wherefore do they come
And gaze as by enchantment on the flame
Which gasps and flares, tormented by the wind?
What need to ask? Spirit, full well I know
What sombre reveries trouble them and thee,
Nor thee alone, for half the world besides
Ponders the question of a tortured flame
Ghastly flaming in the ambient gloom . . .
Dimmer and dimmer still our sun now burns.
Some say it is the passing of a cloud
Or an eclipse from which he will emerge
Triumphantly; but still the darkness grows
And whispered warnings from the gathering gloom
Stir dark forebodings. Still we press around
Relics made holy by our fathers' blood
And love's devotion, and within our hearts
We concentrate upon a troubled flame
Of faith and hope, by anxious doubts assailed
But burning still.







THE BAYONNE SCANDAL

Deputy-Mayor held in Pawnshop Fraud

AFTER 6 HOURS GRILLING IN THE CURRENT INVESTIGATION OF THE BAYONNE MUNICIPAL PAWNSHOP SCANDAL, DEPUTY MAYOR, JOSEPH GARAT, WAS TODAY FORMALLY CHARGED WITH THEFT, FORGERY, SWINDLING, MISAPPROPRIATION OF PUBLIC FUNDS, BREACHES OF TRUST, AND RECEIVING OF STOLEN PROPERTY.

A National Scandal?

Revelations concerning the spurious bonds of the Bayonne Municipal Pawnshop are growing hourly more startling in their implications but, before passing on to the latest sensational developments, let us briefly summarize the obscure beginnings of what many of our busy readers must have skipped over as a purely local affair.

Up to 1930, the town of Bayonne had no municipal pawnshop but only an agency of the one at Toulouse. However, as the municipalities make a very good thing out of these establishments, which are authorized to borrow money at 6% and lend it again at 8% and which are besides exempt from all taxation, Bayonne at this time decided to have a pawnshop of its own.

Tissier, the director whose arrest preceded that of the Mayor, was placed at its head and, during the first years, much business was carried on, easily explained by the proximity of nearby Biarritz and its gaming tables. Bonds were issued and bought by many insurance companies, banks and even by private persons. Everything seemed above suspicion as the establishment was regularly inspected by the Bureau of Finances besides being supervised by the local Prefecture.

Finance Journals Sound Alarm

It was the financial journals who, in the course of last December, first called attention to the disproportionate number of bonds put in circulation by the Bayonne shop, a figure far exceeding those of other establishments in cities ten times the size of Bayonne. The insurance companies were alarmed and one of them presented a bond for redemption, a redemption which was, for obvious reasons, delayed. A complaint was lodged, an investigation opened and Tissier, realizing that the gamewas up, asked for an interview with the Prefect of Bayonne in which he confessed his part in the affair.

The bond forms, it seems, had been filled in for amounts of 5 million francs or more but, on the stub remaining with the establishment, only small sums of one or two hundred francs had been entered. The sums indicated on the stubs were supported by securities of pawned articles, and these counterfoils alone (See Col.2)

Memorandum



Our ambassador, M. Francois Poncet, has just left for Berlin, armed with a memorandum on German rearmament. We do not know the details of this memorandum but we readily credit it with all the skill in willful evasion and trivial digression which characterizes our official thinking in these critical times. In fact, so certain are we of the elaborated confusion of the official document that we are tempted to send after M. Poncet a memorandum of our own, recalling in clear cut fashion the background which dominates the whole problem and which should dictate the policy of our government, if indeed we have one! We would recall:

- (1) The Reich's cynical violation of all the military clauses of the Treaty of Versailles.
- (2) The unilateral concessions which we have heaped upon her with no other result than to prompt her to bolder demands and ever more threatening language.
- (3) We would point to the frenzy of militarism and imperialism which now grips her, exposing the world to a new catastrophe; instancing in this regard the tension between Germany and Austria which has been so seriously aggravated these last few days that only a miracle can prevent an outburst.
- (4) Lastly we would underscore the double defiance which Germany has just thrown to the world by wrecking the Disarmament Conference, and violently withdrawing from the League of Nations.

After recalling these fundamental facts we would conclude our memorandum with the firm resolution of breaking with our past policy of weakness and abdication which has only earned us the appearance of bad faith with our friends and allies without gaining us any good will with a people who can never be satisfied because they are insatiable.

'Oh', it will be said, in total disregard of Hitler's manifest intentions, 'We could not pay too much for reconciliation with Germany if it were sincere!' To such, our memorandum might well reply by recalling to M. Poncet a saying attributed to himself: 'German policy is an ocean of duplicity with a few islets of sincerity and those islets are dangerous shoals!'

were shown to the inspectors. The bonds themselves were sold at the higher figure.

Master Minds at Paris?

It has been obvious from the start that a semi official scandal of such magnitude could never have been carried out single-handedly and the arrest today of M. Joseph Garat, the city's Mayor and Deputy in Parliament, would seem to be only a beginning in the unraveling of an affair whose ramifications extend even to the capital itself. According to Tissier, the real culprits in the affair are at Paris.

Stavisky

Stavisky, the naturalized Russian who in 1930 was implicated in a similar pawnshop swindle at Orleans, seems to have been at the head of the ring, sending, if Tissier may be believed, daily instructions from Paris as to the issues and amounts of the bonds. Up to the present, the police have failed to locate this all important individual who is turning out



A POLISH-GERMAN TREATY

Berlin and Warsaw Sign 10-Year Non-Aggression Pact

Our special correspondent from Berlin informs us by telephone that the expected treaty between the Reich and Polish governments was signed this morning at the Wilhelmstrasse by M. Lipsky, Polish minister at Berlin, and M. von Neurath, the Reich's Minister of Foreign Affairs.

GERMANY RAILS BREACH IN FRENCH ALLIANCE SYSTEM. (See page 3)

Van Der Lubbe Dies

Van der Lubbe, the enigmatic incendiary of the Reichstag, has, despite General Goering's theatrical pronouncement, been beheaded and not hanged. That ignominious end has been spared him. They were also content to use, of all things, a guillotine! We are amazed that his head was not hewn off with an ax, a technique so much more in keeping with Nazi tastes. Certainly Germany has no want of strong arms for this mode of decapitation. Formerly, in the days when Germany had not yet acquired an official headsman, it was the custom in certain cantons for the youngest member of the police force to execute criminals on the block. In others, it was the privilege of the newest bridegroom. It is surprising that the Fuhrer has not thought of reviving this lusty tradition so well calculated to charm the hearts of sensitive German youth!

CHANCELLOR DOLLFUSS TO QUELL NAZI TERROR

The Austrian cabinet, meeting yesterday with Chancellor Dollfuss, studied a report on Nazi agitation which has lately revived to the accompaniment of many acts of terrorism. As a result of its deliberations, the council drew up the following call to the population:

"Up to the present, the Austrian government has met all Nazi crimes and outrages with measures of great moderation in the hope that reason would finally prevail. In line with this policy, the Government also pardoned several Nazi offenders at the time of the Christmas holidays. But this policy has not worked. On the contrary, with the new year, another wave of terrorism has swept the country so that within the last few days, no less than 140 bomb outrages have occurred in different parts of the country."

"The Government is forced to see that its moderation has not only been misunderstood but grossly abused. Consequently, it has resolutely decided to end these acts of terrorism once for all by the most

to be one of the first crooks of the day. Blessed with an oriental charm, he excels in utterly taking in his dupes, the more so as he fully understands the most subtle financial manipulations. Just the other day, he negotiated a loan of 250 millions for the Bulgarian government! 'Tis truly a Balzacian personality whose capture is of the utmost importance.

Cold Weather

A temperature of 7.1 was registered yesterday morning in Paris. Skaters enjoyed themselves the whole day through on the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. In the provinces, the temperature was just as rigorous. The canals and rivers of Brittany are entirely frozen over. The thermometer went down to 12 at Rennes, while temperatures in other parts of the country ranged from 11 at Vesoul, where snow fallen two weeks ago is still to be seen,



Ma Chérie:

January 3, 1934.

What do you think? Frank and Ruby are married! In fact, they have been married two weeks. Nina, of course, knew about it all along, but the rest of us found out only yesterday. I think they must have been afraid of Sally's bawdy Irish wit although I must say that that female Mercutio is now behaving with rare discretion.

They are going to give a party in Frank's studio next week, but I was invited up there this evening alone. It is quite a new sensation being entertained by people you knew before they were married. Do you remember when it first happened to you? The white tablecloth, the glass that twinkles, the silver that sparkles, they shine and twinkle and sparkle in a new and altogether disturbing sort of way.

I remember when we were at Rheims, Frank asked me if I didn't think Ruby looked like that Angel of St. Nicaise; you know — that extremely quizzical, mischievous, unangelic angel, who managed to come through the war with her roguish smile intact? But he said it very casually and, besides, it was true.

Now, I have done something else that I never did before at quite the other end of the scale. I wonder if I should tell you about it. Does one tell one's Mother about such things? Shall I? Shan't I? I will tell you something else and, while I am telling it, I will decide whether I will tell you this other or no.

M. Elaincourt told me today that my last etching . . .

What! You are not interested! Not interested in my work! Yes, but this other . . . You see, after what you have just written me about the latest plays becoming so pure and inoffensive, I hesitate to write you an offensive letter in the modern style of yesterday.

Perhaps I might tell you in French. It is such a French subject.

I will tell you something else first . . .

Lucille has told me all her life history . . .

"To hell with her!" you say? Very well, ma Chérie, if you are accustomed to use such bad language, I think I may tell you this story . . . But tell me first, what did you think of Professor Baker's retirement from Yale?

"Damn Professor Baker!"

Eh well, my loved one, tranquillize yourself! I will recount to you this history.

It is two weeks ago that two young people are arrived in Paris; the one, painter-artist, and the other, sculptor. In the month of June they have terminated their studies at the Ecole des Beaux Arts de Yale and now they stray in Europe thanks to the prizes accorded them for the excellence of their work as students. They are young people, very American, not speaking a word of French, and very little experienced

in the art of voyage. Furthermore, they are much bothered by the economy which is necessitated to them by the amount of their respective prizes, having only a thousand dollars each for "eight months' travel and study in Europe."

At Paris, their first move was not a visit to the Mona Lisa or the Venus de Milo but to our friend Arthur Clement, whom they sought out as guide and protector in this city so celebrated for its gilded wickedness. Arthur, in my opinion, did not himself much trouble to entertain them, but we did all dine out several times together.

On this night historical, we had dined in a restaurant Chinese, and after a repast very Oriental, Arthur demanded of his guests how they would be pleased to amuse themselves that evening. After a slight hesitation, the painter-artist murmured that they would be very content to visit one of those houses of prostitution for which this great city is so justly celebrated.

And now, my chérie, as is written in the romances of the newspapers . . . (to be continued).

P.S. It was very funny. I was down in one of the print sellers' galleries near the Place Vendôme this morning; a dim little place, with the morgue-like quiet of all art galleries. The owner and another man gave me a quick look as I came in and then went discreetly on with their hushed conversation. They were talking about Hitler.

"It just goes to show," said one of them, "that in abnormal times the most ordinary individual may be churned up to the top."

"Yes," replied the other. "Look at Napoleon. What would he have amounted to in normal times?"

His companion thought a long time and then he replied tentatively, "Un marchand de meubles?"

A furniture dealer! You know, the stocky proprietor of one of those sidewalk displays of outrageous French furniture?

Yes, surely a marchand de meubles! Certainly, nothing so rarefied as a dealer in etchings!



The Man Stavisky

Stavisky! Stavisky! Stavis-s-sky! What a sizzling and a hissing throughout the land! Stavisky! Who is he? What is he, that overnight France should have become a nation of serpents obsessed with this one name? What is the truth in the already fabulous legend? For our readers' benefit, we will here briefly trace the facts of this amazing career and let the reader bear in mind the most amazing fact of all, which is that this unparalleled story of uninterrupted fraud and swindling has been perfectly well known to our police and judiciary for the last 18 years!

Respectable Background

Stavisky was born at Kiev in Russia 48 years ago, the son of an honorable Jewish dentist who, moving soon after to Paris, continued to practice successfully here. Young Stavisky attended the lycee Condorcet, no less, and fondly his good old father planned for a doctor's career.

Unhappily, even before graduating, the personable young man showed regrettable tendencies. Already he had won the favors of a lady of doubtful age who introduced him to the splendors of Beauville and from now on we find him entirely at home in the Petit Pot by the Porte St. Denis, that resort of gigolos and underworld characters.

A Born Swindler

However, our Sacha was not a mere gigolo. He was both versatile and ambitious, but, as often happens in such cases, he made several false starts before really finding himself. Thus we hear of a rather disastrous attempt to sing in a cafe-concert where, we regret to report, our Sacha was hissed off the stage. Mortifying but salutary fiasco, for soon after we find him established in his true and predestined vocation of swindler and embezzler extraordinary. His start was modest: a little semi-legal, semi-financial office in the Rue Caumartin for settling claims. Here we find him first trying his hand at those subtle financial manipulations so characteristic of his later career. However, even the greatest talent must learn from experience. Our youthful wizard made a bad slip at this time and only a substantial contribution from his old father prevented his going to jail.

The war, which intervened at this time, affected Stavisky but little. True he volunteered but he was soon discharged in circumstances still under investigation. In 1917, we briefly note a cabaret in the Rue Caumartin whose Slavic Patron does a lively trade in dope and then, in 1921, we hear of a forged check for 300 pounds. For this last we cannot vouch, however, as the incriminating check mysteriously disappeared before the case could come up for trial.

(Continued in Column 2)

MORE DEPUTIES INVOLVED

The Scandal Grows

SWINDLES TOTAL 400,000,000 CABINET MEMBER IMPLICATED!

COLONIAL MINISTER SPONSORED BAYONNE BONDS

The Perfect Scandal ★ ★ ★ The Role of M. Dalimier



According to documents made public to-day, Stavisky's fraudulent Bayonne bonds were formally recommended to insurance companies in 1932 by the present Colonial Minister, M. Dalimier, at that time Minister of Labor. Truly, a fine New Year's gift of a scandal! And how it grows! On one day,



we half notice a miserable local affair involving a petty politician; on the next, we hear vaguely of a 'Master Mind' in Paris, a certain Stavisky, and finally this shadowy figure emerges as a notorious 'King of Crooks', a dazzling incredible potentate with cabinet ministers and deputies at his beck and call. Stupified, we now learn that in 1932 when Stavisky was launching his Bayonne enterprise, the Minister of Labor concluded a circular to the insurance companies as follows:

'Considering the gilt edge character of such investments, particularly in the region of Bayonne, we do not doubt but what the executive councils will lend a favorable ear to the offers which will be made them.'

trial. We shall, in the course of our hero's career, have occasion to note many such opportune interventions...mysterious, inexplicable. We confess we do not understand them. We shall just note them and pass on.

Arrested in 1926

In 1926, when speculation was at its height, we find Stavisky's operations expanding with the expanding times. In that fantastic year, he defrauded a stockbroker of no less than 7,500,000 francs. Our 'King of Crooks' had indeed arrived! After a two months search, the police arrested him in the course of a sumptuous banquet at Marly le Roi, surrounded by a veritable court of underworldlings, and it is here that we first become acquainted with the lady soon to become his wife, the dark and lovely Arlette Simon. Alas! the brilliant gathering was broken up. Even the lovely lady was arrested and our 'King of Crooks' found himself in jail. But not for long.

Trial Postponed 19 Times

After a month or so in jail, Stavisky was provisionally released before his case came up for trial and that trial, if you please, has been nineteen times postponed! It has, in fact, never taken place up to this day. Mysterious, inexplicable... We confess we do not understand. We simply note the fact and pass on. Is it relevant

that Stavisky's lawyers included four lawyer deputies, one of them a vice-president of the Chamber and another an ex-minister? We cannot tell.

"The King of Paris"

Thenceforth, Stavisky strutted about at Paris and at Cannes. His poor old father, broken by the disgrace, had killed himself after the Marly affair. Clearly his son did not brood much on this in the quiet of his prison cell. His short confinement seems rather to have matured his crooked genius. In any case, he now branched out in every direction. In 1931-32, he founded a whole succession of companies on whose boards we see with amazement the names of an ex-ambassador, a general, and many other notables. He also took over the Empire Theatre. You remember Rita George in that fine show of 1932? That was Stavisky's show. Nor is this all. You know LA VOLONTE, that heavily subsidized Government rag? That was Stavisky's paper. You recall the short lived RAMPART? That too was Stavisky's paper.

He was conspicuous at Paris and all the stylish resorts, flaunting the over elegant appurtenances of a pseudo Grand Seigneur. In turn, company promoter, theatre impresario, press lord, and race-horse owner, Stavisky, with a prison cell still open to receive him, rose to be one of the most prominent figures in certain politico-social circles in Paris.

Where is Stavisky?

The Stavisky Affair at Bayonne seems to have all the makings of a first rate scandal. The rumors, the names involved, the questions raised by the press, the silence of the parties accused, all lead one to suspect that the flight of this notorious swindler was abetted by some who should have prevented it.

According to the Prefecture of Police, Stavisky betook himself to Lisbon where he is said to have embarked for Venezuela. Orders have been sent to question and keep under surveillance any individual corresponding to the swindler's description.

On the other hand, the Geneva Tribune reports an attempt to sell bonds of the Bayonne Pawnshop in that city. The broker was accompanied by a mysterious person thought to have been Stavisky.

Prosecutor Pressard Blamed

Much attention is being paid to an article appearing yesterday in L'ETOILE. According to this account, emanating we believe from wholly reliable sources, Stavisky's unchecked career was made possible only by the criminal connivance of the Prosecutor's Office. The article, and this was most interesting, pointed a more than interrogating finger at the Prosecutor of the Seine District, M. Pressard, brother-in-law of M. Chautemps. It is impossible, says the author, that the Prosecutor should not have known the true character of the crook or the scandalous number of postponements granted in the judgement of the cases pending against him.

Beside this statement should be placed an article appearing yesterday in L'ACTION FRANCAISE, also citing M. Pressard, and assuming great importance from the fact that it has not been denied:

"A very circumstantial report on Stavisky's activities," says the article, "had been sent by the Financial Brigade of the Prefecture to Prosecutor Pressard, calling his attention to the prolonged impunity of the crook before the courts and summarizing in most explicit fashion the affair for which Stavisky had been under indictment since 1925."

If the above is not contested, it would appear that the responsibility of M. Pressard may be taken for granted.

Nasty Weather!

Because of the violent tempest raging over the channel, no ship dared to put out from either France or England yesterday. Many signals of distress were received from vessels on the sea. Snow, following the severe cold of the last few days, fell lightly upon Paris and heavily around Vitry le Francois and Strassbourg where the difficulties of circulation caused several accidents. Snow fell also at Bourges and

Dear Ma:

Just a line to thank you at once for my beautiful Christmas present. It has come at last, though I still don't know what can have caused the delay. It fits perfectly and I can make good use of it for the weather has turned frightfully cold. They say, indeed, that it is the coldest winter they have had in decades.

Thank you also for the copies of TIME. Somehow I feel that TIME is more reliable than the Paris papers though I am devoted to my EVENING JOURNAL too.

The other day, I asked M. Elaincourt which of the Paris papers he recommended and as usual he spoke with great decision. Apparently L'OEUVRE and LE TEMPS are the only sheets fit to read, and even LE TEMPS is too much influenced by its ties to heavy industry.

"And what about the JOURNAL DE PARIS?" I asked when no mention of it seemed to be forthcoming?

Whereupon M. Elaincourt nearly choked. "The JOURNAL DE PARIS! Ah, that is fit only for one use!" he cried with an expressive gesture. "That rag is the very scum of reaction, the vile servitor of all that is rotten and decayed and intrenched in this country. Read anything, my friend, anything but the JOURNAL DE PARIS!"

Alas! And I have become so fond of its little heads shrieking to either side of its editorial column. No . . . really . . . I may have to read something else to supplement the JOURNAL but give it up entirely, I can't!

As ever,

Bill



Austria's Peril

It would be folly to let the furor of a national scandal obscure the international horizon. Our internal crises are ever the occasion for Germany's manoeuvres abroad and we need only look at the present situation in Austria to sense the peril of too much self absorption. We must be eternally vigilant! Scandal or no scandal, the Reich pursues her plans for the political and economic subjugation of Austria, prelude of downright annexation itself.

Against this menace, the truly Austrian government of Chancellor Dollfuss has made a courageous stand. Hence the Reich would overthrow it and to this end it is straining every nerve, its lever the Austrian Nazis, strange devotees of foreign tyranny, whose outrages aim to reduce their native land to a state of defenseless chaos!

Chancellor Dollfuss has faced this Nazi reign of terror with admirable courage, energy and skill. Were he dealing with a truly Austrian faction, he would be more than equal to the situation. It is, however, only too clear that the Austrian Nazis are encouraged from abroad, that it is from the Reich they receive their endless supplies of explosives, and that all this so called Austrian agitation against Chancellor Dollfuss is directed by German agents well known to the German government.

The Vienna cabinet has sent the Berlin government a formal, minutely documented protest against its intolerable interference in Austrian affairs. If, as seems likely, the Reich fails to give satisfaction, Austria will be faced with two alternatives: either an appeal to those powers which have conditioned their loans on her independence, or else a formal appeal to the League of Nations, fully warranted by the spirit and the letter of the Pact.

A Case for Geneva

The arguments we hear in connection with these two courses of procedure, are very disquieting, notably those emanating from London. Is all international action to be crippled once again by a dread of responsibilities and an inclination to take the easiest way even should it turn out to be the least effective and by the same token the most dangerous? Let us repeat once again: There is no point in wordy encouragement of Chancellor Dollfuss no point at all in proclaiming that Austria's independence is an essential condition of European peace unless we are prepared to take resolute and effective action. We saw only last year in this very connection how futile were the protests of individual powers. It is only at Geneva that such a problem can be handled with the necessary authority. A dangerous trial for the League? Certainly. Yet everyone agrees that the authority of Geneva must be strengthened. Now the only way to strengthen the League is to make it work. This is (Continued on Page 8)

Berlin is Delighted

WHERE IS STAVISKY ?



WHERE IS STAVISKY? We don't know. The Government has not taken us into its confidence. However, from the wealth of conflicting rumors, we have chosen the following. Each one as plausible as the other. Our readers may take their pick.

- (1) Stavisky is calmly hiding in the heart of Paris.
- (2) Stavisky is calmly hiding in the suburbs.
- (3) Stavisky is coolly enjoying the winter sports at St. Moritz.
- (4) Stavisky sped across the Belgian border in his green Hispano Suiza and is now calmly enroute to the United States under an assumed name.
- (5) Stavisky is lying calmly and coolly at the bottom of the ocean. At any rate, someone has jumped off a steamer bound for Rio. Doubtless it was Stavisky.



Cruel Revelations

STAVISKY! What an appalling light that name is shedding on every aspect of our national life. Nothing escapes. Yet we are only at the beginning. Who can imagine what revelations await us tomorrow, we who already have so far exceeded the limits of the imaginable?

A notorious swindler, awaiting trial, wangles provisional freedom in 1927. During the next 6 years, his trial is postponed 19 times on one pretext or another. Meanwhile, though debarred from all casinos, he gambles away millions at Biarritz. Yet the gambling house police do nothing. He promotes a succession of fantastic companies with generals, ex-prefects and diplomats on their boards. Yet the Financial Department of the Public Prosecutor's Office does not lift a finger. He goes off to Bayonne where he engineers the pawnshop fraud. But nobody worries. No body sounds the alarm. When he needs an endorsement for his phoney bonds, a cabinet minister writes it for him! Finally when his arrest is inevitable, when his underlings are already jailed, his own capture is delayed. He escapes and nobody knows a thing about it.

We are shocked, stunned, and it is high time. For two years now, France has been drifting dangerously, abandoned to those twin incompetents, the Radicals and the Socialists who by their preposterous alliance have succeeded in monopolizing a government they are totally unable to administer. For two years, we have watched their indistinguishable leaders shuffled and reshuffled in a succession of ineffectual cabinets, stale recombinations of the same shabby deck of political time servers. Defeat and abdication abroad, stalemate and economic decline at home, these have been the more obvious symptoms of our plight. Less evident but more dangerous has been the insidious rot which during this period has so permeated every organ of our national being that at the first breath of investigation, our Government, our Judiciary, our Police, are decomposing in hideous putrescence before our eyes.

But M. Chautemps is not dismayed. The Premier has promised to have our Augean stables cleaned without delay. There is no doubt about the condition of the stables and M. Chautemps, you see, would have us believe that he is Hercules. What other part in the fable could he play?

M. Chautemps's brother-in-law, M. Pressard, is Public Prosecutor as we know. His office must have some curious data on a trial that was 19 times postponed. Perhaps M. Pressard will want to play Hercules.

Or will M. Dalimier get the role in the end?

Chautemps Cabinet Should Quit as a Whole

Mme Stavisky Here

**Ignorant of Husband's Whereabouts
Sumptuous Effects Yield No Clues**

The whereabouts of Stavisky is still a mystery but, yesterday, the pretty wife of the great swindler who is being hunted the world over, was discovered living with her two children in a furnished apartment on the fourth floor at Number 1, Rue Obligado. To avoid notice, Mme Stavisky had resumed her maiden name of Arlette Simon when she installed herself and baggage in her new abode. If we mention the baggage, it is because it was a not inconsiderable item. The lady has, as a matter of record, no fewer than fifteen trunks and suitcases of every shape and dimension. With her sumptuous wardrobe and toilet accessories, she could hardly get along with anything less.

At 3:30 this afternoon, the examining magistrate and three detectives knocked at the door of Mme Stavisky. It was opened by a maid engaged that very morning. The officials were on the point of asking for the lady of the house when a tall elegant woman in a modish frock advanced to meet them. It was Mme Stavisky. She had clearly been expecting this visit and betrayed no surprise. The astonished maid, not knowing what to say, gasped a somewhat tardy, "Visitors for Madame," and disappeared.

Haughty and disdainful, Arlette Simon began by saying that she was alone, that her husband had left her and that she had not the faintest idea of his whereabouts. "Things are going badly. I had better leave Paris," he had said and decamped.

As the Claridge apartment with its daily rental of 350 francs was too dear for her, the fastidious Mme Stavisky had condescended to this apartment in the Rue Obligado where she pays a mere 1,500 francs a month.

The examining magistrate announced that he had a search warrant and would begin at once. Acidly, Mme Stavisky replied that she saw no occasion for a search since, to repeat once again, she was living alone. But the officials were not to be moved. "The search must be made, Madame, whether you wish it or no."

"Oh, after all, suit yourselves," assented Mme Stavisky and the search began. Everything was gone through minutely: furniture, closets, and the 600 odd kilos of baggage but nothing of the slightest importance was found. Splendid gowns and (Continued on Page 6)



STAVISKY

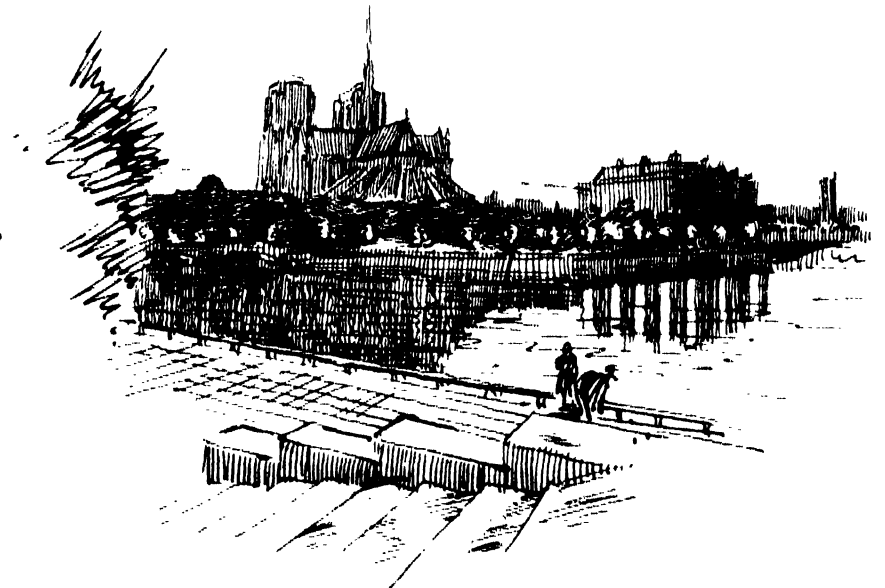
M. Chiappe Protests

On arriving in Paris this morning from Florence, Police Prefect Chiappe made a short statement to reporters confirming a denial as to checks said to have been made out by Stavisky to M. Chiappe's Police-men's Home project.

"It has also been stated," the Prefect added, "that I was seen in Stavisky's box at the theatre. That is equally false."



SILENT and dark and deep, the waters flow
 Divided round the island in the Seine,
 And still the ritual of the elements
 Is reenacted as when France was born.
 Immovable against the changing skies,
 Immovable upon the changing flood,
 Immovable beneath the flickering flame
 Upon the altar, still the island stands:
 Most holy symbol, most mysterious bond,
 With primal powers through the span of time!
 O island in the Seine, slight incarnation
 Of the soul's longing, refuge, center, heart,
 Yield us thine inner depth of mystery,
 Quiet the longing of our questioning hearts!
 Lo! headlong flung upon this stream of time,
 Having no ending, no beginning shown,
 Lost in this void of space that owns no bounds,
 Our spirits crave that center and that source
 Whose mystic sign we see about us in
 A thousand forms. But difficult the quest.
 Still we return for intimations faint
 To these mysterious symbols, reassured,
 A moment's space. So gaze we on the heart
 Of a bright flower with petals ringed around,
 Or on a star that brightly shines alone,
 Or on the moon and sun. So studying too
 The panorama history unrolls,
 We meditate on Egypt's river traced
 Between the desert sands or on a rock
 In Attica, bleak cradle of a life
 As rich, as various, as symmetrical



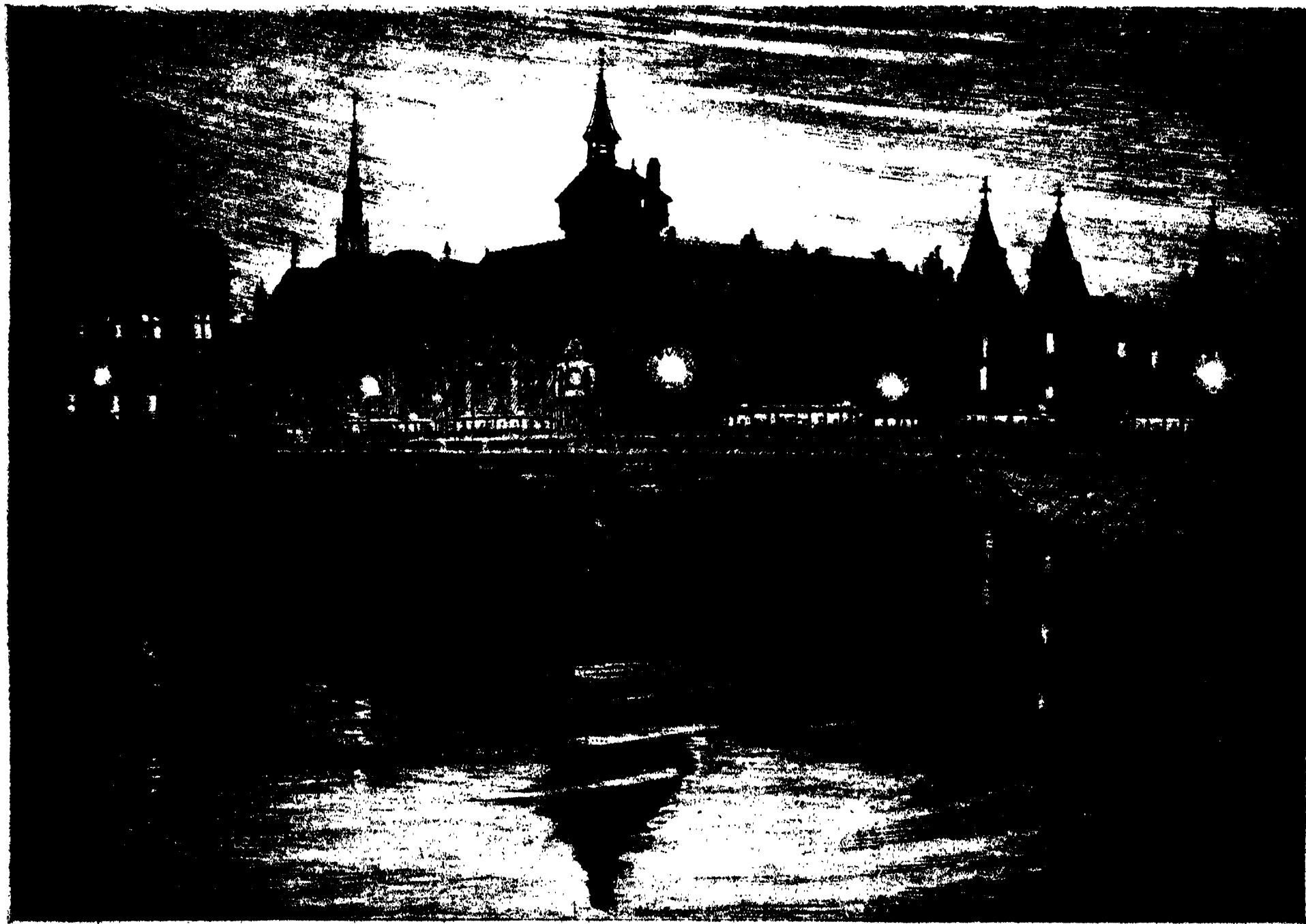




As that which thou didst nourish here of old
And still dost focus, Island in the Seine,
Who now dost stir this questioning revery,
Thou holy, immemorial heart of France!

DIM, PAGAN fancies these, by symbols still
Inspired that lead us groping on. Not this
The message of those solemn towers
Serene in majesty of massive strength,
Nor such the living flame of truth that burned
Upon thine altar, Island in the Seine,
When that thou was the beating heart of France!
For lo! beyond the rising of the sun,
A voice had cried, "I am the way, the life!"
With such authority of holiness
And truth self-evident, that all men's souls
Were satisfied and by that voice conjoined
With the Great Source and Center of all Being.
Then did the holy islands and the hills
And whatsoever else had sacred been
Obscurely imaging the truth to come,
Burn with new fires and the tide of life,
Recoiling for an instant on itself,
Roll on anew with a great forward surge.
How flamed with faith and hope this island then!
How soared the fretted towers and spires aloft!
How sang the flowers and vines in sculptured stone,
The storied porches and the golden shrines,
Of man's long-sought-for unity with God!







BEHOLD the wonder of the Sainte-Chapelle,
 Holiest of Holies which Saint Louis raised
 High on a crypt to be the nearer heaven,
 So sacred were the relics to be shrined,
 And planted forwards towards the island's prow
 Like to an ark or oriflamme of stone.
 Oh, think an instant on the early mass
 Of some bright morning centuries ago
 Here in this chapel. Let the all-seeing eye
 Of keen imagination contemplate
 The island with its crowded roofs and towers
 All shining in the sun, the wisps of smoke
 That heavenward as from many censers rise;
 The glinting waves that roll on either hand;
 Look on all this, then heed the matin bell
 And penetrate within the mystic fires
 Of those bejewelled windows all aflame
 Against the sunrise. Hear the office read,
 Participating in the sacrament
 That washes clean all doubts and fears away
 And makes man one with God. Oh, enter too
 Into the reveries of the kneeling king
 Who all his life walked humbly with his God
 In paths of justice and of mercy led.
 O, moment unsurpassed, when the soul sought
 And found, when faith was living and when life
 Was faith, and art the mystic union sang
 In songs of stone and glass that trumpet still
 The rapture of a vanished time! Ah France,
 How brightly fair the morning of thy day!



Suicide ?

The Official Version

LAST MINUTE DISPATCH

(Chamonix, Jan. 9) Following an unavailing trepanning operation, Serge Alexander Stavisky died to-night in the local hospital without recovering consciousness.

So much is certain. For the rest, we present the official report as it has been handed out to us. If it seems lacking in coherence or contradictory in its details, we submit that it is not our report. It is however most unfortunately the only report we are ever likely to have. Anyone can see that nothing likely to clear up the truth is to be gleaned now at Chamonix. There is no hope of any corroboration or contradiction. The precautions immediately taken to quarantine the case were so strict that no one could come near the villa. The Surete's version is, we repeat, the only one we have. Well, here it is:

"It will be remembered that several trails were followed by the police. It was even reported that Stavisky was on the high seas. Yet one of the trails which appeared to be particularly hopeful, as has now been confirmed, was carefully followed by Commissaire Charpentier and by Chief Inspector Legal and Carnier. It was discovered that a passport in the name of Nle menozenko had been delivered on December 23d and that this passport had been stamped at the Swiss frontier. That was probably a clue to which the police attached special importance. At all events, Commissaire Charpentier, followed by the two inspectors, continued his search in Haute Savoie until his inquiry brought him at length to Chamonix.

On December 27th, it was learned that the Villa Argentieres at Servoz, a hamlet only a few miles distant from Chamonix, had been rented by a M. Pegaglio who was accompanied by a certain Robert Petit. These two persons attracted the detectives at-

(Continued on Page 4, Col. 1)

Was Stavisky Shielded by Agents of the Law ?

We would do well to examine closely the observations on the Stavisky affair published yesterday by GRINGOIRE. According to these reports, derived from sources we have every reason to believe unimpeachable Stavisky and his accomplices owed the impunity they enjoyed to the culpable negligence of the Surete Generale and the Public Prosecutor. (See Page 8, Col. 1)

A Dramatic Day

"STAVISKY SHOOTS HIMSELF" FOUND DYING IN CHAMONIX VILLA M. Dalimier honorably discharged !



STAVISKY IS DEAD! Such is the news which burst upon the capital at 4 o'clock this afternoon. There was amazement, there was disappointment too but, in many quarters, there was only barely concealed relief and satisfaction. Now that Stavisky has drawn his last breath, others draw

theirs more easily! If he had been taken alive, if he had spoken, if he had named names! The thought is too terrible even in retrospect. That is why certain rapidly clearing brows are for a moment perplexed again and troubled. But not for long! Stavisky has not been caught alive. Nor is he still at liberty. He is dead! He will never speak again! The nightmare is really lifted! The danger is over!

Stavisky has not been caught alive... In another column, we present the official version of how this arch adventurer, who for long nights has haunted the sleepless couches of deputies and ministers, has at last been silenced. Officially, Serge Alexander Stavisky shot himself yesterday afternoon in a villa at Chamonix just as the police were about to arrest him. We are reminded of a terrible remark M. Paul Morel made in reference to an earlier suicide: "Death," observed M. Morel, "is the Mother of Silence."

Beside this grim reflection, we would place Garat's reaction to the "Suicide". How did that old friend and intimate of Stavisky receive the tidings in his cell at Bayonne? Garat was completely incredulous. "Suicide!" he exclaimed in scornful disbelief, "A man like Stavisky? Impossible!" So Garat...

And indeed as we study the official report, many are the questions which come to mind. Why, for example, did M. Charpentier feel bound to put through a call to Paris for special instructions before entering the villa? Surely his duty was plain. Or were his previous instructions of such a very special nature as to need special confirmation at the last moment? Again,



why did Stavisky's revolver turn up on the bed and not in his hand? We are told it was taken from him to prevent his firing another shot. Surely an excess of precaution against a man with one bullet through his brain! Again, it seems that two hours elapsed between the shooting and Stavisky's arrival at the hospital. Did they want him to bleed to death? What was going on during all that time? It seems that photographs were being taken, presumably to establish the verdict of suicide. But alas! The pictures only raise further doubts. Stavisky is lying on his back. Would he not rather have fallen forward? And what is that dark stain on his jacket? A second shot...

If there are two opinions about Stavisky's suicide, there can be only one as to the suicide of the Chautemps cabinet this afternoon. It has given way to M. Dalimier. It has gained his resignation only by making itself one with him, by granting him an honorable, nay, a eulogistic discharge! In an astounding statement, the Government guarantees the perfect good faith of the notorious sponsor of the Bayonne bonds. The entire cabinet thus publicly backs a self convicted agent of Stavisky. If that isn't suicide, we don't know what to call it!

CHAMBERS REOPEN TOMORROW

Government Faces Attack from All Sides

It is in an atmosphere of unprecedented tension and suspicion that parliament op-

that more than fourteen deputies have already signified their intention of ques-

Suicide ?

A Study in Skepticism

By far the greater number of papers question the official version of Stavisky's suicide, and this is serious, for, if the suicide hypothesis is rejected, there remains only that of murder. None the less, the openly incredulous are very much in the majority and one can study in our press all the nuances of skepticism down to the flattest contradiction.

Cleverly, L'OEUVRE remarks, "After all he had some reasons for suicide... Honor! Unlabeledly LA REPUBLIQUE opines: "Like it or not, the public is going to find this suicide too opportune for some."

But other papers are not content with mere insinuation. They speak out:

"They killed him!" chants L'HUMANITE in a kind of impassioned refrain. "Did he commit suicide? No one believes it. Every one says, 'They killed him!'"

"They killed him!" is the general cry in the lobbies of the Chamber.

"They killed him!" is whispered even in the ante chamber of M. Chautemps.

"They killed him!" American and British correspondents are telegraphing to their newspapers tonight.

"They killed him!" is also our own firm and unshakable opinion.

(See further comment on Page 3)

AUSTRIA WILL APPEAL TO LEAGUE OF NATIONS

Berlin Scorns Vienna Protest

The governments of Berlin and Vienna published yesterday the notes they have exchanged on their differences. It will be recalled that Chancellor Dollfuss had energetically protested to Berlin against Germany's encouragement and support of the Austrian Nazi terrorists. After an insulting delay, the Reich has rudely declined all responsibility for Austria's troubles. An appeal to the League is now inevitable.

(Berlin Jan. 8) The German press today indulged in mocking commentaries on the Austrian complaint and the rumors of international intervention through the League of Nations. Such intervention is held to be out of place and Austria's difficulties

(Continued on Page 9)

Popular Indignation

A large group of demonstrators met yesterday inside the Bourse to shout against the Government. Vigorous cries of "Down with Chautemps! Kick out the crooks!" were heard on all sides.



January 10, 1934.

Dear Mother:



Sewer man Chautemps: Sssh!

bear in mind what M. Elaincourt said about its political coloration; to wit, that it is a nefarious, unscrupulous organ of the Right out to "get" the present moderate Radical Socialist government. You shouldn't be reading it, yet it is only in such sheets, and they are in the majority now,

How do you like my newsstand? M. Elaincourt was delighted with it although in principle he frowns on such heavy inking. Be that as it may, and although inspired at the time of Hitler's coup, it gives you some idea of how the stand looked last night when the news of Stavisky's suicide came through.

Has our scandal broken in the States yet? The excitement here is indescribable. Everywhere, in the busses, the street cars and the Metro, the population seethes and hisses with the name Stavisky. I am sending you some copies of the JOURNAL DE PARIS but you must

that you can get the full dramatic effect. The Socialist and Liberal papers are like M. Chautemps in the cartoon, doing their best to play the whole thing down.

You should have been at the studio this morning. Everything was halted while M. Elaincourt delivered himself on the political situation, a two hour tirade, unwittingly touched off by Nina's innocent remark that she couldn't make head or tail of French politics.

"Not understand!" exploded M. Elaincourt. "Not understand? What is there so hard to understand?"

"Why," faltered Nina, "all these Radical Socialists who are neither radical nor socialist."

"Ah," snorted M. Elaincourt. "Names! Names! What is a name? Something to catch votes. You must not pay attention to names. Look!" he continued, dashing a wide semicircle over a discarded drawing, "here, is the Chamber . . . Now here is the Left, the Right and the Center . . . Radical, Conservative and Moderate, Meedle-of-the-road you call them. So, now, this Center, that is the important thing. That is what you must watch for it is there that is the seat of power."

"But I thought the Radical Socialists —"

"Precisely. The Radical Socialists are now the Left Center."

"But I thought Radicals and Socialists —"

"Names! Names!" reiterated M. Elaincourt. "All parties start out on the Left with radical names and policies, but they move all the time



THE IMPOSSIBLE TEAM



— Fighting Again !

towards the Right. Look! Over here on the Right Center is a party which calls itself Left Center but it is no longer so. He has been pushed over to the Right and forgotten to change his name."

"Out! Out! Please!" whispered Nina. "I'm getting off here."

M. Elaincourt, however, went on imperturbably for another hour.

I gather that the Radical Socialists, who are the biggest party in the Chamber, correspond approximately to our pre-Roosevelt Democrats and are in reality neither radical nor socialist but a liberal, middle-class party rather more progressive in theory than in practice. They are the largest party but far from a majority, and in order to remain in power they have, until recently, been allied with the almost equally numerous Socialists who, I judge, should they ever assume leadership, would roughly approximate the New Deal — if you can picture a New Deal at once more radical and at the same time disciplined, crystallized and actually grown gray in years of playing the opposition. The reduction of armament expenditures, the nationalization of the armament industries, railroads and insurance companies; the control of banks; the forty-hour week and unemployment insurance; such were some of the planks in the Socialist platform two years ago when they were campaigning in combination with the Radical Socialists, and to most of these drastic projects did the Not-so-radical Radical Socialists pay lip service at the time.

The combination of the Radical Socialists and the Socialists worked admirably in getting votes but, when it has come to putting their supposedly joint program in action, the timid radicalism of the Radicals and the very real radicalism of the Socialists have prevented any effective collaboration between these two great parties of the Left. Indeed, so great has been the friction that parliamentary government has virtually broken down. The Radical Socialist-Socialist majority has not worked and there is no other to take its place. Cabinet after cabinet has fallen and the public is beginning to get mad.



CHAUMONTS — Gentlemen, we must punish this Stavisky!



And what disguise does Monsieur desire to-day?

This failure of "The Impossible Team" to function in a critical time has been viewed with great equanimity by the Right and they have watched with satisfaction the spectacle of Radical cabinets being upset time after time by their own Socialist colleagues. The Right is confident that if this "massacre of governments" goes on, there will soon be such a "National Emergency" as heralded their last return to power.

The engineering of a "National Emergency" is indeed becoming a standard device in the Right's post-war strategy of riding the crests of the undulating economic curve and leaving the depressions to the Left. M. Elaincourt was at his caustic best in describing the system.

"See," he said, "suppose the Right is in power. How he got there, you will see by the way he manages next time for it is just a repetition of the same thing over and over. The Right, then, is in power. He has rescued the country in the nick of time. His 'Grand Old Man,' who has resolved so many preceding crises, has restored order in the chaos created under Leftist leadership — so irresponsible and ruinous in matters of finance, so visionary and dangerous in questions of foreign policy. Ah yes! The Right is in power. His press, before so sharp and bitter, this press, it purrs now like a cat; and his banks, before so unhelpful to the Left — these banks, they now give all their cooperation to blowing up and keeping up a false prosperity reposing on exaggerated government spending, especially on armaments. For the Right is nationalistic. He must have armaments for the enemy and an enemy for his armaments. So, by the press, he fills the people with the fear of war.

"But his end is coming. His foreign policy displeases the peace-loving people and he cannot keep his prosperity blown up any more. Also, his enemies have united against him. They have drawn together in defeat and so it happens that the parties of the Left win a great victory at the polls, a complete victory, will they but work together as well after the elections as before.

"But what do they do, these parties of the Left when they come to

power? They fight. They go each one his own way. Yes, it even happens that that which is most powerful and least radical begins to lean to the Right. Friction grows and the big reforms which might perhaps break the inevitable economic cycle are put off while the depression goes down, down, down. Meanwhile the Rightist press talks much of this anarchy, blames this anarchy for the hard times and says nothing of the Rightist inflation which preceded them nor of the secret sabotage of the banks which is making them worse. So the situation deteriorates until in the press there is a call for a 'National Government' including all the 'healthy democratic elements of the Republic' under the leadership of the 'Grand Old Man' who so effectively resolved the last crisis. Again and again, the emergency is stressed. Again and again, the demand is made for the 'loyal cooperation' of all parties and this is continued until, when the 'Old Man' is actually called by the President, a great part of the public has come to feel that it is in response to its own call that the 'Old Man' has undertaken to form a 'National Government' out of 'all the healthy democratic elements of the Republic.'

"I do not need to tell you," went on M. Elaincourt, "that this last definition does not include the really radical members of the Left, the Communists or even the Socialists. The 'National Union' reaches only to the Radical Socialists who, smarting from recent fights with their Leftist allies and frightened by public opinion, are compelled to cooperate in forming this new Rightist majority.

"And so once more, the Right is in power. Once more, it has rescued the country under the leadership of its 'Grand Old Man' and now, with the collaboration of its press and banks, and even of a large part

of the opposition, it is ready to blow up again the now thoroughly deflated national economy."

This, as M. Elaincourt proceeded to point out, is what happened in 1928 when Poincaré returned to save the falling franc and this, according to M. Elaincourt, is what is about to be repeated now. Poincaré is dead, but already an ex-president, one Gaston Doumergue, is being groomed to take his place. As for all this Stavisky business, M. Elaincourt says it is just a means of precipitating the desired emergency and is being exploited the more vigorously because of recent signs that the Socialists and Radicals may be teaming up again and so threatening the prospects of the Right.

Do you feel educated? I do!

As ever,

Sill



F A S C I S T N O . 1

P.S. The little gentleman is M. Chiappe, the Police Prefect, to whom M. Elaincourt attributes all sorts of baneful influences and intentions — the very type of Fascist intriguer, he says; clever, unscrupulous and blessed with a certain flair for projecting his personality. I should judge the artist didn't care much for him either.

What do you think of French cartoons? I think they're pretty swell — especially those by Sennep. That one of old President Lebrun in the funeral coach is a masterpiece.



AT THE CHAMBER

M. Henriot's Revelations
Stir Wild Pandemonium

Violent Personal Clashes

Once again, the Great Scandal was to-day the subject of a new debate in a Chamber tense with suspense and angry passions. In a fine, forceful speech, M. Philippe Henriot, Deputy from the Gironde, denounced the Government's all too evident attempts to hush up the Stavisky Scandal and underscored with implacable clarity the disparity in the justice meted out to the influential and to those less fortunate in their connections. How can those influential people who knew Stavisky claim ignorance to-day of his real personality? M. Henriot then cited the case of Deputy Bonnaure. Did not M. Bonnaure accompany Stavisky three times to Hungary when he was arranging for his last colossal swindle of the Hungarian bonds? Why then has M. Bonnaure not been arrested? How can he still be at liberty if there are not two justices, one for politicians and another for simple citizens?

Again, in the matter of Stavisky's checks, the examining magistrate of Bayonne has received only 132 although the Credit Lyonnais alone handed over more than 300 to the Surete Generale. Where are these all important checks? Why are they withheld? Whom do they implicate?

At this point, M. Henriot, who had been trying to preserve a moderate tone, was interrupted by the noisy hostility of the Left and, when he came to speak of the 19 postponements of Stavisky's trial and the medical certificates involved, the din reached such proportions that the sitting was momentarily suspended.

Startling Disclosure

When M. Henriot resumed, he was listened to in almost complete silence. Even the most prejudiced were hushed by the gravity of his revelations. M. Henriot recalled the circumstances surrounding the arrest of Stavisky in 1926 when, after a two months search, the police found him in a villa at Marley-le-Roi giving a sumptuous dinner to his friends. Among those present at the time, was Mile. Arlette Simon, the present Mme. Stavisky who, being pregnant, was removed to a clinic after arrest. "Two men only were allowed to see the woman Simon then," the Bordeaux Deputy shouted amid tumultuous hubbub, "and to-day those two men are ministers of France!"

"Names! Names!" the Chamber roared. "I am ready to give the names to a magistrate," M. Henriot replied. "No doubt they went to see her as lawyers."

"Names! Names!" thundered the Chamber. "I dare say," continued M. Henriot, "that M. Pachot of the Surete Generale could name them and that he would designate MM. de Monzie and Paul-Boncour. That is a serious matter even if the two ministers went to see her as lawyers."

(Continued in column 2)

The Stavisky Scandal

FIERCE RIOTS ON LEFT BANK

TREES UPROOTED, LAMP POSTS OVERTURNED IN
ANGRY PROTEST AGAINST POLITICAL CORRUPTION

The exterior of the Chamber to-day presented its now habitual aspect of a besieged fortress. Armies of police and Mobile Guards blocked the approaches to this curious citadel of democracy so strangely in need of protection against popular attack!



The deputies, we say, were well protected in their fortress, but a little further down in the Boulevard St. Germain, a vast crowd of demonstrators began to assemble from 4 o'clock on despite the efforts of the police who were directed by M. Chiappe in person as tactfully as circumstances permitted. At first our outraged citizenry was content with alternating choruses of 'Throw out the thieves!' and 'Down with the Stavisky ministry!' but violent rioting presently broke out especially at the crossings of the Rue du Bac and the Rue de Belle Chasse. Subway entrances and cafes along the boulevard became the scene of increasingly savage scuffles between the police and the rioters. The latter, profiting by the confusion of the crowd, tore off the protecting armature of the trees and hurled it across the street. Short circuits, causing blinding flashes to light up the Boulevards, occurred as pieces of the metal were wedged between the car tracks. In certain places, trees themselves were uprooted. Flying rocks shivered street lamps and from time to time the sound of exploding detonators rose above the blare of innumerable automobile horns.

This demonstration of honesty and patriotism in revolt lasted well after 10 o'clock. It was echoed less violently in the Latin Quarter.

At this point, pandemonium was let loose in the Chamber and the sitting had to be suspended for good.

Lively Reaction

M. de Monzie was not present in the Chamber to hear M. Henriot's remarks but actually ill in bed when friends sent to inform him of what was going on. Quickly he rose and, hastening to the Chamber, raced through the lobbies in search of his man. The encounter occurred in the Hall of Four Columns. Rushing up to M. Henriot, the infuriated minister accosted him with words which do not figure in the dictionary of the French Academy.

"You are either a madman or a liar!" he shrieked in a more printable moment.

The crowd which immediately surrounded the two men had difficulty in preventing M. de Monzie from executing in earnest the pantomime already so dangerously close to M. Henriot's face.

"I do not — — — women in hospitals," he shouted. "Either you make a

public apology or we fight a duel."

Whereupon M. de Monzie fainted. When he recovered, he listened to M. Henriot protest that he on his side had never said anything amiss. And as a matter of fact, in his discussion the speaker had without any equivocation merely referred to a professional meeting of lawyer and client.

"None the less," M. de Monzie repeated grimly in conclusion, "I await your seconds."

More Fireworks

The excitement and, if we must admit it, the laughter raised by this last incident, had not subsided when M. Joseph Lagrosilliere, the stalwart mulatto deputy from Martinique, strode up to M. Ferry, editor of LA LIBERTE and struck him violently in the face with a copy of his own paper.

"Will you accept responsibility for the vile calumnies printed about me in your rag?" shouted M. Lagrosilliere.

"Yes!" replied M. Ferry at the same moment dealing his antagonist a mighty blow on the chin. (Continued on Page 8)

AUSTRIA WILL APPEAL TO THE LEAGUE

THE ROAD TO RUIN

France at this time presents a paradoxical spectacle. Indisputably the world's strongest military power, she yet trembles for her security as she wonders whether she may not wake up to-morrow insidiously disarmed in the face of a rearméd Reich.

She has resisted better than any other nation the first shock of the universal depression, yet now when the scourge begins to lighten elsewhere, it grows worse here.

She is by tradition the country of work and wise saving, untiringly occupied in filling the woolen stocking, and yet her public finances are the perfect image of a sieve.

She has proportionately the world's largest gold reserve, and yet she sees the spectre of inflation again at her door.

She remains the chosen country of morality, that in which mere insolvency is considered a dishonor, yet even now she is shuddering before a scandal of such proportions that she is wondering whether the powers of evil may not yet get the better of her awakened conscience and will to clean house.

HOW HAS THIS NIGHTMARE COME UPON US? How have we fallen in less than two years from an exceptionally favorable position into this misery and mire?

The answer is simple.

THIS FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE HAS BUT ONE CAUSE: THE SUBSERVENCE OF THE GOVERNMENT TO MARXISM, TO MARXISM NOW MASTER OF OUR DESTINIES THROUGH AN ABJECT PACT BETWEEN THE PROFITEERS AND THE REVOLUTIONARIES!

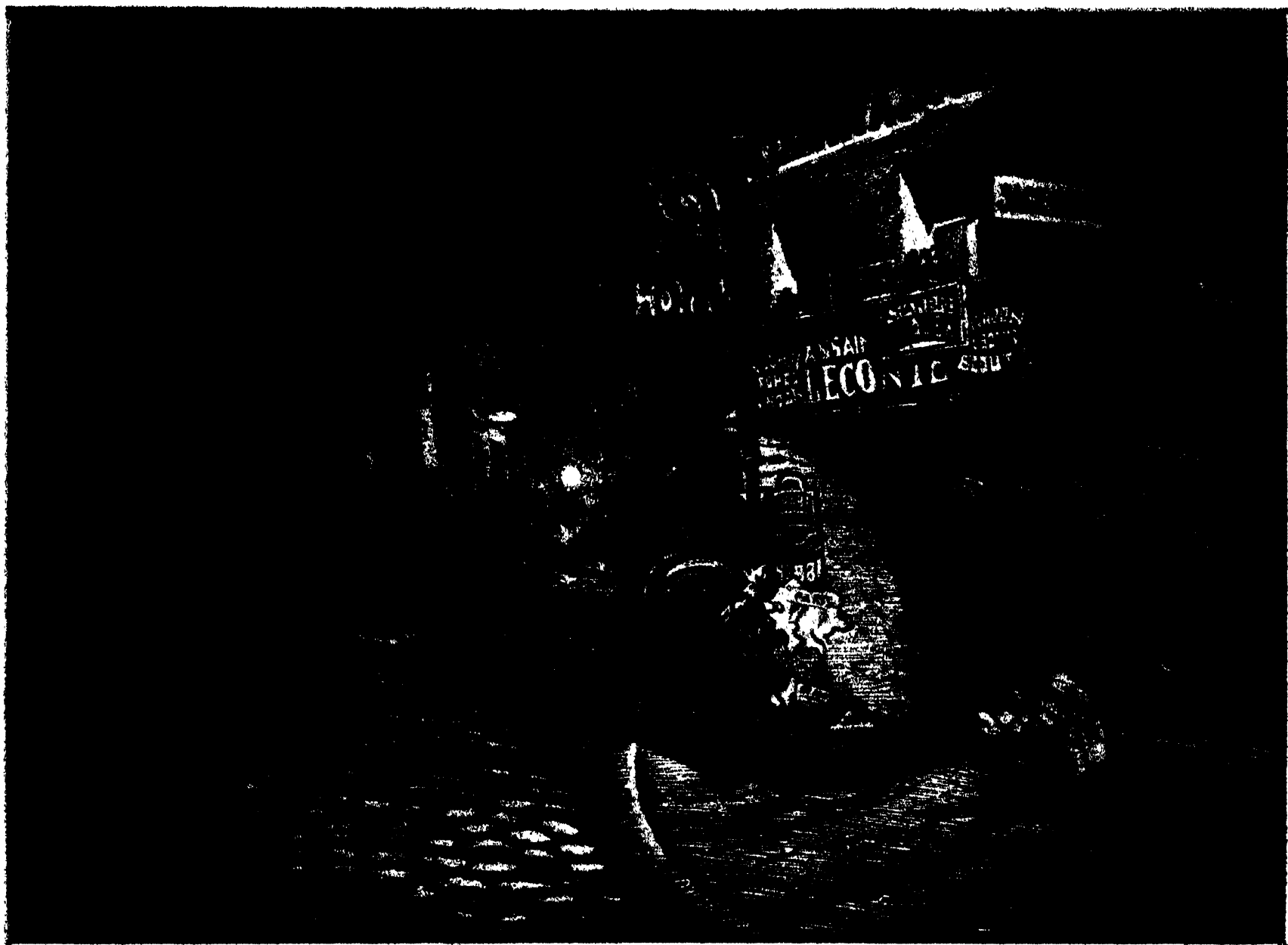
Annual Mass for Louis XVI

The annual mass in memory of Louis XVI was celebrated to-day in the crowded church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Many persons, unable to get inside, remained standing in the Place du Louvre where they could hear the chants and the swelling notes of the organ. Myriads of candles illuminated the altar while sunlight streamed through the magnificent clerestory windows above. At the close of the service, a crowd waited outside the church for Maurice Pujol, editor of L'ACTION FRANCAISE, who was met with cheers and shouts of "Vive le Roi!"

Nazi Terrorism in Austria

Hardly a day passes without some echo of the Reich's criminal intervention in Austrian affairs through the medium of the Austrian National Socialists. Yesterday on the occasion of resuming direction of the Ministry of Public Safety, Vice Chancellor Fey issued a call to the police in which he exhorted them to fight with him in loyal comradeship, "For the independence of Austria, for her rights and for her honor."

"A new wave of terror," says the appeal, "is beating upon Austria, a new criminal offensive threatens the very existence of





January 26, 1934.

Ma Chérie:

Aie! Aie! Aie! But what is going on? I don't know; but let me tell you I'm not attending any more of your Paris riots. No, not for anybody! I shall be quite content to read about them in the papers. Here! Look! Read what happened to little me! Have you read? Well, now I will give you the particulars. It was all Ruby's fault. You remember how she got a front seat at the Chateau de Josselyn? Well, she was determined to see the riots in the same way. To tell the truth, I think we all were.

Do you know what the atmosphere before a riot is like? The contagious feeling of excitement that pervades the air? The unanimous feeling of everything and everybody that something is about to happen? The gray sky knows it; the shuttered buildings know it; the stony pavement knows it. Everything suddenly becomes positive, conscious, foreboding. An empty street is ominous. Where is everybody? A single figure hurries by. Where is he going? What are those two men saying to each other? The slightest noise or movement is startling. A crumpled wad of paper on the sidewalk suddenly lifts itself and scrapes a foot or so along all by itself. "S-s-stavis-s-s-sky!" it seems to say. Very strange! A shopkeeper brings his iron shutter clanging down, dusts his hands together and peers up and down the empty streets. Why are the streets so empty? A police lorry thunders

Americans Caught in Rioting

No less than 7 Americans were arrested in the confusion of last night's rioting. No charges were made in any case, however, and all were released after an examination of their papers.

Mr. J. Frederick and Mr. B. Cram of Buffalo, N. Y., were watching the demonstration from the terrace of the Cafe de la Paix when they were engulfed in a wave of struggling demonstrators and policemen and swept willy nilly into a police van.

Mr. W. S. de Camp of Lyons Falls, N. Y., was with a party of friends in the Bd. St. Denis when a crowd of police and fleeing demonstrators bore down upon them. Mr. de Camp suffered some slight bruises on the face.

by. You turn and look after it. The man down the street turns and looks after it. A woman watches it from a window — watches it, and you, and the man down the street.

You step into the "Color Merchants's" dim little store to buy some soap. The single bulb over the counter, and the great surrounding shadows, the sinister shapes of cans, brushes and knives, always did seem preposterously melodramatic. Now you understand. They were waiting, waiting for this moment. The shop is not empty as usual. Under the light, the Patronne leans forwards towards three black

figures standing before the counter. You always had been dismayed by her eyes, so cold and paleful. How they glitter now! And her hands, those deft, cruel hands that you have watched snapping string and tearing paper — for the moment they are resting on the counter, but you watch them nervously. You remember the string and the paper and Madame Defarge. The talk has been animated but it stops abruptly on your entrance. The Patronne knows you well. You come in almost every day. She is really a nice little woman in spite of her Medusa-like eyes. Only yesterday, she has asked plaintively how your business was going with the familiarity of a comrade in distress. Ah yes, the times are very hard! But not as hard as your eyes now, my good woman.

My God, what a stare of hate! Quickly, you turn for support to one of the customers. With a gasp of relief, you recognize your landlady. You open your mouth and then you encounter her eyes. You remember that you have been in her hotel only three months and turn away in confusion, not even daring to look at the others.

"Monsieur desires."

"Du—du s-s-savon, s'il vous plaît."

"Palm Oleeeeee Soap, n'est-ce pas?"

"Oui, s'il vous plaît."

Madame has remembered your preference. You try to reënforce that slender tie with a smile, but Madame's eyes are as cold as ever. You pay for your soap with a shaking hand and retire as quickly as possible. Safely outside, you glance back through the window only to find all four sets of eyes fixed upon you. Guiltily you hurry on.

But they are expecting you at the Rue Delambre. Yes, of course . . . Frank, Ruby, Nina . . . English lights . . . Yes, yes, of course! You go to the corner under the street light to wait for a bus. Two men are reading a paper. You glance anxiously at it yourself. In the little café across the street, they are busy reading too. Along comes the bus. One of the men folds his paper with decision. "Yes," he says shortly, "there's trouble ahead."

In the bus, everyone is deep in his paper. Endlessly, the headlines repeat themselves: FIERCE RIOTS . . . RIOTS . . . RIOTS . . . FIERCE . . . FRANCE MUST . . . FRANCE MUST . . . DOWN WITH THE GOVERNMENT OF THIEVES! STAVISKY . . . STAVISKY . . . STAVISKY . . . MORE TROUBLE . . . MORE TROUBLE AHEAD! Like repeated storm signals, the headlines tap on your brain.

At Montparnasse, you buy a paper yourself; two papers, three papers, three different shades of opinion, and then fairly run up the Rue Delambre to plunge yourself into the protective intimacy of "La Corbeille."

Frank, Ruby, Nina will be there. You hurry in. It is empty. There is only the Patronne at her desk. She looks up from her paper, startled, annoyed. You realize that you are half an hour early, that you have been coming to the restaurant only three months and then but four nights out of seven. How horrible!

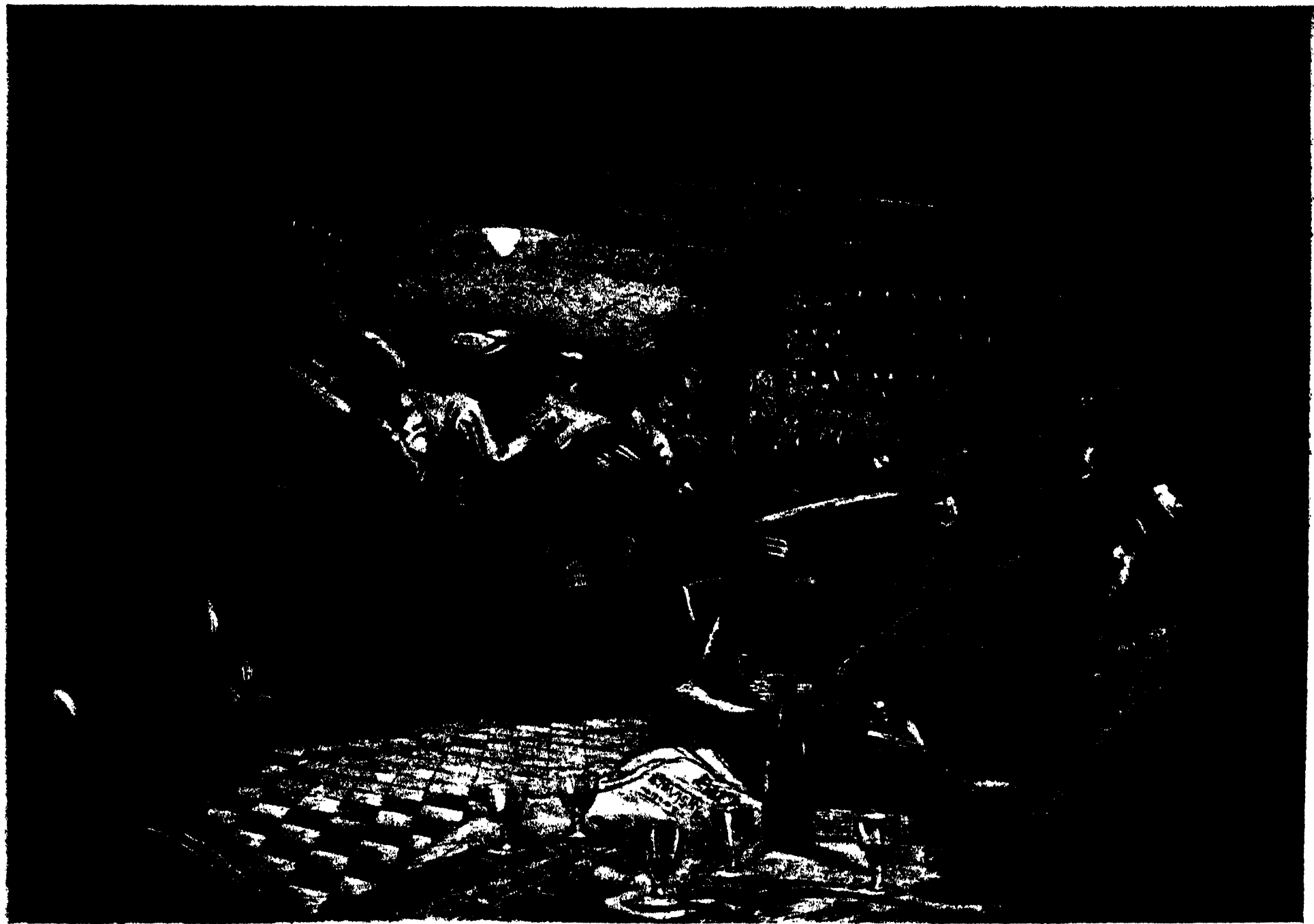
"But come in, Monsieur, and sit down," says the Patronne groping uncertainly for her professional mask and then, with it tied securely if a little awry, she continues. "You are a little early, but that is nothing. Your friends will be here in a minute."

You sit down uneasily. Then you remember your paper. Madame settles back into hers. Presently, there is no sound but the ticking of the clock, the kettles being shifted on the stove . . .

The door opens suddenly. Gracious! You don't wonder Madame was annoyed when you came in. It's that queer Russian. But he doesn't seem to be sensitive about his reception. He just sits down and takes out a paper. It's in Russian. You can't read it. And you have read everything in your own.

Again the door opens . . . but this time . . . Oh breathless, joyous entry! Here they are all together — Frank, Ruby, Nina and even Arthur, who condescends to eat with us only occasionally. Everyone but Sally . . . We are all excited, breathless, happy to find ourselves together in this alien, ominous world. Together, we are all courage and eagerness to see what is going to happen. Yes, we must go down to the Place de l'Opera after supper. That is where the big demonstration is to be. Yes . . .

But here is Sally, walking in her aureole of light like a queen, but a very breathless queen. She has just come across the city on a bus. They weren't allowed to take the usual way but were routed around several blocks below the Chamber. Even so, they could hardly get across the Boulevard St. Germain. One of the bus windows was broken. Sally



thinks it would be much wiser to stay where we are

"But listen!" says Ruby, raising her voice, for the little room is now full of people all talking at the top of their lungs. "Listen!" she shouts. "What will you tell people when they ask about the Paris riots? Will you want to say that all you know is what you read in the papers?" My, but Ruby is cute like that, her little round quizzical face all flushed, her eyes shining, her pointed green-worsted cap pushed far back on her red hair!

"Have you ever seen a riot, Ruby?"

"No."

"Well I have. And they aren't a bit funny, especially if you happen to get hit."

"Well, we wouldn't need to rush right out in the middle of things. I don't mean that we should storm the Chamber, Sally. But I certainly don't intend to sit up here in these empty streets while history is being made down by the river."

"All right! All right! The rest of you can go if you want to. But I certainly can't go in these clothes and I'm not going out to the Cité to change."

And now Frank has his fateful idea, so fraught with disaster. "But you can have my beret, Sally. I can even lend you a coat."

Thus was the idea of Sally's masquerade first conceived and it seemed to grow as it went along, extraordinarily silly but inevitable. Back in Frank's studio, she tried on the beret, then a scarf, then a coat. Next thing we knew, she was in trousers. Very strange she looked shorn of all her beams, her hair tucked up under the beret which with the dark coat accentuated the now deathly pallor of her face. But it was all very exciting and amusing.

Next we consulted the paper, just as though we were going to a play. Where did the most exciting demonstrations seem likely? Sally had seen the crowds in the Boulevard St. Germain in the vicinity of the

Chamber. To the Chamber, then! Allons, enfants de la Patrie! Children, indeed!

A bus took us down the Boulevard Raspail to the Boulevard St. Germain, where to our astonishment we alighted in a practically empty street. The evidence of yesterday's violence was still visible but the storm had swept elsewhere, leaving only the chill and quiet night air. Deserted also was the Chamber of Deputies while, across the river, the brilliantly lighted fountains twinkled and sparkled in a completely empty Place de la Concorde.

"Well, if this isn't a washout," said Nina.

"There were plenty of them here at five o'clock," returned Sally defensively.

"Listen! Listen!" said Ruby suddenly.

"Listen to what?"

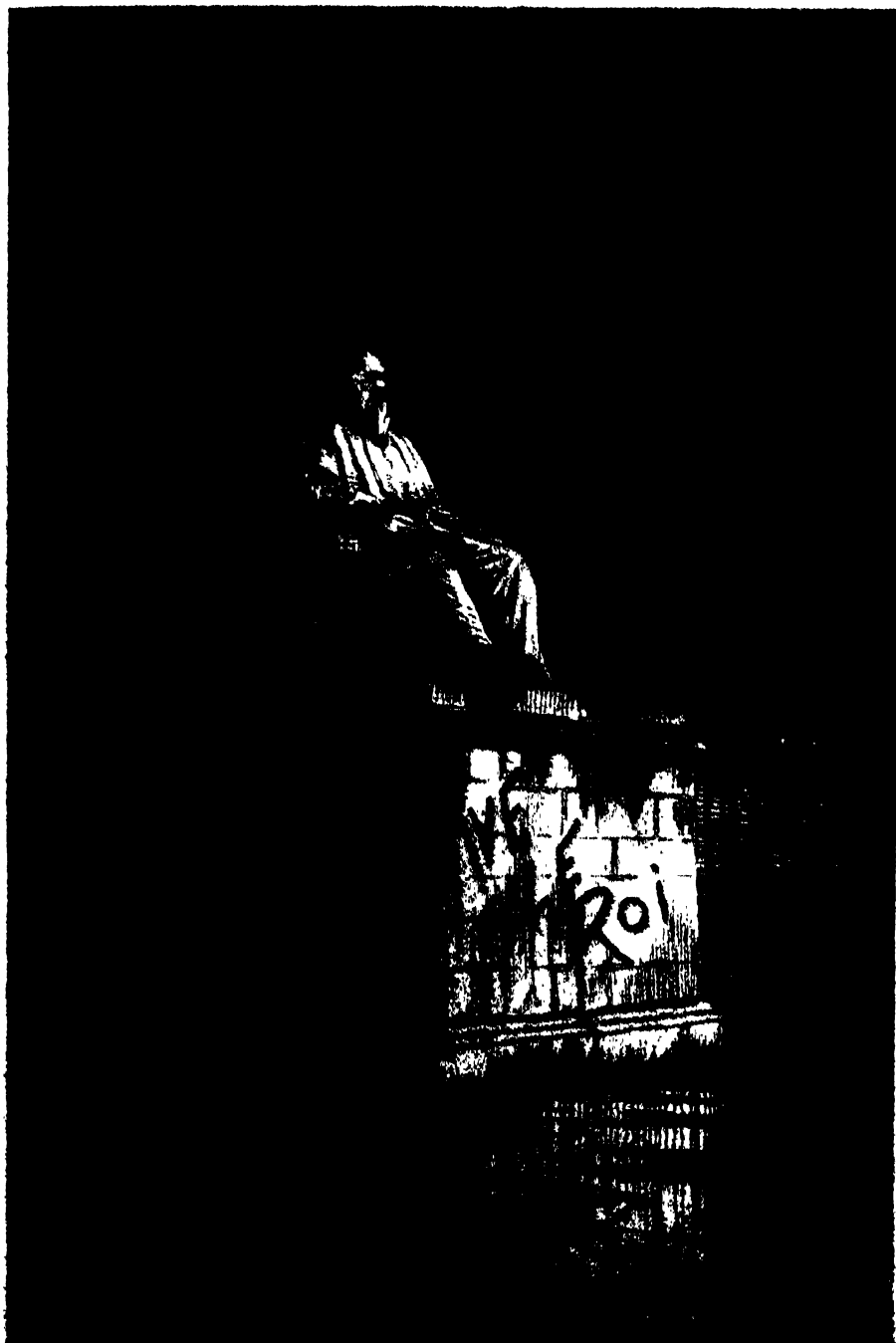
"Just listen."

A faint steady roar floated to our ears from beyond the Place de la Concorde, the tooting of thousands of automobile horns and above it that strange, high-pitched and curiously disturbing monotone of prolonged human shouting. "What was that shout?" I found myself repeating, "I do fear the people choose Caesar for their King."

We all listened in silence.

"It's over there," shouted Ruby, dragging Frank towards the bridge.

I shall remember crossing that bridge longer than anything else; the black sullen waters churning and swishing against the piers; the damp cool air and the dark vistas on either side only feebly punctuated with lights. Upstream on the left glimmered the dimly lit lower story of the Pavillon de Flore. "The Pavillon de Flore," I reflected, "the Tuilleries . . . 1797 . . . the Commune." Vistas of time and space, and over all that sustained and penetrating cry! But surely the feeling it inspired was strangely familiar and had little to do with a foggy Paris night, still less with Marie Antoinette or the Empress Eugénie.



Frank, who was walking ahead with Ruby, suddenly turned. "F-i-i-i-ght!" he shouted.

"F-i-i-i-i-ght!" Ruby joined in, and they started running.

Yes, that was it: the sunlit playground at grammar school and the suddenly perceived, shrill ringing cry like the chirping of crickets. "F-i-i-ght! F-i-i-i-ght!" that had all at once come from nowhere, struck out of the blazing sky and the hot, cinder-sprinkled dust. Yes, there it is, the dense magnetic cluster of onlookers that draws the tiny black atoms scampering to it across the playground, pushing and shoving for a glimpse of the hesitant and unwilling protagonists who are being thrown bodily at each other by the impatient spectators. Ah, at last the mad whirling of arms and fists, like an obstinate motor that abruptly gets under way. The cries redouble. "F-i-i-i-ght! F-i-i-i-ght!"

"Look!" exclaimed Sally. "They are being stopped." I had, of course, been watching Frank and Ruby all the way across the Place de la Concorde but they and the Place itself seemed far away. Now we were suddenly up with them, staring into the face of an elderly officer.

"What . . . what is it?" asked Nina and Arthur coming up behind us in turn.

"He says we can't get through," said Ruby pointing up the Rue Royale towards the Madeleine which seemed to be a center of great disturbance, although we couldn't see a thing beyond the mounted police stationed further up the street.

We retreated to the railing of one of the flood-lit fountains and consulted apart.

"Suppose we try to go by the Rue —"

"Oh, it will be the same way."

"I don't suppose we could get through the Rue Castiglione either."

The policeman came up and earnestly besought us to go home, in a speech whose constant refrain was, "Très dangereux! Très dangereux!"

Ruby watched him with shining eyes. "I tell you what," she said. "Let's take the Metro."

"Say, you don't suppose they are going to let you out at the Madeleine. That would be too easy."

"No, but we could go on to Havre-Caumartin or even Saint-Lazare and then try to come back through one of the little streets."

So down we went. It seemed odd to find someone at his place in the ticket booth but the change slid through the window as imperturbably as ever and the guard punched our tickets as impassively.

"The trains are running, aren't they?" asked Ruby.

The man looked darkly at her. "Yes, they are running," he said.

We clattered down the remaining stairs and out onto the completely empty platform. The great white-tiled subterranean cavern had a chilling effect.

"God, how still it is!" said Nina.

"You'd think we were miles and miles away from everything."

"It's funny. Nothing is ever like what you think it's going to be."

"Sally! What are you doing? Say, look at Sally."

Our elaborately disguised Apache was seated on the bench powdering her nose!

"Oh, leave me alone."

"Sht! Sht!" warned Ruby who had been peering into the tunnel, "I hear a train."

We listened. Off somewhere in the bowels of the earth, there was a muffled grinding and then silence.

"It must be on the other line," observed Frank, and there was a long pause.

"How often are the trains supposed to run?"

"Every five minutes, I think."

"And we've been here fifteen."

"Let's try the other line. We could go down to PALAIS ROYAL and from there up beyond the Opera."

"Yes, let's. This is too damned quiet. Come on Sally!"

The deserted and complicated ramifications of the connecting passage were even more eerie than the platform had been. We felt as though we were losing our way ever deeper and deeper in the incongruous silence.

"Say, I hadn't remembered all these stairs up and down."

"Look!" said Frank pointing to a scrawl on the wall.

"Vive les Soviets! Vive la Révolution! A bas le Fascism!" cried Ruby running ahead.

There was a rumbling around the corner and we hurried onto the platform just in time to catch the train. There were three people in our car, hardly enough to stage us a riot, but at least they did something to mitigate the appalling loneliness. They all three proceeded to stare at us and especially at Sally.

The train ground to a stop. Only TUILLERIES. The next would be PALAIS ROYAL, our stop.

The steady roar of the train resumed. It was uncanny traveling around this way underground. Well, we'd be there in a minute . . .

There was a burst of flying scattered lights outside and the train roared on into darkness.

"Hey! Hey! Say . . . ! Stop! Stop! That was our station!"

"Aren't they going to stop?"

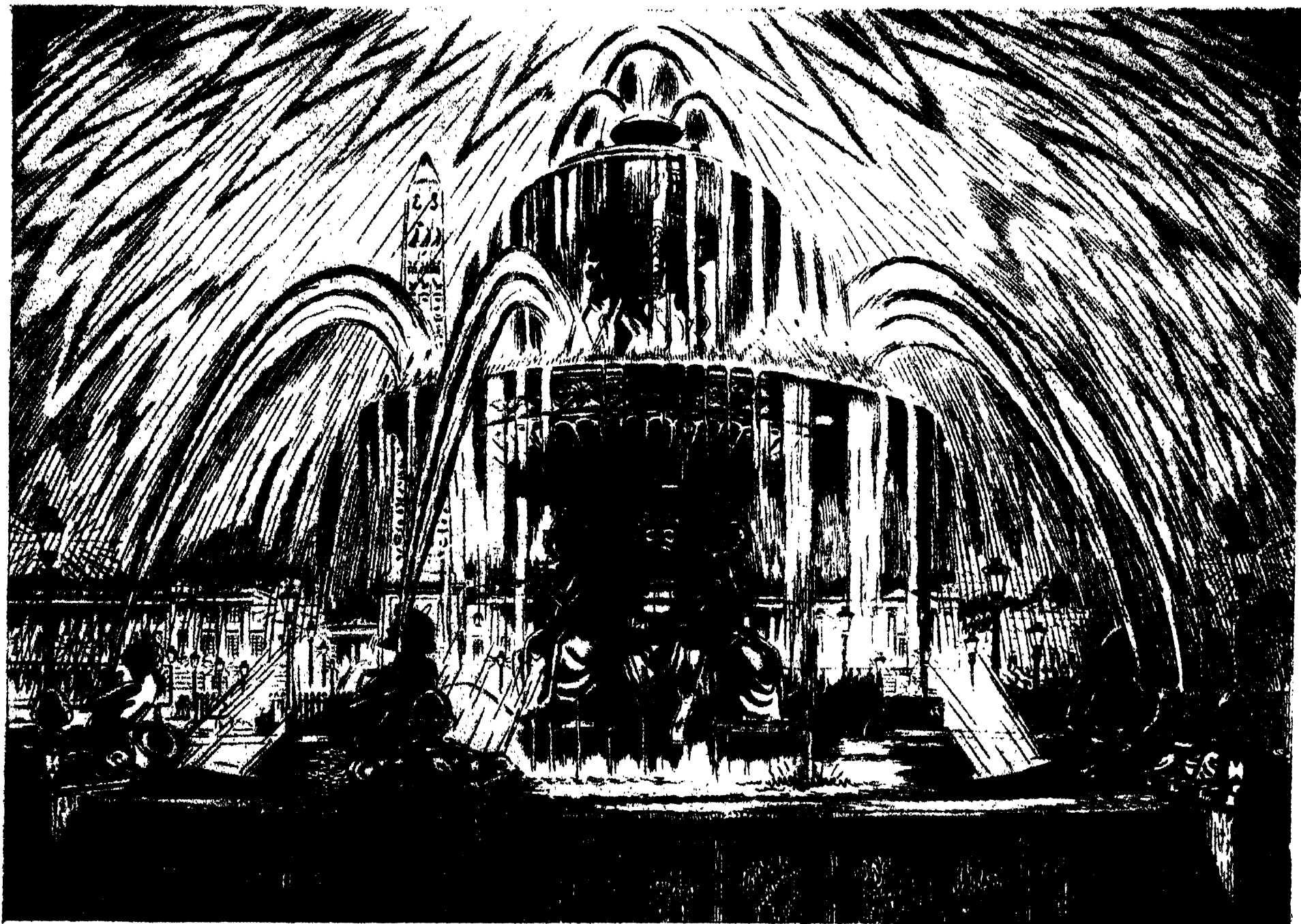
"Evidently not!"

"Do you think they'll stop at CHATELET?"

"Probably not."

"You mean we will have to go all the way to HOTEL DE VILLE?"

"Probably to BASTILLE."



"Maybe to VINCENNES."

"Oh my God!" groaned Sally. "Why did I ever come?"

But the train did stop at CHATELET and there, all of a sudden, we found ourselves in a frightful crush. The train to which we changed was jammed with people all talking at the top of their lungs. "The Assassins! The Assassins!" were the only words I could make out in the din. Sally and I were crushed together near a door. I could see Frank a little further down. On catching my eye, he smiled and reaching down pulled up a little green hat from somewhere. Ruby was safe then. But where were Nina and Arthur? They were nowhere to be seen.

At ETIENNE MARCEL, there was a great commotion. People seemed to be pulled and yanked out of the car. A seat . . . two seats, suddenly appeared. A passage opened. I had a moment's vision of a deathly pale face, a great bandage and blood, but the crowd closed round again. There was a hubbub of commiseration. "Ah, the Assassins! The Assassins!"

"Oh, take me home!" groaned Sally. "I feel sick."

"By all means," said I, "if I can," and I made a sign to Frank that we were going to get out at the next station. This we somehow managed to do and by a miracle found ourselves next to Frank and Ruby. But there was no choosing our path. We were ground up on to the street like meat through a meat grinder.

The scene on which we emerged was relatively quiet, however. The storm had passed over.

"My God, look!" said Nina, pointing to the skeleton of a ruined omnibus.

"Look . . . look out where you walk! God! They seem to have upset everything they could move. What do you suppose that was?"

"One of those kiosks, I guess."

The litter was incredible. We picked our way up the devastated street, marveling at this and that evidence of popular fury. Here and there, people stood in little knots, talking. No wielders of lightning and thunderbolts they! Just good quiet people come out to appraise the damage and wisely philosophize on government and destiny.

All at once, there was a shouting up the street. The now familiar cry "Assassins! Assassins!" grew ever nearer. The little knots of people disappeared as if by magic and we were alone in the street; alone, that is, except for some figures running towards us. Thicker and thicker they came.

"What is it? Why do they keep shouting 'Assassins!' ? "

"Well, Ruby, here's your riot!"

"Look, hadn't we better get in a side street?"

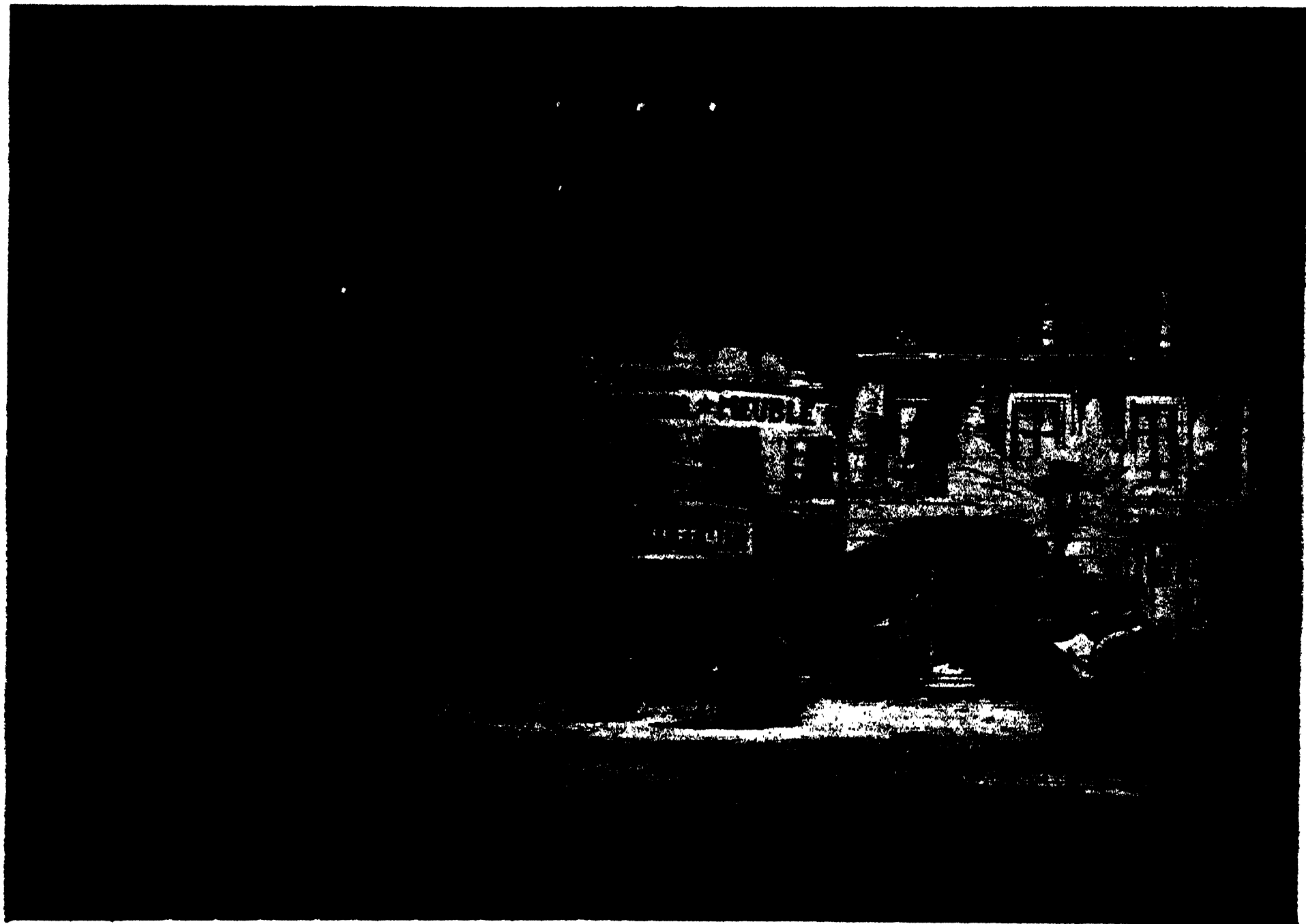
"But there doesn't seem to be any here."

"Back there! Quick!"

"No, there isn't time. Ruby, Sally! Get up against the wall as flat as you can!"

Already the advance of the flying rout was upon us, their feet falling heavily like the first big drops in a storm. The air was filled with shouts and cries and before we knew it the whole wild rush and roar was upon us.

Sally was standing in a shallow doorway and I was in front bracing myself as best I could in the jambs. This went very well for a few minutes and we watched the figures fly past us, suffering only an occasional buffet. But the flood came ever stronger. Someone stumbled violently against me and before I knew it I was torn from my moorings and whirling quite powerless down the street. However, the force of the torrent spent before I had gone many feet and quickly I turned to see what had become of Sally. To my horror, I perceived two of the on-



coming police making for the door, where we had been standing, with upraised clubs.

"Sally! Sally!" I shrieked. "Take off that beret!" and ran towards them.

And now, chère Mère, I have shown you what is behind the news. For the rest you may consult clipping.

No, no, it wasn't a fight. It was a beating. And I don't feel a bit heroic. Fortunately Sally revealed herself in time and fortunately she is very striking so what happened to me wasn't as bad as it might have been. I feel much better today.

As ever,

Bill

P.S. The Chautemps cabinet resigned this morning. President Lebrun, as the cartoon suggests, will have a hard time deciding whom to call next. They talk about Daladier or Herriot but really there is no one to fill the bill.

This drawing, I think, shows Sennep at his best.



A CITY IN REVOLT

Monster Demonstration
Sweeps Boulevards

Police Outnumbered 30 to 1

Last evening the Grands Boulevards from the Madeleine to Richelieu-Drouot were the scene of a tremendous and awe-inspiring demonstration by tens of thousands of outraged citizens. This time, at least, there can be no question of blaming the royalist or nationalist groups. It was Paris itself rising in revolt. Rivers of indignant citizens, shouting for better government, surged back and forth through crowds of sympathetic onlookers. The police, outnumbered in some cases 30 to 1, were powerless. Vain were attempts to disperse the demonstrators with fire hoses. Either the hoses were slashed to ribbons or turned on the police themselves. As for the redoubtable Republican Guards, they were completely engulfed, whirled away by the irresistible impetus of the crowds.

An Awesome Spectacle

Although the scene of the demonstration extended for miles along the boulevards, the Place de l'Opera was its focal point. Majestic in its flood-lit symmetry, the vast Opera facade rose like a cliff above the roaring human tide; tremendous, immobile, yet seeming to breathe back the multitude's emotion from every stone of its singing Baccho sculpture way up to Orpheus on the crowning pediment. Here was indeed a music to strike stones to life, this wild and thrilling tumult of the crowd, a music which made "La Traviata" air sound strangely thin and hurried opera-goers out on the terrace, clutching their gaudy evening wraps about them, breathless, excited deserters to this more stirring elemental drama.

Listen! Above the desultory shouting on the Place there rises a steadier, more compelling sound... It is an army of demonstrators advancing from the Madeleine. ...Chorus sublime and terrifying! How follow all the themes of this barbaric concert... the dominant shouts and singing of the marchers themselves, the responses of the spectators at the sides, the shrill clarion calls from windows suddenly flung open above?

The roar increases. The marchers are approaching. But there is a double line of police barring the entrance to the Place. There are two ranks of horse guards. Will the crowd break through? On, on it comes, tremendous, irresistible. It engulfs the double cordon of police. They break. They disappear. On the crowd comes through the opposing ranks of horse guards eddying and swirling dangerously about them. Two horses go to their knees. A guard is unseated. Suddenly a new note is added to the din, a crashing and smashing of glass

(Continued on Page 6)

REICH FEVERISHLY ARMING

At Last!

CHAUTEMPS CABINET RESIGNS
M. DOUMERGUE NOT AVAILABLE

Herriot? — ? Daladier?

LET US HAVE NO MORE TAINTED MINISTRIES
THE TIMES REQUIRE A NATIONAL GOVERNMENT

As this long day of political consultations draws to its close, the anxious country is still without a government. The Chautemps cabinet is out. That is something. But who is to head the new government? Who is to take up the reins at this extremely critical juncture?

With sure, statesmanlike intuition, the President of the Republic first called on his illustrious predecessor, M. Gaston Doumergue, urging him most pressingly to assume the heavy responsibilities of Premier. Unfortunately, M. Doumergue has felt bound to decline the President's invitation on the score of his age. This must be deplored for, in default of M. Doumergue, there seems to be no alternative but a return to our old errors. Thus, M. Lebrun is now expected to call either on M. Herriot or M. Daladier. We are, you see, back to the same old crew: Herriot, Paul-Boncour, Daladier, Sarraut, Chautemps... Chautemps, Sarraut, Daladier, Paul-Boncour, Herriot. This time, the choice has been narrowed down to the two Edwards. Which shall it be? In political circles, it is thought that M. Daladier's chances are waxing as the Mayor of Lyon's wane. M. Daladier would form, it is said, a radical cabinet stretching towards the center.

Yet whatever the composition of his cabinet, we cannot but feel that M. Daladier is not the man for this job. M. Doumergue's decision is, we repeat, regrettable in the extreme. The former President has every qualification. He is now out of politics after a long and brilliant career of public service. His experience is enormous, his judgement mature and profound. One has only to read the interview quoted below to appreciate his keen understanding of the present political impasse, coupled with the extraordinarily youthful energy and suppleness of his ideas.

"Too old?" M. le President, "Too old!" Tell us another. Do!

EX-PRESIDENT DOUMERGUE DISCUSSES
CURE FOR PARLIAMENTARY BREAKDOWN

Speaking of the present political crisis in an interview yesterday with our confrere, "Paris Soir," former President Gaston Doumergue gave expression to views of such notable vigor and clarity that we

feel it our duty to assist in giving them as wide a publicity as possible.

"The most serious evil," explained M. Doumergue, "is that the recent practice of parliamentary government has deviated from

BASE ATTACKS

Police Prefect Chiappe
is Target
of Revolutionary Press Fire

It is with mingled contempt and disgust that we witness the frantic efforts of the radical press to smear so devoted a public servant as M. Chiappe with the mud of the Stavisky scandal. Not a day passes without the manufacture of new charges as deadly as they are unsupported, charges which in a normal time could only provoke a smile but which, in the overstrained state of popular nerves, are sinister in the extreme.

This poisonous campaign of slander and libel is the more revolting that it comes at a time when M. Chiappe should command the respectful admiration of every honest patriot for his courageous, skilful and tactful handling of the demonstrations of the past ten days. That mass agitation on last night's scale should pass off with such a comparatively insignificant number of casualties can only be attributed to the genius and restraint of M. Chiappe, whom we are proud to salute at this time!

(Continued from Col. 3)

its true principles. These principles in no wise require that parliament run the whole show. Formerly, commissions worked, studied and got things done. Today, ministers are interfered with in their own departments. Until this sort of thing ends we shall get nothing done."

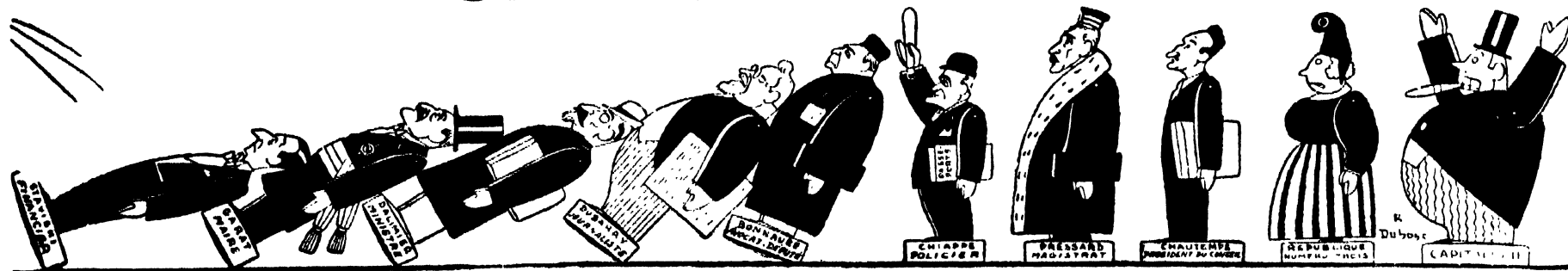
Questioned on the necessity of revising the constitution, M. Doumergue replied frankly, "It is perhaps necessary. I myself find the British system much more democratic than our own. When our neighbor's parliament defeats a ministry by refusing its confidence, it is dissolved and must go before the nation in a general election to determine whether or no its vote is approved. We on the other hand must submit to the uncontrolled dictatorship of 600 deputies who are called to account only once in four years."

M. Doumergue then proceeded to a criticism of parliament, an indictment the more overwhelming, coming from a man known for his judgment and moderation. Said he: "Parliament has accomplished nothing since its opening in January. It has devoted all its time to raking up scandals. The budget has been forgotten. No bill has been passed. Scandals should be only a relaxation from work. We used to reserve Fridays for such like diversions. The other days we worked. But now the country may well wonder what the deputies are there for. Unemployment is mounting, the wheat market is falling, commerce declining, the international situation growing more serious every minute... but parliament pays not the slightest attention."

Finally, when asked if he would refuse the call which the nation might make him, the grand old man replied, "I have no longer the youthful leader requires. A man of my age may give advice if necessary. He may



UN ESCROC TOMBE



Dear Mother: ——— I am quite sick. Oh no, it is purely mental. My new neighbor, a pleasant little man, greeted me in the hall, the morning after I wrote you my riot letter, with the half-joking observation, "Monsieur tappe bien." He referred, of course, to the typewriter. The typewriter! Can it be that it is accountable for the sledge hammers beating on that poor little Greek's brain? I have been thinking back and I know I never typed beyond a reasonable hour. Still . . .

Chautemps is out, Daladier in, and the papers, at least, don't think he's much improvement. They are especially sore at his firing the Police Prefect, Chiappe.

The inclosed cartoon is an amusing statement of the situation in general. I found it in a place which shall be nameless but in which all French papers, be they good or bad, are eventually sacrificed to the national virtue of thrift. It must, I think, be from a Communist sheet for, since the scandal, the Socialists have more or less backed up the government while the Communists have made common cause with the extreme Right.

The first to fall in this Marxist fable is, as you see, Stavisky, the banker, who knocks down his accomplice Garat, the Mayor of Bayonne; who in turn knocks down Dalimier, the cabinet minister, who wrote the famous letters recommending the bogus bonds at the instance of Dubarry,

the journalist, who ran Stavisky's paper and whom you see falling against Bonnaure, the lawyer deputy, who worked hand in glove with Stavisky.

All these gentlemen are now either suicided or retired or under lock and key. Also, since this was drawn, MM. Chiappe, Pressard and Chautemps have been overtaken by the fate marked out for them. M. Chiappe is not officially supposed to have misbehaved but the Left hates him and his head is said to be the price for Socialist support.

M. Pressard, the Public Prosecutor, is also not supposed to have been lacking in personal honor or integrity though his lax supervision of an impossibly overworked department is blamed for the 19 postponements of Stavisky's trial. And I see they have dug up something else today which would seem to show that the Prosecutor's Office knew all about Stavisky's phoney companies way back in 1929! I wonder. Incidentally, Pressard is Chautemp's brother-in-law and the more extreme Leftists and Rightists have used this fact to throw mud at the Premier.

M. Elaincourt, however, seems to think Chautemp's chief fault has been in not realizing how much the country has been aroused over the scandal and in failing to take sufficiently energetic measures to clear it up. Be that as it may, he has a most beautifully characteristic French face, sad and slightly questioning.

**NOW IT IS COMING OUT!****The Prosecutor's Office
Protected Stavisky****Muffled Warnings and Complaints**

The Prosecutor's Office has known all about Stavisky since 1930. For the past 4 years, it has been fully informed of the crook's activities, his aliases, his accomplices and all his impending moves. Such was the incredible revelation made today at the First Chamber of the Court, as proceedings opened against the directors of one of Stavisky's most spectacularly fraudulent ventures, the Public Works Realty Company, generally referred to as the P.W.R.C.

A vast crowd had poured into the Court to hear the alibis of the ex-prefects, generals and ambassadors who had lent their names and prestige so casually to a notorious crook; but this aspect of the matter was soon eclipsed by the astounding declarations made by M. Heraud, counsel for the plaintiff, with regard to the highly dubious role of the Prosecutor's Office.

Replying to a motion for more detailed investigation, M. Heraud electrified the hearing by stating that there had already been four investigations and that the Minister of Justice and the Prosecutor's Office had had ample time to inform themselves. Then, in a breathless silence, M. Heraud went on to tell how in March 1930, the detective service of the police had sent the Prosecutor's Office two reports bearing the signature of Inspector Grippois, in which it was noted that the attention of the Inspector had recently been drawn to Stavisky, an individual of dubious past who indirectly had become the organizer of two companies: The Public Works Realty and the Farm & Factory Machine Works, both of which were about to place large blocks of securities on the market. Attention was further called to the two charges of fraud still pending against Stavisky and, in conclusion, it was pointed out that, while it would be easy to establish irregularities in the constitution of the companies, it was difficult to act without specific instructions from the Prosecutor's Office.

This, four years ago! (See page 6)

Republican Institutions!

At the beginning of yesterday's session, M. Henri Cheron demanded discussion by the Senate of measures to assure order in the streets and "the respect due to republican institutions."

We learn that the Senator from Calvados was somewhat manhandled in the recent rioting. Certainly a want of respect to a man like M. Cheron, whose high probity is above all suspicion, must be deplored. But the honorable Senator perhaps exaggerates a little in numbering himself among our "Republican Institutions!"

The Cruel Farce Goes On**DALADIER HEADS 'NEW' CABINET****9 MEMBERS OF PRECEDING MINISTRY RETAINED**

M. Daladier has accepted the call to form a "new" cabinet. We are not reassured. M. Doumergue's name alone would have restored confidence. M. Daladier's does not have the same effect. With 900 deputies from whom to choose, M. Lebrun could not find a leader other than one of the inter-

changeable chiefs of 1932-3. Could any graver charge be leveled at the Chamber? We asked for something new. We are given a second edition!

Frantically, M. Daladier has scraped a ministry together much as one packs a bag for a sudden, unexpected departure. One would have liked to wait for laundry, to buy new clothes, to procure at least a piece of soap, but time presses. In everything goes pell-mell, the first thing that comes to hand, shabby coat, patched trousers battered shoes, dirty linen... But let us examine the make-up of this so-called 'new' cabinet.

Premier & Foreign Affairs	M. Daladier (Rad. Soc.)
Vice Premier & Justice	M. Penancier (Dem. Left)
Finance	M. Pietri (Rep. Left)
Interior	M. Frot (Unaffiliated)
War	M. Fabri (Rep. Center)
Navy	M. de Chapdelaine (Rad. Left)
Education	M. Berthod (Rad. Soc.)
Labor	M. Veladier (Dem. Left)
Commerce	M. Miotier (Rad. Soc.)
Public Works	M. Paganon (")
Aviation	M. Cot (")
Pensions	M. Ducos (")
Posts & Telegraph	M. Bernier (")
Agriculture	M. Queuille (")
Merchant Marine	M. la Chambre (Indep. L.)
Over seas France	M. de Jouvenal (Unaffil.)

Never has a cabinet been so ill received. It corresponds neither to the political, financial or international requirements of the situation nor to the will of the people. Will it fall on the very first day of its presentation to the Chamber? It is more than likely. This ministry, let us repeat, includes 9 members of its predecessor!

A DIRTY POLITICAL DEAL**M. Chiappe Sacrificed to Socialists
Ousted Prefect Spurns Colonial Sop**

M. Daladier announced yesterday that he would proceed promptly and implacably in the investigation of the scandal. His first move, however, smacks much more of the shabbiest kind of politics. He has ousted M. Chiappe on the pretext of sending him as Governor General to Morocco!

What crime of the Prefect of Police now makes him head the list of scandal suspects? It is for the 19 reports M. Chiappe sent

the Public Prosecutor demanding the imprisonment of the swindler? Ah no, Mr. Chiappe's case is far more serious than that, far more unpardonable... He has not stooped to buy the good graces of the Socialists. He has prevented too many demonstrations to the tune of the "Internationale." Now they are taking their revenge. Their support of the Daladier cabinet was made conditional on M. Chiappe's execution.



M. DALADIER

CLEVER BUT HARDLY CONVINCING**M. Hitler
Reviews Nazi Record
in 1st Anniversary Address**

Likewise, Hitler disclaims any intention of attacking Austria. Very nice. But when, in the next breath he affirms that Austria is German by her history and traditions, we are vaguely uneasy. Such race theories which go leaping over national boundaries are not of a nature to reassure the Austrians or any other of Hitler's neighbors. No, certainly, the Fuhrer has not given up the goal of Anschluss.

Herr Hitler congratulates himself on the excellent relations existing between Germany and Italy. He thanks England for her efforts at mediation. He even claims to desire the renewal of friendly relations with Russia. Finally, he solemnly repeats his invitation to France. It is possible for our two peoples to agree, says Hitler. Since politicians and diplomats have failed to bring us together, Hitler adjures our veterans to grasp the hand held out to them. He insists, however, that any accord must be on a basis of equality.

No Attack on Austria BUT....

Yesterday, in celebration of the Nazis' first year in power, Chancellor Hitler reviewed before the Reichstag his achievements both at home and abroad.

The Fuhrer made a great deal of the fact that he had rescued Germany from anarchy and unified her politically. Possibly he presented a rosier picture than present conditions in his country warrant. He says nothing of unemployment or widespread resistance, for example; yet on the whole we will agree that the last year has witnessed profound changes in Germany.

As for the foreign field, Hitler once more was at pains to stress his pacific intentions. He assures the world of his desire for peace, citing as proof the non-aggression pact just concluded with Poland. That was to be expected. But those who can read between the lines may see clearly that Hitler has in no way renounced the idea of regaining Germany's lost territories.

Let Us Not Be Deceived!

It was a clever talk which will certainly make a great impression abroad. We shall be told, as we have so many times been told before, that Hitler wants peace. We, however, shall reply as always that the German Fuhrer is only seeking to deceive us. It is quite possible that he doesn't want war right away, but his Pan-German ideal will inevitably prompt him to seize other peoples' territories. If not today, then tomorrow. This is a fact to be soberly pondered by ourselves, our allies and our friends.

A Spy Arrested

UNTIMELY RIVALRY

Austrian Party Strife Serves Nazi Ends

Socialist-Heimwehr Clash Feared

The keenest anxiety is felt over the present situation in Austria, where serious internal dissensions now threaten to complicate an international crisis of unprecedented gravity. Our readers have doubtless been following in these columns the heroic struggle of Chancellor Dollfuss against the organized terrorism of the Austrian Nazis. At this very moment that terror and the blatant backing it receives from Berlin are the occasion of a special appeal by Austria to the League of Nations. Would that this constituted the sum of the little Chancellor's problems! Would that his country, united to a man behind him in the effort to maintain Austrian independence, could forget the petty jealousies of factional dispute! It is with consternation that in the hour of its greatest danger we find the country divided into two armed camps whose open hostility may at any moment degenerate into civil war.

City vs. Country

We have previously had occasion to mention the duality in the political complexion of Austria; the sharp demarcation between the Socialist, anti-clerical municipality of Vienna with its spendthrift social projects, its lavish workers' apartments, playgrounds, gymnasias, etc. and the frugal, ascetic, Roman Catholic countryside. With growing concern we have watched each faction organizing its private army, the Socialists their Schutzbund and the Hinterland its Heimwehr. These organizations are the dominant factors in the situation today and of the two only the Heimwehr has shown any sense of the national peril involved in the Nazi menace. We cannot therefore reasonably blame Chancellor Dollfuss for having been obliged to cooperate with the Heimwehr in his struggle for national existence.

Dangerous Possibilities

On the other hand, the Heimwehr has not been slow to demand a highly dangerous and untimely quid pro quo. Briefly, it is insisting on a radical transformation of the state on a corporative authoritarian basis and more specifically on the complete suppression of its adversary, the Social Democratic Party. Chancellor Dollfuss, who has a fine sense of proportion and timing, has resisted this pressure until now. He knows that, when Austria is in a life-and-death struggle for her independence, it is no time to introduce radical reforms. Such a move could only provoke grave disorders if not downright revolution. Indeed, should Chancellor Dollfuss now be obliged to accede to the pressure of the Heimwehr, the gravest interior complications may ensue.

THE REICH REARMS

GRAVE POLITICAL CRISIS

PARIS VS. GOVERNMENT

! A CALL TO THE PEOPLE OF PARIS !



PARISIANS! WITH FLAGRANT UNCONCERN FOR PARIS' PEACE AND SAFETY, THE GOVERNMENT HAS BRUTALLY CASHIERED YOUR TWO PREFECTS. NEITHER THE SERVICES THEY HAVE RENDERED NOR THE ESTIME IN WHICH THEY WERE HELD HAVE FOUND GRACE BEFORE PARTY CALCULATIONS AND COMBINATIONS. BY DIRTY DEALS LIKE THIS, OUR POLITICIANS EARN THEIR LIVELIHOOD. LITTLE THEY CARE WHAT DECENT, HONEST FOLK MAY LOSE THEREBY.



ACTING ON THE CONFIDENCE WHICH YOU HAVE PLACED IN US, WE CONDEMN WITH YOU THIS AFFRONT TO THE INDEPENDENCE AND DIGNITY OF PARIS.

WHAT OF TO-MORROW? TO-MORROW IS IN YOUR HANDS. EITHER THE ENTHRONEMENT OF TYRANNY AND SELFISH POLITICS OR ELSE THE TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY AND TRUTH. PARISIANS! YOUR REPRESENTATIVES HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN THAT THE TRICOLOR AND THE REPUBLIC WERE BORN AT THE CITY HALL!

THE HOUR IS GRAVE. EXPECTANT FRANCE IS LISTENING FOR THE VOICE OF HER CAPITAL. SHE WILL KNOW HOW TO EXPRESS HERSELF WITH FORCE, WITH CALM AND WITH DIGNITY.

VIVE PARIS!

VIVE LA REPUBLIQUE!

VIVE LA FRANCE!

How M. Chiappe Left the Prefecture

M. Chiappe left the Prefecture of Police this morning. His departure was marked by a spontaneous expression of gratitude, not only on the part of the police, for whom he has been a chief at once firm and paternal, universally beloved, but also on the part of the Parisians to whom he has assured peace and order without ever resorting to the brutal methods which now threaten us.

The former Prefect of Police, who will remain "The Prefect" in the minds of many for a long time to come, had a representative at the door to receive official visitors and other bearers of hypocritical condolences; but inside his apartment, all cluttered as it was with suitcases, he had from early morning been receiving the delegates of the inferior personnel. There, the ushers, the typists, the secretaries, with tears in their eyes, wrung the hand of their beloved chief, forgetting in their emotion the speeches they had prepared....

"Monsieur le Prefet, in the name of the Identity Department...."

"Yes, yes, my little one...my greatest regret is leaving you all."

"Monsieur le Prefet, the chauffeurs of the Prefecture...."

"Yes, yes, thank you...You have all always done your duty to perfection. You will continue to do so, my children."

Then in the grand salon, it was the turn of the directors and heads of departments. Said M. Chiappe, "I cannot express what I owe to you, my children...I ask but one thing of you...and that is...that when you pass me on the street...you will come up and shake hands. We are all good honest people here at any rate."

To hide his choking voice and teardimmed eyes, M. Chiappe took refuge in the arms of his subordinates, bestowing on each in turn an affectionate embrace. Meanwhile the inspectors had brought down the luggage and piled it in the car. At eleven o'clock, with Mme Chiappe at his side, the former Prefect slowly descended the grand staircase whose official austerity he had so loved to soften with flowers....

In the vestibule the crowd was so dense that the party had to stop for a moment. How they crowded in to pay him homage

(Continued in Column 4)

RIISING EXCITEMENT IN PARIS

Government Using Barefaced Intimidation To Quell Popular Resentment

In France, loyalty and common sense cannot be attacked with impunity. The Government is well aware of this and is taking steps accordingly. After having treated M. Chiappe like a criminal, it is getting ready to intimidate Paris. Mounted guards, imported in large part from the provinces, have received instructions to break up every demonstration, every parade; in short, to make it impossible for the average Frenchman to voice his honest indignation. Note well that the cry, "Down with the robbers!" has now become seditious. Just try it. You will be arrested!

Patriotic Societies Outlawed

In its instructions to the police, the government classes our patriotic societies and the Communists together. Why not go the whole way and enlist the revolutionaries in their battalions of repression? Odious manoeuvre! Allies of the enemy, foreign agents and traitors, called to collaborate against the Croix de Feu, the Young Patriots and veterans decorated for outstanding heroism!

Troops Called from Versailles

Uncertain of the police, the government has decided to employ other instruments of repression as well. Regiments and machine guns were brought in last night from Versailles. Preventive arrests are in prospect. The seizure of newspapers is meditated. Public opinion is to be silenced for the sake of that party whose campaign chest and adherents are marked with the double sign: the gold of Stavisky and the blood of Stavisky! Here are provocations which call for action!

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE TO-NIGHT !

(Continued from Column 3)
with an affectionate word, a look, a little bouquet of flowers. Photographers immediately trained their cameras....

"No! No! My friends," protested M. Chiappe. "I beg, I implore you...and then as they insisted, "Ah then, do as you wish. I want you to remember me pleasantly....There have been incidents lately which none have regretted more than I. You have been manhandled. Cameras have been smashed. Reporters have been wounded. I know, I know. It wasn't my fault, but it was done under my administration. You won't hold it against me, my children?"

"No! No!" came in one cry. "No, Monsieur le Prefet. Oh no!"

One last salute to his collaborators... a few last words to him who for seven years had been the Prefect's chauffeur





A NIGHT OF TERROR IN PARIS

BLOODY BATTLES IN PLACE DE LA CONCORDE AS GOVERNMENT FORCES FIRE ON CROWD

12 killed, 330 wounded, for daring to denounce political corruption! SINISTER REVOLUTIONARY FORCES AT WORK! THIS ANARCHY MUST END!

On one side of the Seine, the Chamber of Deputies; on the other, the vast Place de la Concorde; two momentous landmarks connected by a narrow bridge: truly, here is one of those geographical settings so beloved of Destiny for her major dramas. Let two unfriendly forces assert themselves however prudently in so magnificent a potential theatre of conflict and willy-nilly the action must develop to the scope of the setting. That is what happened last night.

In the huge multitude that yesterday from 4 o'clock on poured into the Place de la Concorde, there was no thought of storming the Chamber, whatever the Government may allege in its abject attempts at self-justification. Yet there in the twilight beyond the river loomed the Chamber, a goal made all the more inevitable by the strong police barrier on the bridge. There was something aggressive in that barrier. Given the Government's previous outrageous behaviour, there was something more positive than defense in the arrogance which forbade those justly outraged patriots to cross the bridge. There was a presumption which made the crossing of that bridge a necessity.

Terrifying Spectacle

Thus the struggle began. How describe the nightmare-like spectacle we witnessed as there took place on the immense square the most bloody battle between the police and the people of Paris that this regime has known? Around the obelisk the Parisians gathered in groups, perpetually re-forming, perpetually renewing the offensive. The most brutal repression could not quell the ardor of these repeated waves of attack. In a veritable atmosphere of war, in the red glow of fire and the roar of shouting, the police made vain charge in an effort to clear the square and many were the bloody scuffles which took place.

First Shots

As early as 2 o'clock in the afternoon, the atmosphere of the Place de la Concorde was electric with suppressed excitement and constant preparation. Crowds of citizens continued on Page 2, Column 1)



Paris will not soon forget the horror of last night. Anarchy in the street and anarchy in the government combined to produce scenes of violence and terror such as have not been witnessed since the Commune; and indeed it was chiefly the Communist bands last night who transformed a peaceful

patriotic demonstration of outraged citizens into a disgraceful riot.

Yes, the vile cohorts of Moscow played their part, but let us not exaggerate it. There are graver responsibilities. We are faced today with one incredible, outrageous fact: we have seen Frenchmen who saved their invaded country, the most heroic and respected of her citizens, mowed down by French bullets when they sought, as was their right, to demand a clean France, backing that demand with no other threat than the unfurled tricolor and the music of the Marseillaise!

All excuses pleading the defense of the Chamber and even of Parliamentary Government itself, must fall before the impact of truth. No amount of argument or evasion can erase from the history of France this shameful page stained with the crimson of her best blood.

On one side, stood an ardent enthusiastic crowd of young men, flower of French intelligence and promise of the future, whose present political opinions are of small import beside the sacred life which pulses in their vigorous veins. These were the "Enemy" last night, these and the war veterans massed around their flag! Opposite them cowered the poltroon politicians sheltered behind their thick walls, behind Mobile Guards, behind the army even, the Nation's army called to perform this shabby duty! Well may we ponder the implications of such opposing forces as we pass on to the ghastly list of dead and wounded!

Abject Session at the Chamber

In 1926, an alliance of Socialists and Radicals dragged us to the brink of financial ruin. Their second partnership is now hurdling us to civil war. What will they vouchsafe us tomorrow? Tomorrow.... In the Chamber last night it looked as though our system might be nearing its end. And yet the spectacle was familiar enough.... There are shouts and invective;



pellation. At first, he will hear only 4 speakers of the opposition; then he will hear none. There is, he announces, no time to be lost on debate! The Government must know at once if it has the confidence of the house. The deputies are dumbfounded by this unheard of proposal. They all speak at once, never pausing to listen. They do not know what they are discussing or what they are voting. Three times the sitting has to be suspended! Curious and uneasy, the deputies steal in and out. What is going on outside? Peering anxiously behind curtains, they can see the dark masses of police and Mobile Guards on the bridge and, beyond them, the Place de la Concorde, a black, tumultuous, heaving sea of people. The roar of thousands of angry voices is wafted across the river. Appalled, the deputies shudder and retreat to the inner fastness of the debating hall.

'They Are Firing!'

Interminably, the debate drags on. Suddenly, M. Scapini, the blind deputy, jumps to his feet. With the acute, alert perceptions of the blind, his ears have caught the first fatal report.

"They are firing!" he cries and, pointing an accusing finger towards the government bench, he demands, "Monsieur Premier, did you give orders to fire?"

He is interrupted by shouts from the left.

"Did you give orders to fire, M. Daladier? Answer me!" repeats M. Scapini....

But it is not M. Daladier who answers for, at this moment, M. Lionel de Tastes bursts into the hall, shouting, "The Prefect of Police has just informed me that shots have been fired! Go to the Pont de la Concorde and look for yourselves!"

The tumult of revolt roars outside the palace windows. It rises ever higher from the Place de la Concorde, red with the fire (Continued on Page 2, Column 4)

**Socialist Mayor of Vienna
Stripped of Police Powers
Party Headquarters Raided**

there are deputies jumping up and down, shaking their fists in each other's faces, miserable straws blown this way and that in the whirlwind of revolt. The government declaration is met with howls and jeers. Nobody hears it. M. Daladier goes on none the less. He finishes with a preposterous motion to limit the free right of inter- (Continued in Column 4)



(Continued from Page 1, Column 1)—rious men and women, some of the latter pushing baby carriages, thronged the sidewalks in front of Gabriel's twin palaces or climbed to take advantage of the more extensive view afforded by the terraces of the Orangerie and the Jeu de Paume. There, the elaborate police preparations on the bridge, the formidable barrage of trucks and the dark masses of 2,000 Mobile Guards could be plainly seen and commented on.

The shadows of the early February evening gather. The women and baby carriages disappear. It is 5 o'clock. The offices have disgorged their hosts of employees and most of them have apparently gravitated to the Place de la Concorde. In fact, all Paris seems to be coming. The vast Place is black with the most diverse throng of people: veterans with gleaming war decorations; patriotic societies with tricolor unfurled; singing the MARSEILLAISE; Communists in cap and muffler, shouting the INTERNATIONALE. In fact, throughout the evening, the MARSEILLAISE and the INTERNATIONALE are heard alternately and together, bearing out the

statement that last night the government was not contending with any particular party but with the city itself. At no time did fighting break out between the usually embattled Right and Left. All were joined in a common attack on the government forces.

At dusk, the human sea is at flood tide and still men are pouring into the Place. Suddenly, the lights come on, dramatically, purposefully, like the lights on a stage. Gay, dancing lights of the Concorde; what a spectacle do you usher in tonight! The colossal drama is indeed beginning. Shriill cries rise above the sustained roar of voices. Shouts of "Resign! Resign!" fill the air.

Fire! What is that blaze over by the entrance to the Champs-Elysees? Something is burning! The crowd has seized an omnibus, ejected the terrified passengers, torn the driver from his place and set it afire. Vainly the police strive to intervene. They are met with showers of stones, broken asphalt and glass. The bus burns on. It will flicker away for four hours more, lighting the scene with its fitful glare.

Now the crowd's attention shifts to wards the bridge. A hail of miscellaneous projectiles: stones, scraps of iron railings, etc., is soon falling on its defenders, some of whom are seriously hurt. As fast as the missiles arrive, the guards hurl them back. There are wounded on both sides. Police and demonstrators alike are shoved into vans as they fall.

Presently, a trumpet sounds. The mounted police are going to charge. They are charging, and with drawn sabres, in an effort to clear the square. But the crowd has set up a barrage in its turn. Several guards are unhorsed. Some of the horses are dismounted by razors fixed to the ends of sticks. A steady stream of wounded men and beasts passes back over the bridge. Blood will have blood. The crowd becomes ever fiercer, ever more aggressive. There are new trumpet calls, fresh charges. The crowd retreats for a moment, only to pull forward again from the right, from the left, from the limitless reservoir of humanity packed in the depths of the square. Fire hoses fail to daunt them. On they

come in spite of the mounted police who waver and are swept back to their second line of defense. Only the Mobile Guards remain at the bridgehead and they are retreating step by step. In another ten seconds, the crowd will cross the bridge unless.... Ah no, they will not cross!

A shot! A second shot! A third! A fourth! Sharp brittle reports, repeated and repeated! The Guards have fired! The crowd has fired back again! For twenty minutes, the fusillade rages. At the end of that time, the government forces have retaken the bridgehead while the crowd has retreated towards the Rue Royale. A lull ensues during which the wounded are carried to ambulances.

Renewed Assaults

At 9:30, after an hour of comparative calm, the scenes of the early evening are reenacted on an even larger scale, with even more deadly intensity. Once more the strains of the INTERNATIONALE and the MARSEILLAISE blend in common battle cry. Once more vast waves of assault roll towards the bridge. Once more a few scattered shots are followed by a veritable fusillade, the Guards firing from behind the railing of the bridge, the demonstrators replying from behind the parapet of the quay. Many are wounded. In the Hotel Crillon across the Place, a bullet crashes through a third floor window, mortally wounding a maid, Weber's, in the Rue Royale, is hastily converted into a First Aid station ministering to a seemingly endless stream of wounded. It was well on towards A.M. before the police, after repeated charges supported by strong reinforcements of troops, finally succeeded in clearing the area for good.

A REVIEW OF TO-DAY'S PRESS

The parliamentary racketeers are at liberty under the high protection of the Masonic Lodges and Frenchmen are lying dead for having wanted a clean France! It is in the light of this cruel paradox that to-day's papers must be read. The reader, we predict, will find his emotions running the entire gamut from disgust and contempt to esteem and admiration. Disgust there will be for base falsehoods and contempt for week kneed parroting of government formulas. Such shameful exhibitions will receive the readers unmitigated condemnation while all the stronger will rise his esteem for writers of clear good sense and his admiration for wielders of even bolder pens.

Dirty Lies

Naturally the government sheets came across this morning in handsome style. The flunkies of the Bloody Ministry did not shrink from downright lying. Take, for example L'OEUVRE.

"In brief, a night of rioting; premeditated, organized rioting and disorder which carry us back to the reddest days in 1919 under Clemenceau. Let us hear no more of popular indignation aroused by the Stavisky scandal. We have to do with nothing more nor less than a Fascist blow at the regime!"

How can L'OEUVRE have the face to print such lies? Certainly it can hide its head in the sand if it wants to but it is risking unpleasant surprises. A people aroused to violence by its sense of outraged morality is a dangerous portent.

Bigger and Better Lies

The radical press is marked by its usual sound and fury. Listen to LE POPULAIRE. 'The sum of reaction has raised its head. Only by the noble wrath of the WORKING CLASS can it be swept away. Alas that the working class is divided! Yesterday it was still united. Will it unite to-morrow? The Socialist Party calls on it as a whole to achieve that unity so vital at this

moment. Let everyone answer the roll call and Fascism, Nationalism and Royalism will be crushed! In plain language,

this is a call for union with the Communists. A fine notion! We suppose the Marxists would stand idly by while our patriotic elements achieved the indispensable virtue of organization.

L'Action Francaise

"After the thieves, come the assassins," writes M. Maurras in L'ACTION FRANCAISE.

"Punish the guilty ones! Well and good. But who are the guilty ones? Of what are they guilty, M. Minister of scandal and assassination?"

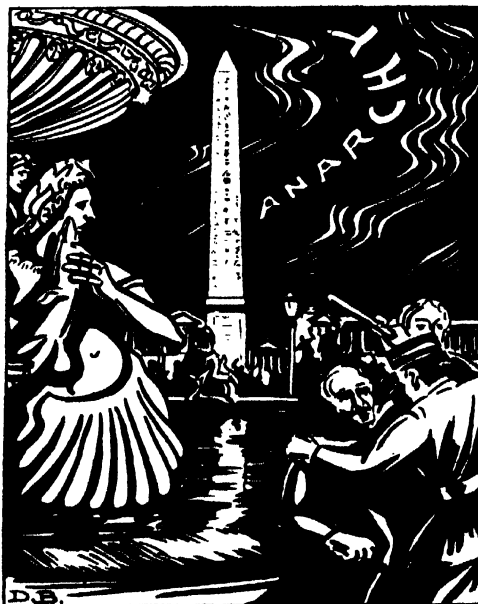
"Yes, certainly, they did shout, 'Kick out the crooks!' They did seek to make their attitude plain to parliamentary racketeers. They did try to cross the squares and bridges of their capital, unfurling the banner of outraged decency. Men and women, youths and veterans, veterans wearing decorations won at the peril of their lives. Yes, truly! Such are the heroes whom the Daladier ministry accuses of causing the bloodshed. But whose was the blood? Their own! Yes the fine blood which was theirs and which they have given to France, the good blood, young and proud, which we salute and for which we mourn."

"But say, is it not a shame, a great shame that the blood of these crooked gangster politicians was not spilled first?"

M. Maurras presents 3 alternatives: "Either the assassins will be indicted by a Chamber, Senate or Municipal Council bold enough to speak in the name of humanity or;

"The people will outlaw the assassins or;

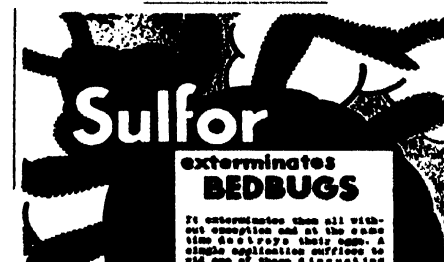
it is all over with a people sunk so low as to let itself be governed, betrayed, swindled, despoiled and finally shot down by the sum of its latrines! And finally let us close with M. Maurras (See page 3).



An Abject Session

(Continued from Page 1, Column 4) of flaming omnibuses. The Mobile Guards are slowly retreating across the bridge.... Feverishly, the deputies get their voting done. The Government's motion postponing all debate is carried by 360 to 220 votes. The Government has won. But what a victory! Even its Socialist allies revise it while voting their support.

The shabby business is done, abjectly, disgracefully; but it is done. The badly frightened "Defenders of the Republic" hasten to slink away by a small back door, pathetically eager to lose themselves in the anonymity of night!

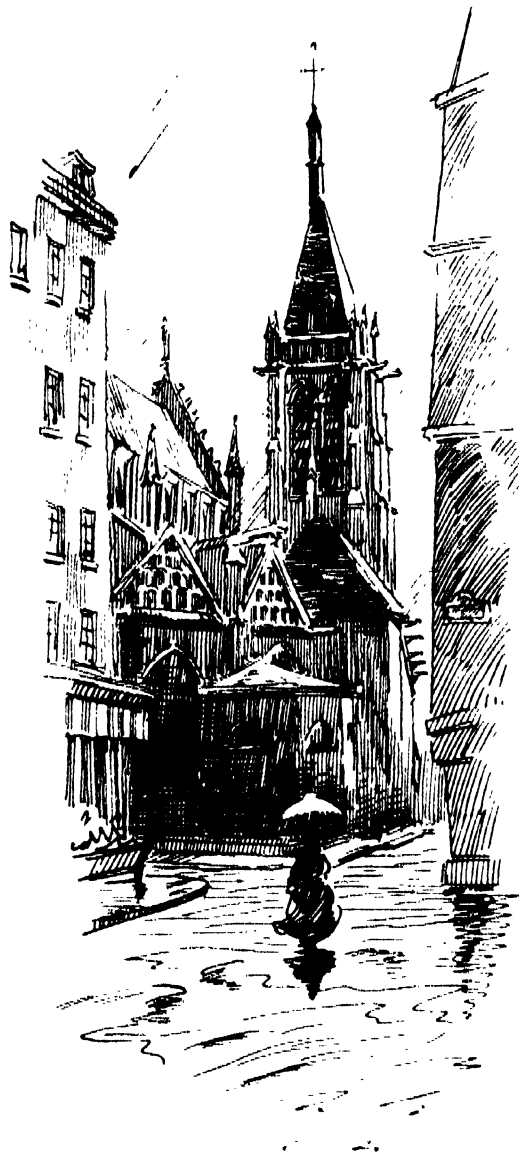




DAY AFTER day, morning and noon and night,
From this same attic window, I have watched
The magic of an unseen master's hand
Cast and recast this scene of roofs and sky,
Making and marring, still unsatisfied.
Various his moods and on he toils like one
With no clear vision in his mind but all
Confused with memories manifold which come
And go, pursuing one another down
The dim perspectives of forgotten time.
Thus, through his eyes, have I beheld these domes
These ancient towers and these city roofs
Relive the changes of their storied lives.
Here have I watched a citadel serene
Reared visionlike upon the morning air,
Sweet capital of reason and of light.
Here have I seen the glitter and the glare,
The hectic brilliance of Megapolis,
Blaze in the splendor of triumphant noon.
Bright visions, these, but still they fade and pass,
As other memories grip the master's mind,
Dreams terrible that haunt his darker hours.
Pale towers like livid spectres will he raise,
Ghastly and breathless under the black sky.
Or I have seen him mimicking despair,
Brutal with massive strokes of dark and light,
Picturing chaos in a city's guise,
City of black and tragic monuments
Crazily shattered, Revolution's lair!
Thus have I watched the spirit with his scenes
Renew old memories, playfully enact
Portentous pageantries of far-off times
Where blood is but a deeper, richer dye,
And fear and hate and lust and tyranny,
Picturesque actors on a puppet stage.
So have I come to love these hoary towers
Like old campaigners venerable and wise

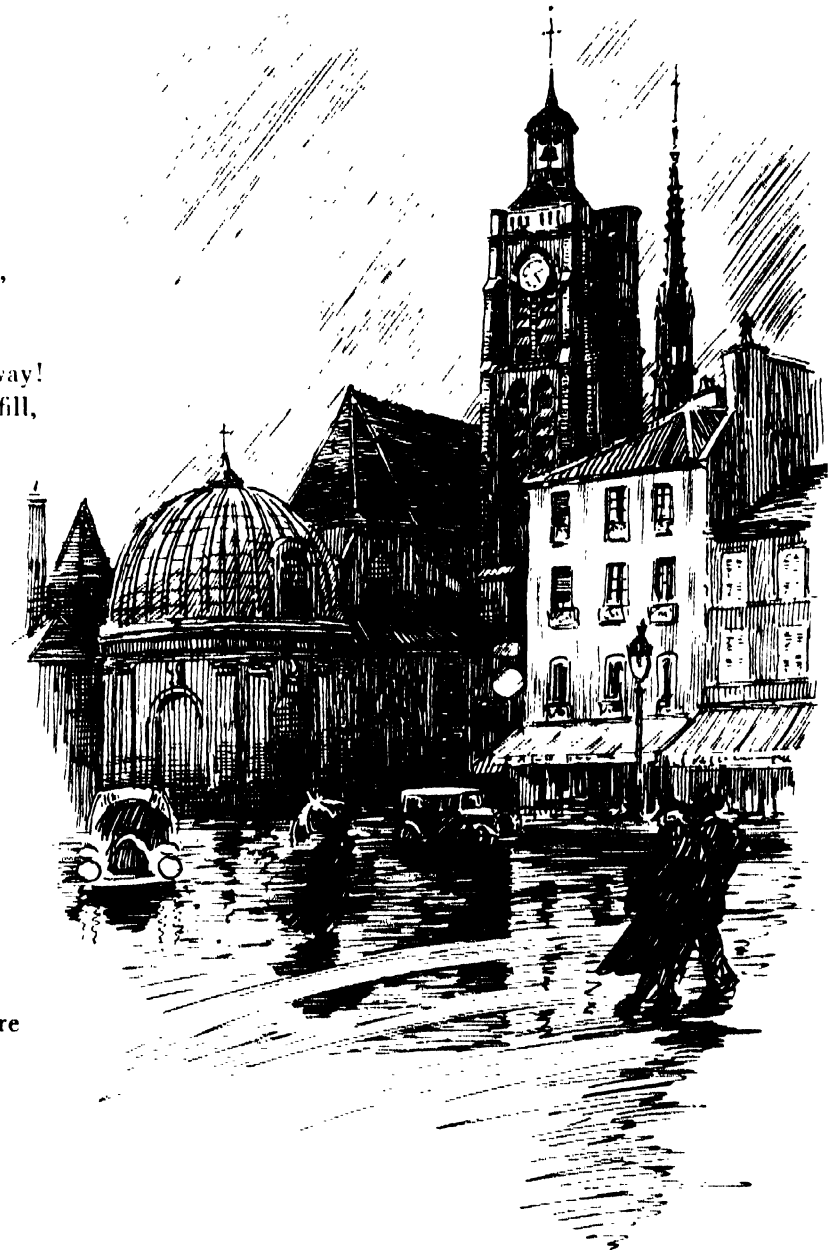






Primed with tall stories and benevolent
With the benignity of flattered age.

BUT now, today, I see with different eyes.
Vanished the master impresario,
Leaving his paltry properties behind.
The play today is in the here and now,
The instant hour is bleeding from a wound
And past and future melt alike away.
We heed you not, you dumb and staring towers,
Crazy survivals out of dusty time!
Our blood is running in the city streets!
Our blood, d'you hear? Our life blood ebbs away!
And will you stand and stare? Aye, look your fill,
Malignant lookers-on! Stare and still stare
And speculate upon what skies will best
Become your latest role when you revive
This play in happier times! Yet will I write
For truth's sake that the sky is a wan, washed-
Out grey and that these same sage chroniclers
Gape stupidly, mere piles of lifeless stone
Wrought in uncouth and alien antique forms
We have no head nor heart to understand!
Alas, poor piles of stone, I do you wrong
And ill repay the peace of happier hours
When, venerable, you stood like pledges given
Of order and a continuity
Maintained above the crises of our lives,
Something eternal. Now a paltry riot
Reveals you as you are. And must I curse,
Imputing sinister, malignant thoughts
Where no thought is at all? Poor stones, you are
No more eternal than this human flesh
And that complex so intricate of thoughts
And feelings which you radiate
Is insubstantial as our very breath
And like our puny, little human lives
Hangs in suspense in the embattled air!



**THIS ANARCHY MUST END!****DALADIER CABINET CRASHES IN UPROAR
OF OUTRAGED PUBLIC OPINION****Communist toughs freely pillage show windows of city's finest stores
M GASTON DOUMERGUE TO FORM "A NATIONAL NON-PARTY GOVERNMENT"**

The Daladier ministry has succumbed to the universal horror roused by its bloody acts. For the first time since the war, French blood has flowed at the hands of Frenchmen. That is the Daladier cabinet's unique claim to remembrance. That opprobrium alone will rescue it from oblivion! Where are we headed for now? Difficult days undoubtedly lie ahead, but France is fortunate to have in M. Doumergue a leader above party factions with a long record of devotion to the nation and its democratic institutions behind him. His robust good sense, his smiling tolerance, his unimpeachable integrity, all those qualities which have earned him the power and privileges of popularity, all these will assure him that authority which eluded his predatory predecessors.

Welcome, indeed, Gaston Doumergue! May you profit by the appeasement which your name alone inspires to begin and carry through the urgent task of National recovery!

**Communist Mural Torn
From New York Wall**

A great mural painting, executed by Diego Rivera, the Mexican artist, for the main lobby of the seventy-two story Radio Corporation building in New York, has been destroyed. This building is the center of a vast architectural project initiated by the Rockefeller interests. M. Rivera was ordered to cease work on the painting last May when it was within a week of completion because he had included a portrait of Lenin joining the hands of a negro, a worker and a soldier. M. Nelson Rockefeller, who was in charge of the work, asked the artist to remove Lenin's head as it might offend a great many people. When M. Rivera refused to alter the fresco, he was paid for his work and discharged. The result was a minor communist riot outside the building, broken up by a mounted police charge.

Spain Guards Against Reds

'THE GOVERNMENT CANNOT FULFILL ITS RESPONSIBILITY OF MAINTAINING ORDER WITHOUT THE USE OF EXTRAORDINARY MEANS LIABLE TO INVOLVE IT IN NEW BLOODSHED. THIS IT REFUSES TO DO. IT HAS NO WISH TO USE SOLDIERS AGAINST THE DEMONSTRATORS. I HAVE THEREFORE TENDERED THE RESIGNATION OF THE CABINET TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.'

Thus, with incongruous solicitude, did the Premier of the 'Bloody Ministry' announce the ignominious exit of that ministry in a statement issued to the press at 2 P.M. So precipitate was this surrender to the unanimous demand of outraged public opinion, that M. Daladier did not even have time to assemble his colleagues. He simply notified them by phone and at 1:30 P.M., tendered his resignation to the President of the Republic.

Three quarters of an hour later, the President received a delegation of city and departmental officials headed by M. Fiquet, President of the Municipal Council and M. Pierre Laval in his capacity of Senator for the Department of the Seine.

This delegation called on M. Lebrun to form a cabinet of National Union to be headed by someone above party politics like M. Gaston Doumergue.

M. Lebrun replied that he had already addressed himself to M. Doumergue and that M. Doumergue had met a second call with a second refusal.

In view of the gravity of the situation, the delegation advised making another special plea to M. Doumergue.

This was done. M. Lebrun for a third time entered into communication with M.



and patriotic associations the night before last. Certainly no one will deny that the Communist underworld had the streets pretty much to itself yesterday evening. Indeed, the indifference of the Government forces was so striking as to suggest a monstrous collusion. Parisians may well wonder if they are still safe in Paris.

Rue Tronchet Devastated

Of all the streets, the Rue Tronchet suffered most in last night's orgy of looting. All the stores on the odd number side were sacked except a few whose iron shutters resisted the fury of the rioters. Every indication points to a prearranged scheme for the destruction that was visited on this center of Parisian grace and gaiety. It seems almost certain that the pillaging was carried out in two distinct operations. First a team of motorcyclists armed with heavy bludgeons passed along the shopfronts, shattering the heavy plate-glass as they went. Then, when this first manoeuvre was concluded, the collectors arrived on the scene and made off with every article of value they could reach. Some of them even had little motor wagons in which they stowed away their spoils. However achieved, the wreckage was methodical and complete. Here is a millinery store with every window broken; there, a refreshment parlor, albeit offering nothing to tempt the cupidity of the Apaches. Further on, a large English tailoring establishment has not been spared. Likewise a perfumery and a leather goods store.... Here is a synthetic jewelry concern, its window gone, 40 or more pieces missing; and there, a few yards away, a shoe store of whose display no vestige remains.

Fierce Rioting at St. Lazare**First Aid Continues at Weber's**

We are sorry to report the significant fact that the First Aid station is still active in Weber's Restaurant, where 4 well-known doctors as well as a large staff of Red Cross nurses are in constant attendance to care for the wounded who continue to be carried in almost every other minute. Oh when will they silence 'L'HUMANITE'?

The unrest which reigned in the city yesterday morning developed towards afternoon into violent disorder, lead this time by obvious criminals and professional agitators. Normal life was completely disrupted in the center of the city and the Carmagnole resounded fiercely as young Communist hoodlums vied with each other in systematic destruction and looting. Bands of them invaded the Champs-Elysees, the Rue Royale and the entire quarter of the

Gaston Doumergue who had returned to Tournefeuille yesterday. In the most urgent and affectionate manner he begged him to consent, in view of the present crisis to head the government.

M. Doumergue responded in a spirit of absolute devotion to the country and at 7 PM. the presidential secretariat announced his acceptance in a statement to the press.

M. Doumergue will arrive in Paris Tuesday morning at 9:45. He will begin his conferences immediately after calling at the Elysee.

In political circles, there is talk of a ministry of ex-premiers having as its immediate object the restoration of order and confidence as the first necessary step in preparing for new elections.

Underworld Has Gala Night

Madeleine up to Saint-Lazare and the Grands Boulevards. Throughout this wide area, smashed show windows, charred newspaper kiosks and broken lampposts attest the violence of criminals who transformed a purely patriotic demonstration into an occasion for destruction and theft. The police must have had much gentler orders regarding these revolutionaries than those executed against the veterans (Continued at top of Column 4)



February 8, 1934.

Dear Mother:

Well, the Right has its "National Government" much as M. Elaincourt foretold. M. Doumergue arrived this morning.

I have just been over to send the cable you demanded. How thoughtless of you, chère Mère, in obliging me to tone all this down just when I could be writing you the most exciting letters. There is nothing to worry about, I repeat, and I certainly don't want to come home.

After sending the cable, I walked around a bit to look at the damage done by the hoodlums last night. The show windows on the Boulevards are in wrecks and ruins but seem more untidy than tragic in appearance. Whatever the conditions last night, there are lots of police around now.

Actually those tawdry shop fronts are the last place to foster the excitement of being here at this time. No, the great thrill is in the old unchanged, familiar landmarks which, like mosses reviving in the rain, seem to swell and glow in this new shower of historical happenings. As I crossed the Seine on my way home, I looked up and down the river at the buildings receding one behind the other in paler shades of grey: Notre Dame, scarcely visible behind the Sainte Chapelle; the Greater Palace dim behind the Lesser, even the newly-gilded statues of the Alexander bridge subdued to a smoldering glow in keeping with a scene where all was grey ashen and vague yet somehow pregnant with a new

life and impressiveness. And as the chill, damp morning air penetrated to my skin, I reflected on how utterly different this was from the highlighted close-ups of historical novels and movies, how infinitely more exciting!

Perhaps the riot in the Place de La Concorde was more like a movie. As it happened, we spent that evening at Frank and Ruby's telling our own riot story to some new friends. That yarn is fast growing into a mighty legend. It is amazing to hear Ruby and Sally improve on each previous recital with some happy phrase struck off in the heat of reminiscent emotion, to watch them elaborate and expand the happy phrases of yesterday. The fair historians are still improving at so rapid a rate that I hesitate to crystallize their performance just now, but some day I shall certainly do so.

No, France is in no danger of going Royalist. It's just that these last few weeks the Royalists' habitual denunciation of the Republic has happened to fit in with the general indignation at the present sorry showing of parliament and so, having extremely clever and articulate journalists on their newspaper and extremely dashing and gallant young men in their so called Camelots du Roi, they have naturally assumed the leadership in the press and street attacks on the government.

AT THE CHAMBER

Premier Doumergue Wins Majority of 402

Communists Strike Discordant Note

The Chamber today registered its confidence in the new National Government by an overwhelming majority of 402 votes.

This enthusiasm was evident from the very beginning of the session. When M. Doumergue entered the hall at 3 P.M., a large number of deputies rose to give him an ovation. M. Doumergue smiled and saluted while the Communists, who during the whole day were to show the most stupid and hateful intolerance, burst into shouts of "Assassin!" During the course of the meeting we observed M. Sarraut seated near the premier while Marshal Petain occupied the side bench between M. Germain Martin and M. Barthou. MM. Tardieu, Herriot and Marquet were seated in the second row. Among the

(Continued on Page 3)

DOUMERGUE CABINET

PREMIER.....	Gaston Doumergue.
MINISTERS.....	Edouard Herriot. (Rad.S.)
OF STATE.....	Andre Tardieu. (Rep.C.)
JUSTICE.....	Henri Cheron. (Dem.L.)
FOREIGN AFFAIRS.....	Louis Barthou. (U.Dem.)
INTERIOR.....	Albert Sarraut. (Dem.L.)
WAR.....	Marshal Petain.
NAVY.....	Francois Pietri. (Rep.L.)
FINANCE.....	Germain Martin. (Rad.S.)
EDUCATION.....	Aime Berthod. "
COMMERCE.....	Lucien Lamoureux. "
AGRICULTURE.....	Henri Queuille. "
P.T.T.....	Andre Mallarme. "
MERCHANT MARINE.....	William Bertrand. "
PUBLIC WORKS.....	Pierre Flandin. (Rep.C.)
LABOR.....	Adrien Marquet. (Fr.S.)
PENSIONS.....	Georges Rivolet. (Indep.)
PUBLIC HEALTH.....	Louis Marin. (U.R.D.)
COLONIES.....	Pierre Laval. (Indep.)

Street Fighting in Austria

The situation in Austria is becoming more and more serious. That is the least one can say. The reports which came to us yesterday - largely from German sources - must be accepted with a certain degree of caution. It has, nevertheless, been confirmed that in several Austrian cities, notably at Vienna, Linz and Gratz, the police, with the aid of the regular army, have had to do battle against the Socialist elements. Thirty deaths have been reported and several hundred wounded. These figures, however, have still to be confirmed.

Martial law has been proclaimed at Vienna, Linz and Gratz.

Following the call of the Socialist party for a general strike, the public services have been disorganized. There is neither gas nor electricity in Vienna and not a street car is running.

A Proclamation

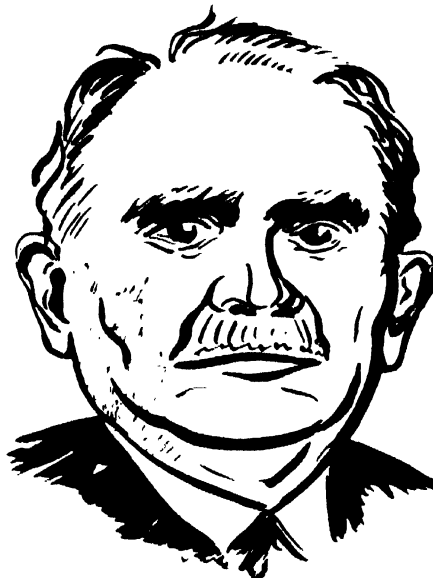
TO THE FRENCH PEOPLE

MY FELLOW CITIZENS: I HAVE BEEN CALLED TO FORM A GOVERNMENT OF TRUCE, OF RECONCILIATION, AND OF JUSTICE.

THAT GOVERNMENT HAS NOW BEEN CONSTITUTED.

IN ITS NAME I SUMMON YOU TO DO YOUR PART BY AVOIDING ALL AGITATION AND SUBJECTING EVERY OTHER INTEREST TO THE INTERESTS OF FRANCE.

Gaston Doumergue



GASTON DOUMERGUE

VIVE LA FRANCE !

A HEARTFELT WELCOME

Cheering Throngs Hail Premier Doumergue at Quai d'Orsay Station

Yesterday morning at 9 o'clock, an eager expectant throng was to be seen milling about the exit of the Gare d'Orsay. HE was about to arrive... HE, the statesman whom all France was awaiting, the man for whom the entire nation was calling. Premier Doumergue would be there in a quarter of an hour!

Ah, this time there has been no need to mobilize a welcoming squadron. What enthusiasm grips these bourgeois, these employees, these workers, who have come to affirm the solidarity of all Frenchmen in hope, just as they affirmed it the other night in righteous, patriotic indignation.

Suddenly, there is a movement among the guards, a shrill ringing which rises from the subterranean platform.

"There he is...!"

And, in fact, the former President of the Republic is stepping off the escalator, looking fit and rested in spite of two consecutive nights of travel.

He also looks calm and determined; and... he has kept his smile. If at moments his expression becomes a little sad, his physical appearance still exerts that extraordinary magnetism which springs from his perfect poise and warm human sympathy.

'Vive Gastounet !'

On the sidewalk, M. Doumergue is forced to stop by a solid wall of admirers who are slowly pushed back by the police. There is a chorus of "Vive le President! Vive la France!" and, then more familiarly, "VIVE GASTOUNET! VIVE GASTOUNET!"

M. Doumergue stops, apparently both moved and surprised. Then with difficulty, he gains the car from the Elysee. But how to get away? Human clusters of both sexes are hanging on the running boards and bumpers. Decidedly the motor must be stopped. At this we see an extraordinary spectacle, as the crowd pushes the car, almost lifting it in its embrace. What joy! What enthusiasm! Listen, there is music in the air! The Marseillaise, briskly echoed by the neighboring Seine, rises spontaneously from a thousand throats. The music swells, becomes tremendous and does not die away until long after the car, liberated at last, has crossed over the bridge and disappeared towards the Rue de Rivoli.

GENERAL STRIKE

In the course of a plenary session, the C.G.T. has decided on a general strike of 24 hours "as a protest against the menace of Fascism now threatening our liberties." The presumption of the Socialists in posing as the champions of liberty against a Fascism existing only in their lying imag-

57 Boulevard St. Marcel,
February 9, 1934.

Ma Chérie:

You see, I am being very good, allaying your anxiety by almost daily communication. This is just a note to say that France is still here and that I am still in France.

It appears we may have some additional trouble with the Communists. The comrades don't seem to have realized quite what was up and took a prominent part in the rioting side by side with the extreme Right. Now, having done their bit to put in a reactionary government, they have realized their mistake and are in the process of a violent about face. I have been reading their paper, the L'HUMANITE. It is quite an eye-opener.

How do you like these street cleaners? I saw them down at the Markets or, in other words, aux Halles. You remember?

Just now, I am working on my Communist news vendor. I found him down at the markets. To call him mine is really ludicrous. I might as well talk about my Archangel Michael or my Prince of Darkness. Still, he is mine in that inscrutable way in which an artist possesses a perfect subject. If only he is equal to it. Aye, there's the rub!

Superficially, my vendor is a man of about twenty-five, probably not French; but actually he isn't a man at all. He is a spirit, ageless and without a country, the very incarnation of revolution — sinister, violent and yet inspired; in short, the very person to be weaving his way around the markets, shouting his fateful cry, "Voilà L'HUMANITE! Organe Centrale du Parti Communiste."

As ever,

Bill



THE MINISTRY OF GUNMEN HAS RESIGNED

A new step towards Fascism: Doumergue called to form authoritarian government

HUGE WORKERS' DEMONSTRATIONS AGAINST FASCISM. MORE KILLED, HUNDREDS WOUNDED
KEEP UP THE FIGHT AGAINST FASCISM ! PREPARE TO ORGANIZE A GENERAL STRIKE !

UNITED FRONT RALLY, FRIDAY AT 8 PM, PLACE DE LA REPUBLIQUE

A decision of the C.G.T.

At 1:10 we were advised of the following action by the C.G.T.:
"THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE GENERAL CONFEDERATION OF LABOR HAS DECIDED TO-DAY TO CALL A GENERAL STRIKE OF 24 HOURS FOR MONDAY, THE 12th OF FEBRUARY, AS A WARNING TO THE FASCIST FORCES NOW THREATENING OUR LIBERTIES."



The Daladier ministry resigned yesterday at 1:30 P.M.. Thus having heaped the streets with dead in the name of order, Daladier throws the door wide open to those he professed to want to keep out. It should now be clear to all workers, as we have so often pointed out, that so-called Leftist Governments are no bar to Fascism. They themselves employ the repressive measures of Fascism. They prepare its way. They make its bed. The only check against this menace is the Proletariat, its united action, its class war against the Fascist bands and Capitalist Government.

FOR IMMEDIATE ACTION AGAINST FASCISM



Police Atrocity

Towards 10:45 P.M. last night about a hundred working men and women happened to be gathered in the Rue de l'Echelle at the corner of the Rue de Rivoli. Suddenly a police car drove up. The officer in charge singled out an isolated group of three workers standing on the sidewalk. Immediately, the driver turned on them crashed over the curb and crushed one of the workers.

"Let no one approach!" cried the officer, as the assassins tossed their victim into the car and sped away. There can be no doubt but what they carried off a corpse. Two bystanders brought the unfortunate's abandoned cap to our office. It was dripping with fragments of brain.

Police Fire on Crowd.

At 7 o'clock in the Rue Matignon behind the Elysee, a contingent of the Mobile Guards opened fire on a crowd of demonstrators seeking to reach the presidential
(Continued on Page 8)

FIVE KEY UNIONS OF THE PARIS REGION SUMMON MEMBERS TO IMMEDIATE JOINT ACTION IN PREPARATION OF A 24 HOUR STRIKE

METRO

To the Confederated Comrades of the Metro:

In the face of Fascist organization and propaganda, the expansion of the machinery of repression combined with attacks on our standards of work and living, the workers must achieve immediate unity of action.

We propose the organization of a 24 hour strike in the Metro in support of the following demands:

- (1) Application of the retirement system of the city of Paris.
- (2) Pay on holidays.
- (3) Support of the taxi strike.
- (4) Dissolution of the Fascist organizations.
- (5) Opposition to any strength

P.T.T.

To All the P.T.T. Workers of the Paris Region:

Encouraged by a parliament, a government and a police who save their blows for the working class the Fascist organizations are mobilizing their troops.

A government which has already attacked our pensions and compensations is reinforcing its police. Only the united action of the working class in defense of its class interests can break the Fascist offensive and defeat all the attacks aimed at ourselves.

We propose therefore the organization in common of a 24 hour strike of all the P.T.T. workers of the Paris region, having in view the following objectives:

CITY EMPLOYEES

To All Confederated and Autonomous Workers:

The exploitation of the worker is ever growing in our departments. The majority of Municipal Councilors support the Fascist movement.

This is why we renew the proposition we have so often addressed to you for the organization of common action by all the workers and employees in our corporation.

We propose as a first step the organization of a 24 hour strike having the following objectives:

- (1) The maintenance or advantages already acquired.
- (2) Support of the taxi strike.
- (3) Dissolution of the Fascist Leagues.

GAS

To All Confederated Workers:

Fascism rears its ugly head, would seize the power. The government is strengthening all its machinery of repression with the object of crushing the working class movement, thereby turning Fascist itself.

In the face of this serious situation, we propose to you the organization of common action by all the gas workers of Paris and its suburbs.

In this connection, we propose a general strike of 24 hours, having as its objectives:

- (1) The maintenance of our present position.
- (2) The dissolution of the Fascist Leagues....

S.T.C.R.P.

To the Confederated Unions of the S.T.C.R.P.

The exploitation of the worker is constantly intensified in our departments.

That is why we renew the proposition so often made to you for the organization of united action by all the workers of our corporation.

We propose as a first step the organization of a general strike of 24 hours having the following objectives:

- (1) The abolishment of shifts.
- (2) Support of the taxi strike
- (3) The dissolution of the Fascist organizations.
- (4) Resistance to any strengthening of government police.



February 10, 1934.

Dear Mother:

Most exciting and thrilling happenings! And all to me!

But first . . . Did I tell you I had bought a camera? One of those fabulous German creations. No, of course, I didn't tell you. I was ashamed of the extravagance. But now you know.

I really needed it. I was fed up with trying to do my Communist news vendor from memory. What was I to do? Dare I ask him to pose for me? Should I tell him about Connie in the hope that the fact of one of my friend's editing a radical sheet for New York children would mollify him? Might I mention that Dwight Otis was one of my mother's most promising Sunday school pupils? Dare I accost him? I put on my old cap and coat and went resolutely to the markets, hoping not to find him; but there he was, his deep voice ringing out above the hubbub, "Voilà l'HUMANITE, Or-r-gane Centr-r-al du Parti Commun-e-e-ste!"

I walked right up to him and . . . bought a paper; hesitated for a moment, and rejoiced when another customer pushed me out of the way. It was too late. I walked around the block and came up towards him again. He looked me up and down with the most petrifying stare. I could feel my bourgeois traits starting out through every seam of my thin disguise: my cap, my old coat, and my party newspaper. No, it just couldn't be done.

So, about two weeks ago — two ages ago it seems now — I went off and got the camera and for days I had a continuous field day, not only

with my principal quarry but with the whole vast motley throng of the markets as well. Les Halles! Do you remember that day we went to visit St. Eustache and stayed to watch the markets? Do you recall the fish men with their extraordinary headgear of superimposed hats and dripping baskets? The butchers gowned in their protecting sheets like Roman Senators? Do you remember the dormer-breasted Mme Defarges, the Rembrandt-esque old hags, the piratical ragamuffins? They are still there, day in and day out, even in these explosive times. And what a variety of customers! Here are the army supply wagons manned by loutish peasants in uniform who hurl cabbage grenades at each other while their brisk young officer appraises the figure of a saucy market-wench. Mon Dieu! What restless eyes! Up and down, up and down! Then there are nuns, nuns with pails, nuns with sacks, nuns staggering under heavy loads, old nuns wrinkled and wizened, young beautiful nuns whose black draperies drift exquisitely behind them as they stride purposefully about the market. Every day, it seems as though there were a whole new cast in this extraordinary spectacle, though I am gradually getting to recognize certain fixed characters. I even recognize them in remote parts of the city, a curious experience which somehow reduces Paris to the homelikeness and familiarity of Lyons Falls.



Especially had I noticed one harassed fury's face, rushing hither and yon about the market. Then the other day, on the sidewalk near my hotel, miles away, I noticed a commotion. Two policemen were approaching a woman who was hastily gathering up some vegetables off the sidewalk. It was evidently forbidden to peddle them there. The woman, clutching her vegetables and dragging a forlorn child behind her, disappeared in a side street, but not before I had recognized the wild and haggard face of the markets.

Yesterday, I followed a man I had failed to snap when I first saw him. I followed him half way across the city. Did you ever follow anyone? It gives you a most odd sensation. I got him at last when he sat down on a park bench for a drink.

Well, I have strayed a long way from my news vendor who is the principal point of this story; but that is how it is at the markets. I see something perfectly wonderful, I am entirely wrapped up in it, and then, first thing I know, the group or person melts away and I am chasing after something else.

To be brief, I got the enclosed beautiful picture of my man as he was standing with two others listening to the hawker of a quack nostrum, some kind of beetroot, guaranteed to cure every ill known to man. I don't know about all the claims at that time advanced for beetroot but certainly I shall recommend it from now on as a sovereign stimulus for all who are about to be photographed because, though I say it as shouldn't, this is a most extraordinary picture. I carry it with me everywhere and I show it to everyone.

I also took a great number of other pictures at Les Halles and notably a magnificent group of togaed butchers, one of

whom was most interested in my operations and besought me to let him see the result. I promised that he should and when the pictures were printed I took them all, including my news vendor trio, down to the markets to show.

I suppose, could I have had my way, nothing would have come of all this whatever; but fortunately Fate took everything into its own hands. Try as I might to limit my audience to the butcher in question, we were presently surrounded by a rapidly growing crowd.

"Albert, come see! You have broken the gentleman's camera! See! Did I not say so? See, there is your ugly snout . . . Where? What is it? Have I been taken too? Where am I? But it is good just the same. Is it for the papers? Yes, it is for the papers. Which paper? No, it isn't for the papers. What do you think? What editor would risk exposing such an abortion? He would be closed up at once. Ah, but what is this? Jean Michel and his L'HUMANITE. See! Look! Are they not admirable, those three heads? But where is he? He must see this."

"No! No!" I protest.

"Yes! Yes!" and already someone has run to find him, brings him back presently looking ten times more like the wrath of the avenging proletariat than ever. The picture is thrust under his nose . . . "See, did I not say?" But Jean Michel only looks at it gloomily, distrustfully, and then at me.

"But why? What is it for?"

Again the hubbub. "No, it is not for the papers. It is not for the police. Listen, imbécile, Monsieur is an American, an artist. He will make a picture from it. See, here are others of me . . . And see, here is Mme Corchon. God, is she not fat! But none of us came off as well as you . . . Come, say, is it not admirable?"

Still Jean Michel does not answer but keeps staring at the picture and, as I in turn watch that face I now know so well, whose every line and

proportion I have tried to fix in my memory, with whose expression I have made every conceivable experiment, freezing it at last into a grim, inhuman mask, I, for my part, am oddly moved. This face is not a mask, but human, tired and gaunt. This skin is not white or shaded paper but real skin with pores in it and a light fuzz on the big ears. The defiant, invincible eyes are downcast and the lowered lashes are eloquent of the exquisite, heartbreaking fragility of everything alive.

Still he looks at the picture and then suddenly smiles, a smile hastily withdrawn and not intended to be seen but which is immediately answered on all sides. " 'Tis well taken, eh? Not bad, what?"

"Yes," he says, handing it back to me. "It is well taken."

"Would you care to keep it?" I ask, not without ulterior motives.

"Yes, if you wish . . ."

"Oh, can we have them?" shouted one and all. At that, pandemonium broke loose until each and every picture of those present had been distributed. When it was all over, I looked for Jean Michel but he was nowhere to be seen. However, the next morning, as I was intent on focusing my camera, I sensed someone standing beside me and there he was. Could he . . . Was it possible for him to buy two more copies of that picture?

But of course . . . only . . . would he be willing to come and pose for me in return?

No. Jean Michel didn't think so. At least . . . well . . . if it would be possible to bring his "amie" with him . . . No, he wouldn't have to be paid besides. It would be a lark for the two of them.

So, they are coming next Thursday afternoon. Isn't that wonderful?

As ever,



UNITED FRONT, TO-NIGHT, AT 8 O'CLOCK, PLACE de la REPUBLIQUE

FASCISM IS ON THE MARCH! DOUMERGUE PACKS HIS CABINET WITH GENERALS
AND SPECIALISTS IN ANTI-COMMUNISM! CHIAPPE TO BE REINSTATED!

A SINGLE UNITED FRONT MONDAY IN THE GENERAL STRIKE

Workers demonstrate yesterday throughout the Paris Region, as well as at Tours,
Saint Nazaire, Troyes, Grenoble, Rouen, Montlucon, Amiens, Reims, Toulouse, etc.

VIOLENT STREET-FIGHTING SWEEPS AUSTRIA

CIVIL WAR HAS BROKEN OUT IN AUSTRIA! The masses have risen against Fascism. Machine guns are rattling. Blood is flowing. A general strike has been declared.

In Vienna, Linz and Gartz, the insurrection is spreading from hour to hour.

The outbreak was precipitated by the increasingly terroristic policy of the Dollfuss government.

The Socialist Mayor of Vienna was deprived of his police powers. The Socialist headquarters were raided. Still the Austro-Marxian leaders did not budge, not even when it came to disarming their Schutzbund.

Their leaders failed them but the Social Democratic workers are resisting. Revolution is spreading in Austria despite the mobilization of all the forces of repression.

Fierce Fighting

Especially fierce engagements have taken place in the suburb of Semmering to the south of Vienna between large

detachments of the Socialist Schutzbund and the police aided by the Federal army. Large numbers of wounded are reported on both sides as well as four killed among the police.

At Karl Marx Hoff

The center of action later shifted to the Karl Marx Hoff, a vast block of workers' apartments built to house 10,000 persons and situated to the north of Vienna. Government guns are now wrecking these model constructions while heroic Socialist workers are returning the police fire from inside. The sound of the firing is distinctly audible in the center of town. 48 seriously wounded have been carried to hospitals.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

The situation is rapidly worsening at Vienna (Continued on Page 8)



Halt the Fascist Drive!

WORKERS! THE BLOOD OF WORKERS RUNS IN THE STREETS OF PARIS!

WAGE CUTS AND UNEMPLOYMENT WERE NOT ENOUGH; NOR THE THEFT OF SOCIAL INSURANCE FUNDS; NOR A WHOLE SERIES OF SCANDALS SYMPTOMATIC OF A DECOMPOSING SOCIAL ORDER. NOW ON THE PRETEXT OF A TRUMPED-UP DEMONSTRATION BY ITS OWN FASCIST COHORTS, THE BOURGEOISIE DISCARDS ITS DEMOCRATIC MASK FOR OPEN DICTATORSHIP AND TERROR, THE BETTER TO RESIST THE REVOLUTIONARY THRUST OF THE MASSES.

A NEW STEP HAS BEEN MADE TOWARDS FASCISM!

CHIAPPE, THE ACCOMPLICE OF STAVISKY, PREPARES HIS TRIUMPHAL RETURN TO THE PREFECTURE.

IN THE FACE OF THIS SITUATION, THE SOCIALIST PARTY NO LONGER DARES TO MAINTAIN ITS HALF-HEARTED CALL FOR A POPULAR DEMONSTRATION IN PARIS.

ONLY THE COMMUNIST PARTY UNDER THE FLAG OF THE COMMUNE, UNDER THAT FLAG WHICH FLOATS VICTORIOUS OVER ONE SIXTH OF THE GLOBE IN THE U.S.S.R. AND OVER ONE FOURTH OF CHINA; UNDER THE FLAG OF LENIN, CALLS YOU TO CLASS ACTION IN EVERY FIELD.

WE MUST BREAK THE GROWING FASCIST OFFENSIVE!

SUCCESS DEPENDS ON THE WORKING CLASS AND IT ALONE, ON ITS VIGOROUS, PROMPT AND UNITED ACTION.

SOCIALIST AND COMMUNIST WORKERS! PREPARE ACTIVELY FOR THE GENERAL STRIKE ON MONDAY!

DOWN WITH THE BLOODY DICTATORSHIP OF CAPITAL!

FIGHT FOR A WORKER-PEASANT GOVERNMENT!



The C.G.T.U. to all the Working Class Comrades!

The Fascist organizations are conducting a campaign of intense agitation. The Bourgeois political parties, including the Socialists, are terrified by the growing anger of the working masses and are striving to keep them down.

But indignation is smoldering in the working classes which have had enough of starvation and which refuse to give themselves up to a Fascist dictatorship even when it is disguised as democracy.

Neither Fascist atrocities nor Democratic firing squads for us!

The C.G.T.U. calls upon you to organize a united front for the carrying on of strikes and demonstrations.

ON MONDAY, THE 12th OF FEBRUARY, IN EVERY INDUSTRY, IN ALL THE PUBLIC AND TRANSPORT SERVICES, YOU WILL STRIKE FOR 24 HOURS.

The C.G.T.U. has given the word for a 24 hour strike on the 12th of February.

But already the Bourgeois press is proclaiming that we will call upon our unions to assure these services indispensable to the life of the country.

Many such manoeuvres may be made between now and Monday.

WORKERS OF ALL INDUSTRIES AND SERVICES: DON'T LET YOURSELVES BE INFLUENCED BY ANY MANOEUVRE.

ON MONDAY, THE 12th OF FEBRUARY, IN ALL INDUSTRIES, IN ALL SERVICES

STRIKE!

And right now, call meetings in your factories, in your services. Elect your committees. Formulate your demands. Present them to your managements. Organize strikes, as well as demonstrations in the factory and street to support them.

OUR "NATIONAL NON-PARTY GOVERNMENT" BEGINS BY SHOOTING DOWN THE WORKER!

For five hours, Communist and Socialist workers assembled to fight against Fascism heroically join battle with Chiappe's police

Several killed and hundreds seriously wounded !

THE MINISTRY OF NATIONAL UNION HAS COVERED ITSELF WITH BLOOD ON ITS VERY FIRST DAY OF EXISTENCE!

Its orders to the police, which, be it noted, is still Chiappe's police, were brutally executed last night—against our Parisian workers who heroically resisted the most savage assaults. Many were killed, hundreds more wounded.

THIS TRAGIC NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 9TH WILL LEAVE AN UNDYING MEMORY IN THE HEARTS OF THE WORKERS THUS MASSACRED. It is a bloody landmark in the class struggle which is daily growing more ferocious. The Daladier government slipped in the blood of Fascist rioters but this time the victims are proletarian Socialists and Communists, grouped in their common front, asserting their right to live and protesting against the spread of Fascism.

NO DEPREDATION OR FIRE CAN BE LAID TO THEIR CHARGE.

None the less, all the rotten Bourgeois press will insult them. Deputies will congratulate the ministers who gave the criminal orders.

AND THE WORKING CLASS CAN AVENGE ITS DEATH. IN ALL PROLETARIAN FRANCE WILL RISE A GREAT CRY OF INDIGNATION, AND THE GENERAL STRIKE NOW DECLARED WILL TAKE A NEW CHARACTER OF SUCH VIGOR AS NOT TO BE TRAVELED EITHER BY POLITICAL INTRIGUES OR THE BRUTALITIES OF A MINISTRY OF ASSASSINATES!



ALL OUT IN THE GENERAL STRIKE NEXT MONDAY!

PREPARE FOR THE STRIKE BY IMMEDIATE ACTION!
EVERYBODY OUT PICKETING MONDAY!

ELECT YOUR WORKERS' UNITED FRONT COMMITTEES. ASSEMBLE ALL THE WORKERS OF YOUR PLANT; FORMULATE YOUR PARTICULAR DEMANDS TOGETHER; ELECT DELEGATES FROM AMONG YOUR MOST AGGRESSIVE COMRADES; SEND THEM TO THE MANAGEMENT SUPPORTED BY THE MASS OF THE WORKERS. THEN ORGANIZE DEMONSTRATIONS AND STRIKES TO PUT OVER YOUR DEMANDS.

DOWN WITH INDUSTRIAL EXPLOITATION!

DON'T LOSE A MINUTE! SPEND ALL TODAY AND SUNDAY ORGANIZING THE STRIKE AND DEMONSTRATING IN YOUR QUARTERS, AND IN YOUR FACTORIES YES, THERE WHERE YOU TOIL!

A UNITED FRONT TO SMASH THE FASCIST DRIVE !

TO SECURE THE IMMEDIATE ARREST OF DALADIER, FROT, CHIAPPE, AND THE LEADERS OF THE FASCIST LEAGUES.

TO SECURE THE DISSOLUTION OF THE FASCIST LEAGUES.

TO REALIZE YOUR PARTICULAR CLAIMS IN THE FACTORY.

TO SECURE UNEMPLOYMENT INSURANCE AND THE ABROGATION OF DECREES REDUCING OUR PENSIONS AND INDEMNITIES.

TO SECURE FREEDOM OF ASSEMBLY AND DEMONSTRATION.

TO PAVE THE WAY FOR A WORKER-PEASANT GOVERNMENT!

AGITATE ! DEMONSTRATE ! FIGHT ON TO VICTORY !

AN HISTORIC NIGHT

The Government last night moved over 6,000 heavily armed troops, guards, and police into the Place de la Republique. None the less, in spite of this formidable opposition, thousands of Socialist and Communist workers loyally answered our Party's call for a rally in the



historic revolutionary rendezvous. Brutally the police kept all corners moving, crowding them back into the avenues leading from the Place and indulging in the most cowardly assaults on isolated persons. After each of their charges, the ground was covered with wounded. However, as often as they were repelled, the crowd advanced again under the mag-

nificent direction of our party leaders, singing the Internationale and shouting for a Soviet France. It was only after many such advances and retreats that the police finally succeeded in clearing the area.

Meanwhile, at the entrance of the Rue du Faubourg St Martin, near the Gare de l'Est, several hundred workers presently assembled. At 8:30 they were demonstrating with cries of 'Assassins! Assassins!'

The demonstration was getting under way when suddenly several police vans arrived whose specially armed occupants had obviously received very definite instructions. These proceeded to lay about them with night sticks in so brutal a fashion that in a few minutes dozens of persons were seriously injured.

2,000 at Gare de l'Est
At 8:45 before the Gare de l'Est, 2,000 persons

were enthusiastically cheering our comrade Doriot when a police charge driving up the Boulevard Malesherbes, savagely cleared the approaches to the station. At 8:50 a second charge in the opposite direction swept into the Rue St. Martin. Here the asphalt was literally running with blood. On every hand the wounded were carried into the half opened cafes.

We cannot forget a workman who had just been blackjacked and who fallen to the ground was unable to rise. Two cops were standing over him striking again and again.

Police Open Fire

In the Rue d'Alsace a group of workers put up an heroic fight against the police whom they bombarded with pieces of the iron grill surrounding the station court. Whereupon the police, revolver in hand, retreated behind their vans and opened fire. Many comrades fell



Dear Mother:

I am over at Frank's studio waiting to see if Jean Michel will turn up for his pictures. Frank and Ruby are down in Switzerland and Frank kindly offered me the use of this place in their absence, as my attic chamber is not really adapted for posing.

Will they come? I have about given up hope. I am sure he wanted the pictures but so much has happened since we made the arrangements. There has been street fighting on the other side of the city and there has been the general strike. However, all that is over now. There is nothing left but to bury the victims and that isn't till tomorrow. I shall give them another hour. I know he didn't want to pose but he did want his pictures.

This is a great dismal barn of a place. At least, it is forlorn on a grey day with Frank and Ruby gone and the afternoon drawing to a close outside. You have been only too right in your aspersions on winter weather over here. At home the sun shines and sometimes it rains. Here we have foggy mists and sometimes the sun shines. That is the difference. And it gets dark much earlier. At two o'clock, it begins to look like evening even when the sun is out and when it isn't . . . ! I went into the Louvre yesterday afternoon and couldn't see a thing until the clouds lifted. Dear me, how old and dirty and brown and cracked all the masterpieces of the dingy Louvre looked in that winter twilight! It was depressing to contemplate. Even paintings as recent as Corot's were nothing but wrecks and ruins.

Frank's big mural of Parisian workers certainly looks forlorn too, here on the wall of this vast shadowy cave. He worked on it too long and it got blacker and blacker. Did anyone have a chance

to see Rivera's mural in Radio City before they chopped it down?

Still no Jean Michel. I guess he isn't coming but I will wait a little longer. If it were just a matter of posing, I would know he wasn't coming; but, if anybody ever wanted anything, he wanted those pictures . . . Perhaps his "amie" objected.

I have been standing at the window watching the lights come on. Only four o'clock and yet it is practically night! Surely, there is nothing sadder than a winter evening in Paris; nothing so damp, so bleak, so utterly lonely. But then, what is more depressing than waiting alone for someone who doesn't come?

No, he never came at all. I gave up at five and walked all the way home. I don't know when I have spent such a melancholy evening. Even the bag of chestnuts I got on the corner is bad.

As ever,

Bill

P.S. Jean Michel, the news vendor, was killed in the street fighting last Tuesday night. I could have read it in the paper at the very time I was waiting for him over in Frank's studio.

I feel very useless and trivial. I don't like my face in the mirror, I don't like the pictures I draw nor the letters I write.

Frank and Ruby will be back tomorrow. Thank God!



THE AUSTRIAN TRAGEDY

Wage Civil War Rages in Vienna Suburbs

Federal Army Besieges Socialists

The dramatic days which France has just experienced pale beside those which have washed Austria in blood. There, the dead are no longer counted by dozens but by hundreds and the wounded by thousands. For two days the battle has raged not only in Vienna but over all of Austria as well. It is not a question of riots but of a vicious civil war between the Socialists and the government forces. According to latest reports, Chancellor Dollfuss would seem to be master of the situation.

It is difficult to apportion the blame for this terrible calamity, but certainly heavy share of it must fall on the Socialists. They have obstinately refused to second the government in its struggle against the Nazis, having apparently earned nothing from the fate of their German brothers. Still masters of the Municipality of Vienna, they have lived on the illusion that they could take advantage of current unrest to regain their dominant position in the country. They have waited in class action long since made obsolete by events. Now, for having misled M. Dollfuss the means of governing exceptional circumstances, when the country's very existence was at stake, they find themselves stripped of their power in Vienna. As an organized political force, their party is now no more.

How will these bloody days react on the international situation? Germany cannot profit by the resulting internal bitterness. If she did not intervene at this moment, it was for good reasons of her own. In any case, a dispatch from Munich promises new Nazi assaults on the Dollfuss government.

1600 Casualties

Last night in Vienna, the government forces had to deliver a regular assault on the "Goethe" workers' apartment block, where the Socialists, chased out of Floridsdorf, had taken refuge; and who now, from the windows of the fortress-like buildings, opened a deadly fire on the troops and police. After a final fruitless effort at negotiation, orders were given to bombard the apartments. Several projectiles were fired and soon flames were rising at various points from the huge block of buildings. At the latest reports, the Socialists were still holding out.

The number of casualties in these encounters is still rising. It is now estimated at 1,600, of which 400 on the government side. A great number of victims have been women, many of whom are said to have taken an active part in the battles.

Czechoslovakia - Wary

A Revolutionary Fiasco

COMMUNIST RALLY FIZZLES OUT IN WIDESPREAD UGLY RIOTING

6,000 GUARDS HOLD PLACE DE LA REPUBLIQUE



It will be remembered that the Communist Party had summoned its adherents to a rally in the Place de la Republique last night, as the first step towards the organization of the General Strike which has been called for Monday.

This demonstration was forbidden by the police who in the morning issued a statement recalling that, as all meetings, parades and public demonstrations were strictly prohibited, the proposed Communist rally could not take place. The statement added that measures had been taken to enforce the law in case it was infringed.

Prudent Preparations

Shopkeepers on the Place de la Republique, mindful of the fate that overtook so many show windows in the center of town last Wednesday evening, were at pains to remove every tempting object from their displays and some of them brought their iron shutters clanging down as early as 3 o'clock. Naturally, every grating and tree armature in the area had been removed.

An Armed Camp

In the Place itself and its vicinity, the police had during the afternoon been engaged in the excellent practice of preventive arrests. All suspect individuals were taken to police stations and searched.

Shortly before dark, a regiment of Mobile Guards, 3,800 men, both mounted and on foot, equipped with carbines, side arms and sabres, were moved into the area, while 1,500 police were ranged alongside streets to block all approach to the square. Headquarters were established in the center of the Place with M. Myer, sub-Prefect of Police, in charge. Army dispatch-bearers with motor cycles and autos, stood by ready to transmit commands to any threatened area while police vans stood prepared to speed reserves. By 7 P.M., an hour before the scheduled rally, the Place resembled a besieged camp awaiting attack.

At 7:15 all public conveyances were detoured around the square and the Metro



stations of Republique and Lanery closed their gates.

Red Battalions Routed

At 7:40, while M. Bonfoy-Sibour, Prefect of Police, was giving the ranks a rapid inspection, the first shouts of the Communists resounded in the distance, ringing through the thick cold fog which had settled down over the city. A column of 400 demonstrators coming from the Place de la Bastille and a second column 1,000 strong were moving down the Boulevard Magenta, converging on the Place de la Republique. They both encountered barricades set up at a little distance from the Place and after some shouting and catcalling, each bent a prudent retreat.

Communist Strategy

Repulsed from the Place de la Republique, the Communists resorted to strategy to draw police and troops from the central area. The police quarters of the 11th arrondissement were raided and police cars had to be dispatched to disperse the invaders. Another target in the neighborhood was St. Joseph's Church, which the mobsters endeavored to fire.

It was also reported that bands of Communists were marching on the city from various suburbs. One group was said to be mobilizing near the Porte Maillot and to have burned an automobile factory on the way.

Fierce Fighting at Gare de l'Est

Large groups of demonstrators, thrown back from the Place de la Republique, betook themselves along the Boulevard Magenta to the neighborhood of the Gare de l'Est, where the police made persistent efforts to keep them moving. At 8:30, a first charge

was made by the police and the Mobile Guards to disperse the demonstrators. A violent riot followed. A riot car, rushed to the scene, was fired on by fifty Communists kneeling in front of the station for better aim. (Continued in Column 4)

THE STAVISKY SCANDAL

Sureté Générale Studies International Spy Ring Angle

Interest in the judicial investigation of the Stavisky scandal, has scarcely kept pace to date with the repercussions of the scandal in the political field. M. Tisserand accuses M. Garat. M. Garat accuses M. Tisserand. M. Bonnaure is transferred to the prison hospital, suffering from an acute cardiac condition. Certain others, also would prefer the greater comfort of the hospital but as yet have been unable to make the doctors see the gravity of their respective complaints. It is all very petty, very maudlin and very dull. Really vital developments such as the locating of the famous check stubs seem to be reserved for an indefinite future.

Meanwhile the Sureté Générale has injected a new element into the situation by a report which may turn the inquiry in an entirely different direction. It would seem, after an exhaustive police investigation, that Stavisky was part of an international spy ring and it is even claimed that he was in constant communication with a Nazi group through the intermediary of certain foreign theatrical personalities. It is especially remarked that Mme Rita Georg, who played the role

(Continued on Page 4)

(Continued from Column 3)

aim. The police returned fire, scattering the mob, some of whom took refuge in the depot and even on departing trains.

The Communist shots were accompanied by a hail of all sorts of other projectiles, notably chunks of asphalt. One of these struck a policeman on the head, causing him to fall out of the car. He was immediately set upon by a howling mob. The police were forced to fire to rescue their companion from imminent death. Sergeant Martin was killed in the fighting with a bullet through the head and scores of Reds were wounded.

Bedlam in Belleville

The Belleville working quarter at midnight was a wild bedlam of rioting and disorder. Communists under cover of a gripping fog made repeated sallies. Police in riot cars charged into the area. Several times cars were halted at barricades made of kiosks, benches and other material piled high in the streets from behind which the Communists opened fire on their assailants. The entire quarter was in an uproar and no policeman dared leave his comrades for an instant.

NO NEWSPAPER MONDAY

By reason of the General Strike of 24 hours which extends to all printing establishments whose employees are unionized, the

AN UNPRECEDENTED GENERAL STRIKE

THE ENTIRE PARIS AREA WITHOUT BUSS, TRAM, OR POSTAL SERVICE. STORES CLOSED. FACTORIES AND YARDS DESERTED. WORK ALSO HALTED IN EVERY CORNER OF FRANCE

PROLETARIAN SUBURBS HOLD CAPITAL IN IRON GRASP !

150,000 Workers rally in Cours de Vincennes, 20,000 at Argenteuil, Monster rallies at St.Denis, St.Ouen

8 VICTIMS

8 Proletarians of the Paris region have fallen under bullets of a so-called "National Government."
8 Proletarians, Communists or Communist sympathizers, closely united in the fight against Fascism.

MAURICE BUREAU VINCENT PEREZ
ERNST SCHARBACH EUGENE BOUDIN
ALBERT PERDREAUX VINCENT MORIS



Must have obsequies worthy of their fighting spirit and of the cause for which they were murdered.

WORKERS OF EVERY AFFILIATION! YOU DESERTED YOUR ENTERPRISES BY TENS OF THOUSANDS TO DEMONSTRATE AGAINST FASCISM. WE NOW CALL ON YOU TO COME EN MASSE TO THE LAST RITES OF THESE VICTIMS OF THE "NATIONAL GOVERNMENT."

United in action against Fascism, you will affirm your will to impose:

- (1) The payment of funeral expenses by the city of Paris.
- (2) A pension to the families of the victims.

"MAY HIS DEATH SERVE HIS CLASS" SAYS WIDOW OF EMILE BUREAU

At 76 Avenue Jean Jaures at La Courneuve, we sought out the dwelling of Emile Bureau, building worker, mortally wounded on February 9th in the course of demonstrations organized by our party. An emaciated young woman with swollen eyes opened the door. "This is his home," said the widow of Emile Bureau. There were two other aged women, seated in the room. All three were dressed in black. A little child was lying on the floor.

"He doesn't understand yet," said his mother and then she went on to tell us how, on the evening of February 9th, the father had gone out never to return.

"Yes...that evening he said to us, he who hardly ever went out, 'I must go. I am fed up' You know the rest... how they killed him."

His mother then told us of his childhood and what a worker he'd been. His father was killed in the War. He went in 1914 and never came back. (See bottom of Column 3)

TOMORROW, FEBRUARY 17, AT 2 P.M. SOLEMN OBSEQUIES AT PERE-LACHAISE

of those comrades killed by the Paris Police during the recent struggles against Fascism

TOMORROW, AS THE WORKERS MARCH EN MASSE TO PERE-LACHAISE, THEY WILL BRING NOT ONLY THE TRIBUTE OF SAD FACES AND UNCOVERED HEADS, BUT, MOST FITTING TESTIMONIAL OF ALL: STERN, BURNING HEARTS, FIERCELY REDEDICATED TO THE CAUSE FOR WHICH THEIR COMRADES FELL.

THEY HAVE NOT DIED IN VAIN, THESE COMRADES.

THEIR DEATHS HAVE MADE CLEAR TO ALL THAT THERE IS NOT A MINUTE TO LOSE.

THEY HAVE IMPARTED A PROFOUND MEANING AND MORE IRRESISTIBLE FORCE TO THE ANTI-FASCIST GENERAL STRIKE WHICH HAS BROKEN THE FIRST WAVE OF FASCIST ASSAULT.

MORE THAN ALL THIS, THEY HAVE CEMENTED THE UNITED BATTLE FRONT OF CLASS AGAINST CLASS.

TOMORROW, WITH THE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF PARISIAN WORKERS WHO WILL FOLLOW THE CASKETS, THERE WILL MINGLE DELEGATES FROM ALL THE INDUSTRIAL CENTERS OF FRANCE, PEASANT DELEGATES, AND DELEGATES FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

SOCIALIST WORKERS WILL JOIN US AS THEY DID ON THE 9TH OF FEBRUARY. YES, TRULY, THE UNITED FRONT OF MONDAY WILL DEEPEN AND BROADEN AROUND THE CASKETS OF OUR DEAD! AT A TIME WHEN, IN AUSTRIA, SOCIALIST AND COMMUNIST WORKERS ARE FALLING SIDE BY SIDE IN MAGNIFICENT HEROIC RIVALRY, NO FRENCH SOCIALIST WORKER WHATEVER THE OFFICIAL ATTITUDE OF HIS PARTY COULD FAIL TO HEAR THE CALL OF THE COMMUNISTS TO THE WALL OF PERE-LACHAISE WHERE THE NOW MORE THAN EVER LIVING MEMORY OF THE COMMUNE UNITES THEM!

A UNITED FRONT AROUND OUR DEAD

came back. Emile Bureau was left a ward of the nation....

His wife's father also was killed in 1915 at Cruoy.

Three deaths in this family but for different reasons. Two were killed in an imperialist war. They died for Capitalism. That is

why 27 year old Emile Bureau belonged to the anti-war society of La Courneuve. That is why he went out to fight Fascism. He died; but he died for the Proletariat and his courageous widow adds:

"I HOPE HIS DEATH ACCOMPLISHES SOMETHING FOR THE WORKING CLASS."



Never before has there been so effective a general strike as France witnessed yesterday. Paris awoke to find herself without busses, trams, taxis or postal service and, as though this were not bad enough, a large number of small shops were closed into the bargain. Less evident but more significant was the complete cessation of all work in the factories of the metropolitan area.

The provinces were also tied up. 60,000 workers demonstrated at Marseilles and tens of thousands in the other large cities of France. (For full account, see Page 4)

HEROIC AUSTRIAN WORKERS HOLD VIENNA BARRICADES AGAINST CANNON

As we reported yesterday in our dispatches, the insurrection, contrary to official reports, was still in progress Tuesday evening in Vienna, notably in the suburb of Florisdorf. Dispatches of yesterday morning confirm the heroic resistance.

(Vienna, Feb. 14th) The Socialist workers have received reinforcement and are now strongly entrenched at Florisdorf.

Vice-Chancellor Fey sent a deputy with the message that he gave them until noon to surrender, to which ultimatum, a leader named Deutch replied as follows:

"We would rather die than surrender. If you attack us, you will be warmly received."

The Socialists had in-

deed rapidly transformed Florisdorf into a veritable fortress. They had 6,000 well armed men and, during the night, they received important supplies.

At precisely 12 o'clock Major Fey gave orders for a continued bombardment.

A second dispatch, dated 1:30 P.M., reported that despite intense bombardment, the workers were still holding their positions. Only at the end of the afternoon did dispatches tell of the fall of Florisdorf. It was accompanied by summary executions.

In the Provinces

The scenes of civil war at Vienna have been matched by no less violent incidents in the provinces where detach-

(See Page 4, Column 5)



JOIN THE COMMUNIST PARTY!

UNDER ITS BANNER, 200,000 WORKERS, SOCIALIST & COMMUNIST, UNITED AGAINST FASCISM, MARCHED YESTERDAY BEHIND THE COFFINS OF OUR SLAIN HEROES TO PERE LACHAISE THROUGH STREETS RINGING WITH OUR SLOGANS AND BRISTLING WITH UPRaised FISTS

Class War in Spain

We were able to talk yesterday one of our Spanish Communist comrades who attended the impressive funeral of Pere Lachaise. He gave out precious information on the situation in Spain, the development of our Party there and the wave of strikes which is sweeping the country. We asked him more particularly about the building trades' strike and he told us it was an organization of 30,000 members.

He told us it was an organization of 30,000 members, anarchists and Anarchists unite the unions but influence is growing and more as the workers are coming to realize where the Socialist Party of collaboration the government has kept them.

He explained the situation in Spain. Before the war more than half the workers were unemployed.

He explained the hunger is accompanied by the closing of wholesale grocery firms, the work-



ers systematically avoiding the small shops whose owners sympathize with them.

'In Spain', continued our comrade, 'we are in a period of revolutionary unrest. The political and economic struggles merge in a general action against Fascism and Clericalism. Thus the workers burned a Catholic college in Madrid on Wednesday.'

In this general battle added our comrade, the Communist Party is ever in the vanguard.

DIAN WORKERS HECKLE FASCISTS

YES, Feb. 16) The Fascist organizations had ordered their adherents to meet at the station at 11 A.M. to welcome the new Bishop of Troyes. However, the Socialists had called a demonstration for the same time, thus abandoning the Fascist street to the Communists.

The Communist Party, on the other hand, called upon its members to assemble at the station where the Bishop was protected by a large force of rioting troops. Afterwards our

proles reformed their ranks and betook themselves en masse to Plard and his meeting.

The former had given orders to prevent our entry, but our proles succeeded in breaking in, and a very stormy scene ensued, as Plard undertook to keep our representatives from speaking. Failing in this, the meeting was abruptly adjourned.

Amid indescribable enthusiasm, we took over the chair and held a second meeting before several hundred proles who wildly cheered our slogan.

THEY HAVE NOT DIED IN VAIN

YESTERDAY, THE PROLETARIAT OF PARIS AFFORDED THE GOVERNMENT AND THE FASCISTS A NEW OPPORTUNITY TO MEASURE ITS STRENGTH AND FIGHTING SPIRIT.

No proletarian demonstration since the war, not even the transfer of Jaures' ashes to the Pantheon, has attained to the grandeur of these last rites accorded to six modest workmen who fell on the field of honor while fighting for their class. The political significance of the day could escape no one, whether friend or foe.

THE NIGHT OF FEBRUARY 9TH HAS MARKED A DATE IN THE HISTORY OF THE CLASS STRUGGLE IN THIS LAND. A GULF HAS YAWNED BETWEEN THE BOURGEOISIE AND THE PROLETARIAT SO DEEPLY STIRRED BY THE COWARDLY MURDER OF 8 OF ITS OWN.

It was a great proletarian day in which our Communist Party played the leading role. The sympathizing working population of Paris and a great number of Socialists answered our call in grandly impressive numbers, showing that they understood, along with our Communist International, that the entire world is entering a new era where, under the stress of economic depression, the class struggle is going to grow in intensity until the moment of final combat is come.

NOW MORE THAN EVER TO THE WORK OF ORGANIZATION; TO RECRUITING FOR THE COMMUNIST PARTY; TO FORGING A UNITED FRONT WITH THOSE SOCIALISTS WHO JOINED US YESTERDAY.

A MOST URGENT TASK AWAITS THE PROLETARIANS OF OUR COUNTRY. YESTERDAY, THEY MADE MANIFEST THE INTENTION OF AVENGING THEIR DEAD, WHOSE HEROIC DEATH CLAIMS BUT ONE VENGEANCE: THE DAILY PREPARATION OF THAT SOVIET FRANCE FOR WHICH THESE NOBLE VICTIMS OF FEBRUARY 9TH GAVE THEIR LIVES!

gans. A collection for the victims of Fascism netted 67 francs.

GOOD WORK, TROYES! A FINE DEMONSTRATION AGAINST FASCISM AND THE SOCIALIST NINCOMPOOPS WHO ABET IT!

FIERCE RIOTS IN ANTWERP

VIOLENT DEMONSTRATION IN BRUSSELS

(Brussels Feb. 16) Several thousand workers to-day attended a meeting of sympathy for the Austrian revolutionaries. At the close of the a



The Vienna Crime

The Dollfuss censorship lets pass only such news as the Fascist Austrian government publishes on the situation. The insurrection has been drowned in blood but Martial Law is still in force in Vienna, Carinthia and Styria. This makes it clear that the agitation continues and that the workers' resistance has not yet been quelled. Such heroic obstinacy infuriates the Fascist government. Arrests are being made by tens of thousands, the prisons are jammed and the abominable executions by hanging continued all yesterday.

3,000 Killed

Dollfuss and Fey seek to conceal the number of casualties. The official statements list only 192 deaths among the govern-

ment forces and 137 among the insurgents. But according to reliable reports which have reached us, the toll of these five tragic days is no less than 3,000 killed; 2,000 in Vienna alone. Hundreds of women and children were slain in spite of Dollfuss' denials.



Words cannot paint the infamy of the lines in which yesterday's 'Osservatore Romano' comments on the hecatomb of Christian Fascist canons.

"A tragic but necessary victory", purrs the Papal organ, "a victory of the

state, of its mission, its rights, its authority and its law."

The Pope blesses the abominable crime while Cardinal Innitzer visits prisons to exhort repentance!

The skunks!





TIS POSSIBLE to go for days
 Without a thought about the Seine,
 To cross by subterranean ways
 Upon the "Metropolitan"
 And quite forget the river.

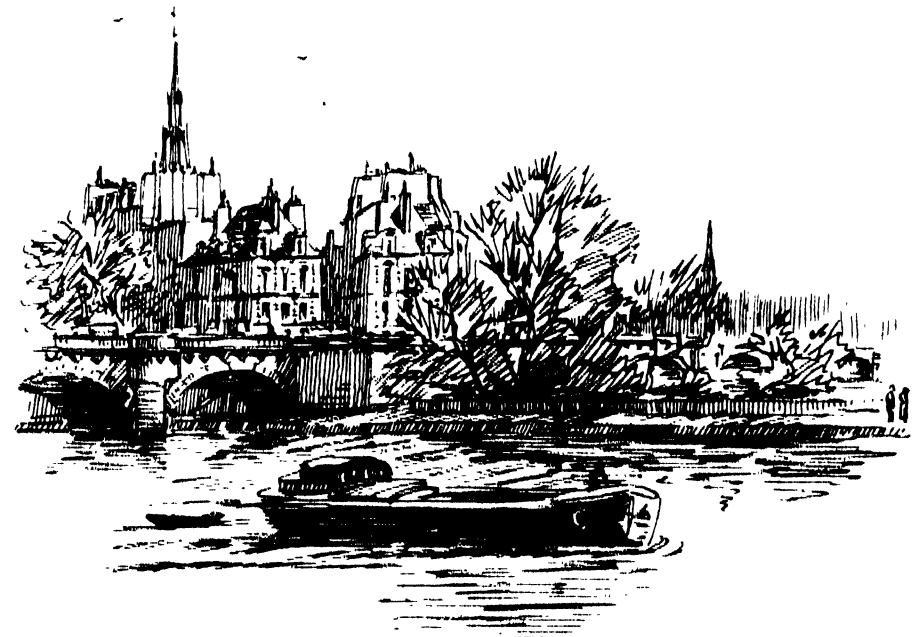
Unmarked, the dreary days go by.
 How crowded are the city streets!
 How dirty is the city sky!
 How weary every face one meets!
 How far away the river!

A suffocating, noisome cell,
 Befouled and dark, life grows to be,
 I curse the prison where I dwell
 And pace about unseeingly
 Chance guides me near the river.

Chance guides me out upon the quay.
 What is this brightening in the sky?
 The buildings seem to fall away,
 A joyous breeze comes blowing by,
 I look and see the river.

O God, with what a noble sweep,
 It rolls along right through the town!
 Here where we dart about or creep,
 It brings this rhythm of its own,
 O stately flowing river!

It brings the sky, it brings release,
 Roll on, you purling waves so even;
 It brings us joy, it brings us peace,
 Blow, blow, you happy winds of heaven,
 Salute the holy river!







57 Boulevard St. Marcel, Paris XIV.
February 16, 1934.

Ma Chérie:

Do you know what time it is? It is one o'clock in the morning. I can't sleep and so I am writing to you. How are you? I have been expecting word for several days.

I wonder if you have heard the report, or are you going to bed in blissful ignorance? King Albert of the Belgians is dead. The flash was coming over the Patron's radio as I stopped in just now. Why did he want to go off cliff-climbing alone like that?

No, I can't possibly sleep. It's the moon, the winter night. For two nights I have lived with them. Now, they won't let me go. They have gradually deranged me and this is the final coup de grâce, this tragic news, disturbing in any case, but in my present moon madness absolutely unbearable. Yes, I have been to the moon, I have taken a turn about the stars. Oh, let me stay with them a little longer while I tell you about it. I can sleep right through tomorrow.

Paris had been smothering me. I never knew it so smoky and foggy.



Then the day before yesterday, as I was down by the river, I noticed a change. It was still unspeakably mournful; the befuddled trees were dripping black slime; the pavement was scrawled with obscene smears and puddles but the foul incubus had definitely lifted. A breeze was blowing, one of those slight but determined breezes, the outer fringe of a great gale in heaven. And indeed some mighty force was operating overhead, sweeping the filthy vapors together, rolling them in wispy spirals to the edges of the horizon. The floor of heaven was beginning to shine vibrant and clear. I looked for our feeble winter sun, but he and all the cloudy trash had been swept pellmell out together. He was buried somewhere in one of those disappearing piles of refuse. Oh well, I thought, he will struggle up again tomorrow and with that limitedly happy prospect I went back to the Rue Delambre for supper and later to the movies for some more of the artificial stimulation to which the dim times have driven us.

"What a God-awful show!" said Frank as we came out.

"Never mind," said Ruby. "I think the sun is going to shine tomorrow. Just feel that air!"

"A lot of good the sun will do!" grumbled Sally. "I never saw a sicker sun. You'd think we were in Iceland."

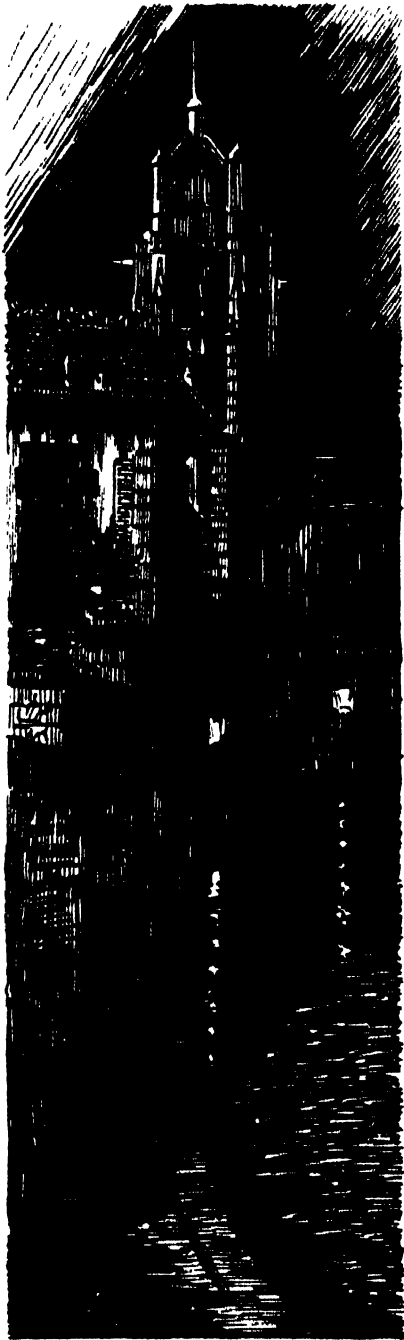
The sun . . . but we were mistaken. Not for him all this stir and expectation in heaven, not for him, but for one we had altogether forgotten and who now at the turning of a corner suddenly burst on us in unclouded splendor.

"Oh, my God!" gasped Ruby. "Look at that moon!"

"Whoopee!" shouted Frank, and we all proceeded to dance round and round in a circle. It was a time for dancing. A little later, as I walked home along the Boulevard de Montparnasse, the tangled tree shadows fell round me like streamers at a ball . . .

Oh, shining winter night! Rapturous, intoxicating! Heigh, Marshal Ney, charging there atop your pedestal! Salut mon maréchal! But tell me, why so bellicose, sabre aloft, waving defiance at the wintry moon? Oh Bravest of the Brave, Prince de la Moskova, relax your martial frenzy! These skies are French, joyous, ecstatic. Shake off your nightmare of the frozen Russian north, the terrible implacable beauty of the Russian moon and stars! These are propitious stars, a friendly moon. Hark how they sing to the cold astronomic domes of the Observatory, to the diaphanous cupola of Montmartre's Sacré Coeur, magically floating above the Luxembourg, to the silver bright slates of Port-Royal de la Maternité.

Port-Royal . . . Pascal . . . True it wasn't this Port-Royal and I really know nothing about Pascal except that among other things he pondered the stars and eternity. That is all I know but that is enough when



the moon and stars are shining with such exalted splendor on any roof that bears the name of Port-Royal. Besides, when I regain my attic chamber, I will look over to the Mont Sainte Geneviève where Pascal lies below the gleaming roof of Saint Etienne du Mont. That will straighten out this roundabout revery. What did Pascal say once about the heavens at night? "The silence of those infinite spaces terrifies me!" But not tonight, Master, no, surely not tonight. On the contrary, those spaces are calling me. I must get out of this city, I must go into the country to be nearer the sky and the stars.

So yesterday afternoon found me started on a little trip which took me to Pontoise, Gisors and home by way of Les Andelys and Mantes, as restricted a suburban jaunt as one could imagine and yet everything conspired to make it positively interstellar. In the first place, I had confused Poissy with Pontoise. That is an earth-shaking experience to one like myself who has boasted that you could set him down at night in any European city and he would know right where he was. To such conceit, it was nothing less than cataclysmic to be confronted with an utterly unfamiliar hill town where it had looked to see the well known silhouette of a riverside basilica. But so it was. The afternoon was drawing to an end and here I was plumped down in an unknown part of France; France, so totally distinct from Paris; France, that reserved and austere country which I had forgotten and which here, before this unanticipated prospect, flooded back into my memory unmixed with any preconceptions of a name. France of the stony cobbled streets, the high-walled gardens and the closely shuttered houses; mysterious, secretive France; France of strange cryptic native shapes and forms, of sinister clipped trees and portentous mansards; France of the grey skies, the green moss and the decaying stones; France of the high soaring churches . . . here it all was, thrice familiar and yet trebly strange.

Pontoise . . . dimly I recalled something about the vaulting ribs in the choir of the church; but vaulting ribs, let me tell you, lack a certain human warmth, should you ever find yourself in a remote foreign city at the closing in of night. Don't count on them. As for the moon and stars which had tempted me into this predicament, they were nowhere to be seen. A dark, cloudy evening was settling down on Pontoise. But to tell the truth, I was, after the first shock, far from blaming the stars either for my mistake or their desertion. I love nothing better than a strange city at nightfall. It must, however, be a real city, one with a palpable guardian character which I can sense through all the mystery of flickering lights and shadows, one where I can share in the mighty protecting presence of its hill or the gracious benevolence of its river, the while I explore the superficial but fascinating variations of the eternal type, the city with its temples and its market place, its favored café and its numbered



brothels, its dim clustered homes breathing quietly in the content of warmth and restored unity. These are things which I feel best at night and the cities which most haunt my memory are those I have visited under cover of darkness, hastening away before the disintegrating touch of day.

Thus did I explore Pontoise, compact and ancient little citadel. Thus did I leave it sleeping on its hill as a late express took me away to Gisors where I alighted in a cheery inn near the station. I had had no supper and the Patron obligingly undertook to provide me with some bread and milk. He sat me down in the dining room, feebly illumined by a single light and it was with a decided shock that I saw the walls were hung with wild boars' heads. Are boars still running around loose? I thought they were practically mythological animals, not seen since François Premier rode to hunt; but here they were, as real as our moth-eaten deer head, their long ranges of cruel teeth glittering in the remote recesses of the dining room. Very uncanny! Somehow they seemed to knock the bottom out of time.

If it is true that there is no pleasure equal to visiting an old city at nightfall, it is even more true that there is no pleasure equal to approaching an old city in the early morning. The station at Gisors is luckily a mile from the town and all along that mile I was able to enjoy this exciting privilege, the more so as Gisor's many towered castle and Gisor's dynamic church were aspiring to a sky of almost April warmth and animation. How should such a spring day as this be blooming among the fogs and miasmas of February? Incredible! But here it was, magnifying my little excursion beyond any journey to the Riviera. To my amazement, I strode along a country road in April with yesterday left months and months behind me. A second strange trick played on Time and most appropriately played at Gisors! My dear, you could never even imagine anything like the church at Gisors. It is the very portrait of Time, not of old Father Time, though the church is ancient, but of his incorrigibly kittenish partner, Madame Time, Time the fickle and coquettish mistress of styles and change. Well, here she is at Gisors with all her past bonnets on at once. Pure early Gothic, exuberant early Flamboyant, anaemic late Flamboyant, early Renaissance, middle

Renaissance, here they are all scrambled together at once. Yes, that was a view of it from the castle. Did you ever see anything like it? Look again at that mammoth nave smashed up against Blanche of Castille's poor little choir and central tower, dwarfing them into utter insignificance, and look at François Premier's unbelievably hybrid tower where Gothic canopies and crockets rub shoulders with all the decorative spoil of ancient Rome. No, I have never seen anything to equal it anywhere.

How poignantly they affect me, these unfinished buildings! Nowhere do I have a more certain feeling of looking backwards in time than when studying these instances of petrified evolution, of eternally arrested motion. The finished cathedral, however lofty and aspiring, is none the less finite in its perfection. The builders are satisfied. They rest in peace these many hundred years, and the great visible exaltation which they realized is imperceptibly yielding to time. Spires are taken down and not replaced. Majestic steps are covered by the rising ground. But these other, these unfinished buildings, have an air of perpetual youth. They are haunted by the ghosts of their builders whose restless souls I sense still striving and unsatisfied. Yes, I cannot look at such unfinished walls without feeling that the workmen will be back tomorrow and often, when my gaze is caught in the rhythm and surge of these grand beginnings and swept headlong into space along the line of some projected arch or precipitated skyward above the mighty base of an unfinished tower, often at such thrilling moments, I could swear I hear the music of the stone cutters' chanty, the buzz of the stone saw and the ring of the hammer.

The ride through darkening little dales and dells from Gisors to Les Andelys afforded an appropriately involved and elaborated transition back to winter and the more spacious landscape of the lower Seine.

Hurriedly, I climbed the hill past the ruins of Richard Coeur de Lion's Chateau Gaillard and sat me down a moment to watch the shadows gather in the valley below. Cold and dark they rolled over the Lesser Andelys and with the last fading gleam on the church tower, my spring morning, my extraordinary adventures in time and space, began to seem infinitely remote. Inexorably, the dark flood of shadow rose along the hills until it lapped the crumbling, shapeless walls of Richard's castle, once so jaunty, so "gaillard," with clean-cut battlements and sharp, pointed towers.

Still the shadows rose until they reached me where I sat. The glow lingered for a moment on the castle and was gone. The sun descended modest and subdued, unhonored by any pomp of painted cloud. A star appeared in the translucent heavens and then another — excited heralds of the returning winter night. "See!" they shouted at me. "You thought we had tempted you forth for nothing and deserted you. Lo! we are here, and nothing has been but of our doing. Go to Mantes and await the rising of the moon."

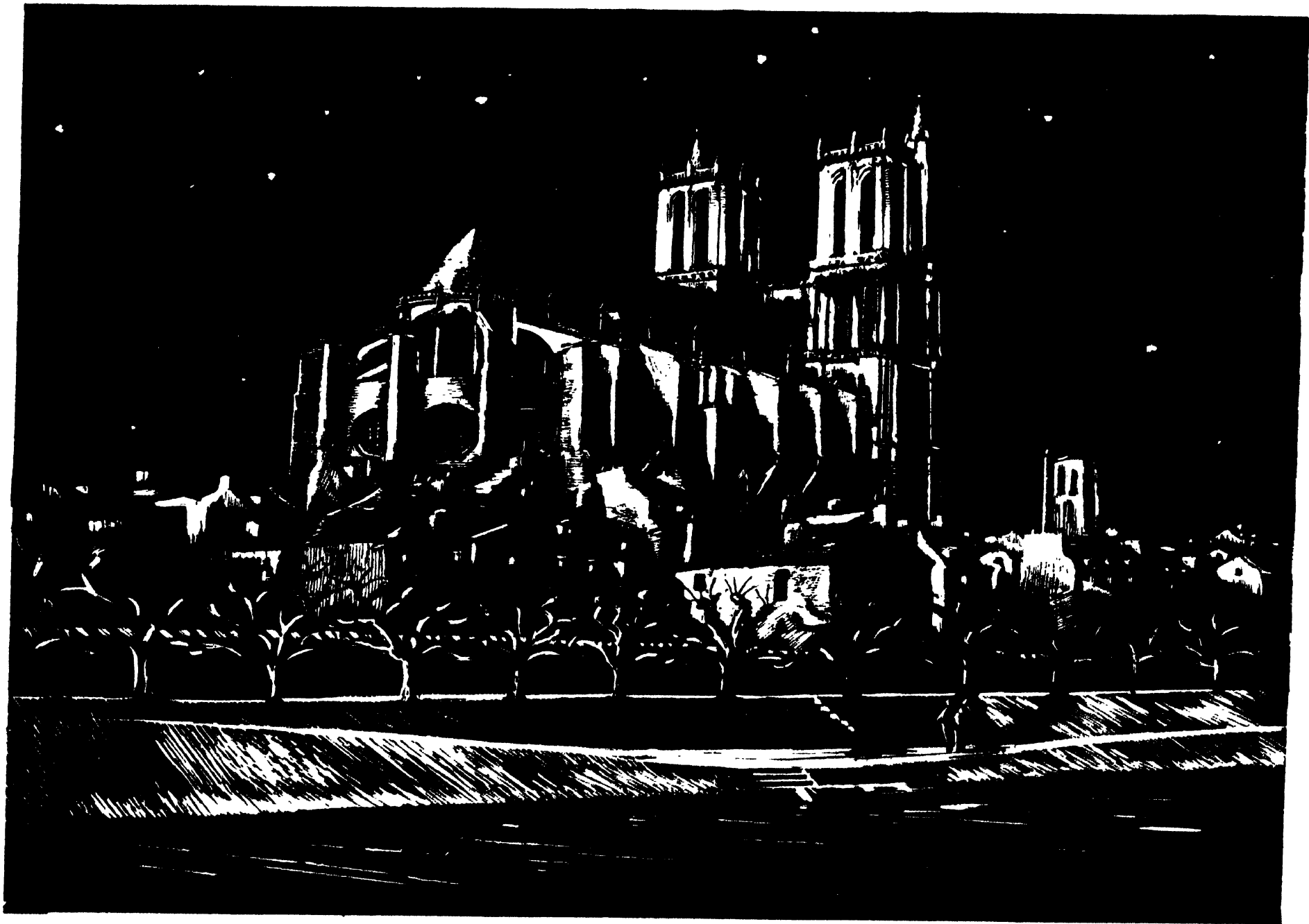
Alas, what can I say to you of that rising winter moon at Mantes, climbing ever higher and higher, flooding the waters of the Seine and the unearthly symmetry of Notre Dame de Mantes with ever increasing brilliance? There is nothing I can say. That is what is driving me mad. There is nothing I can say or do which will give me peace. All the way home in the train I scribbled ridiculous verses, hysterical, commonplace. Here take them, read them. If I started to write again, it would be the same. Read them, or don't read them. Look instead at this woodcut I bought in a little "papeterie" near the cathedral. Only twenty francs and yet it isn't bad at all.

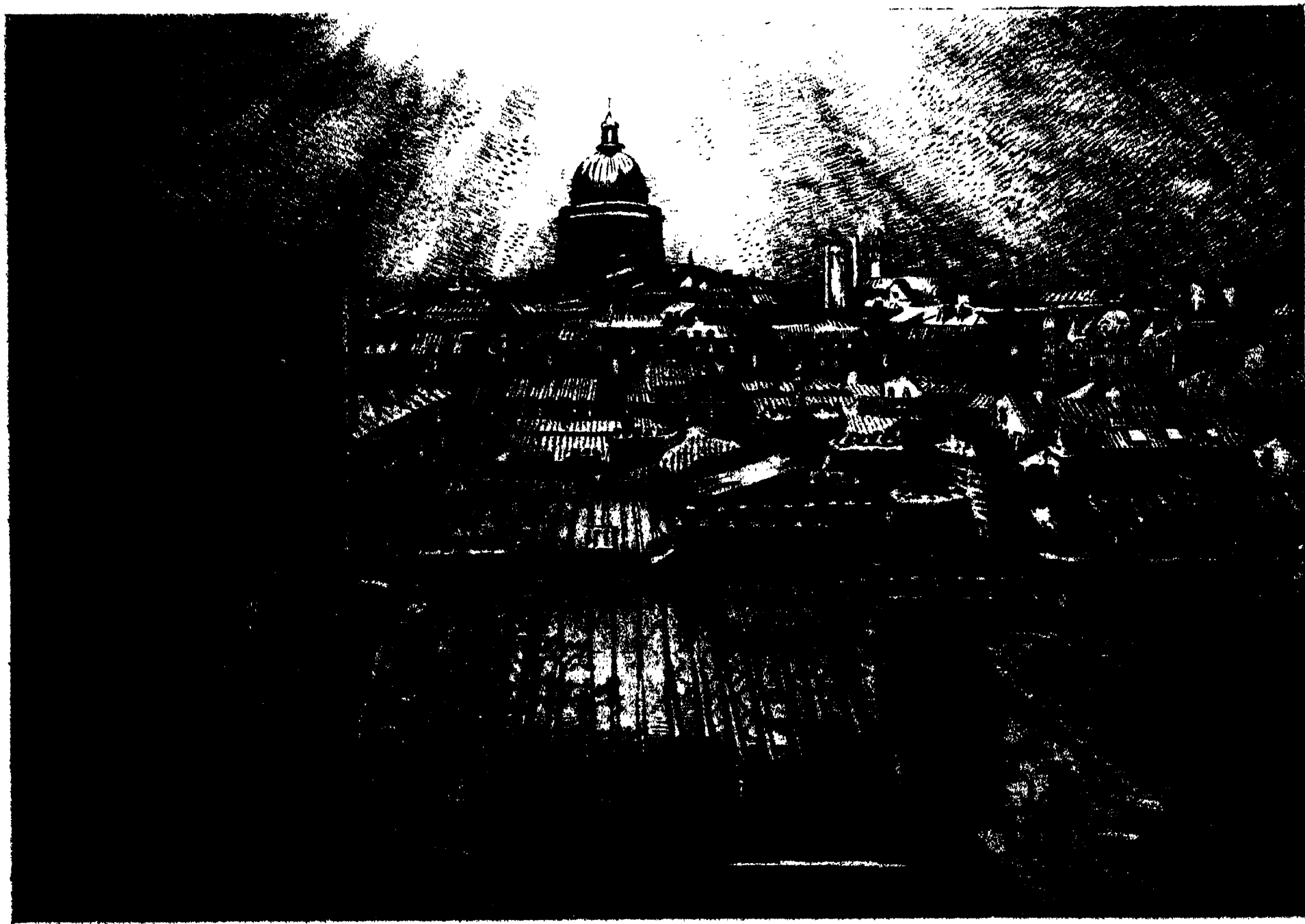




NO MORE! No more! O night, 'twas not for this
Sharp agony I fled the city's grasp
To wander in the fields or follow streams
Beneath the glancings of the winter moon!
It was for peace I fled the city's grasp.
I looked for peace, that peace that nature brings
Through soft suggestion; calm, refreshing peace
That asks no questions and exacts no vows.
Soothed, have I wandered on all day, but now
As the moon rises in the starry heaven,
There is a rising tumult in my blood,
A throbbing anguish in my tortured brain.
O shining winter night, be still! Be still!
Leave off your choral chant, you starry hosts!
And specially thou, O radiant winter moon,
That soaring singst above the starry choir,
Ascending still in one clear running stream
Of regnant melody, be still! Be still!
The brackish river waves may answer thee,
The cold and lifeless stones repeat thy song,
All earth may join the rapturous harmony,
But not, O winter night, the heart of man!
Time was the Hebrew psalmist sang with thee,
Time was when Greece's Plato scored thy song,
Time was when Gothic builders sought to raise
Triumphantly an echo worthy thee,
Time was, O starry night, but is no more!
Be still! Be still! We have no answering song!
Thy harmony but sharpens our despair!
Oh, thrill no longer our distracted hearts,
Or dog-like we must drop our jaws and howl!





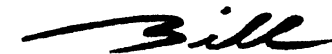


There, how is that for a howl? But really, that's the way I felt. I could perhaps have endured the moon and stars, the river, too; but there was that little church of Mantes, so noble and confident, small and yet paradoxically seeming to concentrate all the sublimity of its more gorgeous sisters, out-towering, out-flying-buttressing, out-gargoyling, out-silhouetting them all in its amazing fretwork of open galleries and airy towers. There it stood, only thirty miles from this modern metropolis, not Notre Dame de Mantes, but the very essence of the Gothic spirit, incongruous, preposterous, sublime. Oh no, no, no! We have no answer but to howl!

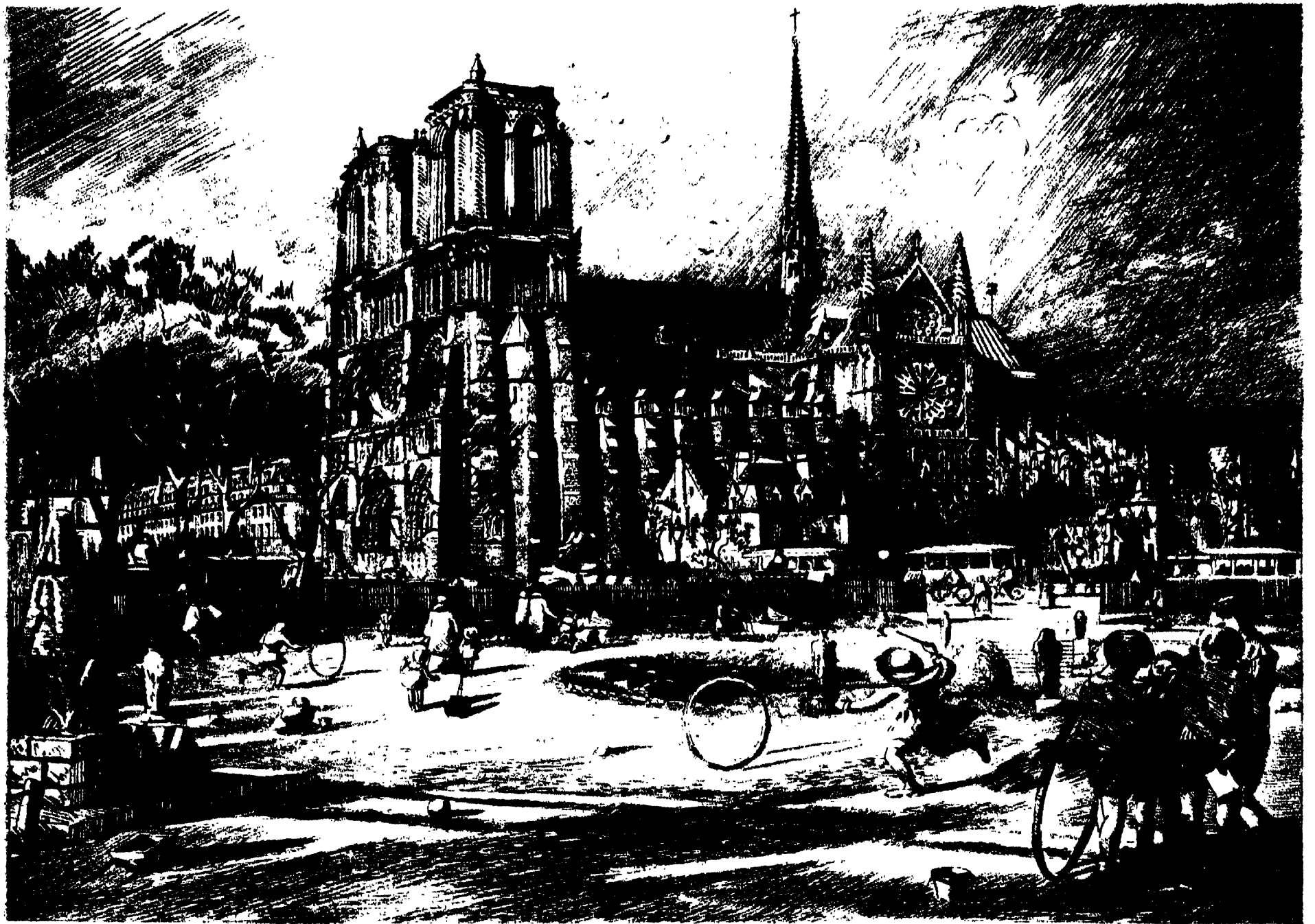
Oh, they were cruel, the eternal stars, to plan so stupefying a finale! Did they forget that that vision by the river at Mantes would not be the end for me, that I would have to come back to Paris, a Paris recreated and revitalized, no longer the stuffy, self-absorbed microcosm from which I had fled, but the heart, the breathing center of all this wondrous land? Did they forget my attic window and its inescapable panorama? Did they not foresee how these tidings of King Albert's death would send the spirit racing back through twenty years of life, demolishing time and concentrating eternities in one unbearable, inescapable timelessness? Did they really want me never to sleep again?

All I know is that I cannot sleep, even after all this writing. I cannot even stay in bed. I sit looking out of my window at the light flooding down on the dome of the Pantheon, on the Paris which I see and far beyond, on Mantes, on Gisors and Pontoise, on Rheims, on Rouen — on all that constellation of cities which stud the circlet of the Ile de France. Did but my gaze rest there, but on it roves in ever wider, wider circles to Rome, to London, to the palace in Brussels where Time watches by the bier of the dead king!

As ever,



P.S. Do you know what time it is now? It is four o'clock in the afternoon! The stars were merciful and faded out. I fell asleep just after the clocks struck six. This all seems dreadfully hysterical but I guess I'll send it along anyway. I feel like a rag. The paroxysm has passed and yet I still hanker for it. I think I will go down to Notre Dame for another drink as it were. Just a little drink to taper off . . .



GRAND AND SOLEMN FUNERAL RITES IN BRUSSELS

The Hero King

"IN THE DECISIVE HOUR, HE WAS TRULY THE MAN OF PROVIDENCE, HE WHOM EVERY HEART AWAITED. HIS WAS THAT ADMIRABLE DESTINY TO KNOW AND TO PROCLAIM THE RIGHT IN THAT MOST TRAGIC AND MOST TROUBLED INSTANT WHEN THE BEST HEARTS LOSE THEIR ASSURANCE. HAD HE NOT BEEN THERE, THE NECESSARY WORDS, PRECISE, INALTERABLE, WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN SPOKEN. THAT ACTION OF SURPASSING BEAUTY WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN TAKEN IN TIME. THANKS TO HIM, THAT DEED WAS DONE. CLEAR CUT, MAGNIFICENT, IT SHINES OUT IN HISTORY, NEW AND YET FRAUGHT WITH AGE OLD MEMORIES, THE HEROIC SOUL OF THERMOPYLAE ALIVE IN OUR DAY!" (Maurice Maeterlinck)

THE SCANDAL

Now that the fizz is out of the Stavisky bottle and the first furious effervescence of accusation and recrimination, of street fights and parliamentary fistclouffs, has subsided, the country is rightly demanding an exhaustive and unsparring analysis of an affair which has turned out to be a veritable devil's brew. The special Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry will hold its first hearing next week. It is high time.

Public interest is centering especially in the report which the President of the Court of Cassation, M. Lescouvé, is to submit on the 19 adjournments of the Stavisky cases, and here as usual the public instinct is right. It is clearly in the Courts and the Prosecutor's Office that the trail begins, however far it may lead from thence to the highest political and administrative circles.

It is hardly necessary to recall how the notorious organizer of the Bayonne Pawn Shop had been under indictment for two fraudulent operations since 1929, or how, by dint of successive adjournments, he was able to pursue his multiple enterprises until the final blow-up of January 1934. Five years of uninterrupted knavery under the indifferent eye of the Courts and the Prosecutor's office!

Nor can the Prosecutor's Office excuse itself by pleading the multiplicity of cases which it has to handle. It is now common knowledge that the attention of the Financial Department of the Prosecutor's Office was on four separate occasions urgently called to investigate one of the swindler's most patently fraudulent projects, the now notorious Public Works Realty Company with its ineffable show-case board of retired prefects, generals and diplomats. In a police report of 1930 signed by Inspector Grippo and accompanied

THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC, THE PREMIER, THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE PRINCE OF PIEMONT AND MANY OTHER NOTABLES JOIN THE ROYAL HOUSE OF BELGIUM IN MAJESTIC RITES AT THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF SAINT GUDULE



We need hardly describe what depths of emotion, what august grandeur or what solemn beauty marked the funeral rites of King Albert yesterday in Brussels. Those of us who had not the privilege to be there might none the less follow on the radio, with no less intense emotion, the successive



phases of the prodigious ceremony. Our ears, undistracted by any visual image, caught and interpreted with thrilling poignancy those expressive sequences of sound. Hark! In the gray dawn of early morning, it is the rhythmic tramping of veterans, veterans of the defense of Liege, veterans of the battles of the Yser, glorious, grief-stricken veterans passing for a last time before their chief. We can hear the sharp clattering hooves, the slow grinding wheels, the rattle of arms, all the heavy measured cadence of an interminable cortege. These we can hear, these and the clipped low pitched staccato orders striking through the hushed silence of a million onlookers.

Thus the procession passes and now a burst of solemn chanting wraps us in the gorgeous, candle lit twilight of St. Gudule. There we follow the ritual words of benediction spoken by the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines whose every word is clear and musical like a bell. Comforted, exalted, we listen until, the silver accents hushed, the music silent, we are roused once more by the marching of troops, the brisk passing of our Alpine Chasseurs against the low murmur of the confluent Sambre and Meuse so full of memories of glory... All this we could hear yesterday and, over all, filling the air, filling our hearts, regularly, with profound tingling vibrations, the deep and solemn bell of St. Gudule. But let us follow our reporter to Brussels.

Commissioner Pachot, the Financial Department was exhaustively informed of the character of this company's real director, of his past and current exploits and even of developments to come. All this nearly four years ago! And yet, the Prosecutor's Office did nothing. Inspector Grippo's report was filed away....Why?

Ex-Prosecutor Pressard Blamed by Press

According to an article appearing in yesterday's ETOILE, the role which former Prosecutor Pressard played in the development of the Stavisky Scandal is far from having been clarified. M. Pressard, it will be recalled, was recently relieved of his duties as Public Prosecutor by the Dadaïer government. Since that time, the brother-in-law of former Premier Camille Chautemps has not been assigned, so far as we know, to any new position in spite of the fact that the ministerial order was at pains to deprecate any criticism which

The Austrian Peril

The Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs listened yesterday to a report of its president on events which have taken place in Austria since February 3d, the date on which Chancellor Dollfuss appealed to the Powers to guarantee through the League of Nations the independence and integrity of Austria, so menaced by the activities of Hitler's Nazi Reich.

M. Henri Beranger underlined several times the extreme gravity of the situation which has arisen in Central Europe and the immediate repercussions which it may have on the development of international relations.

In the course of the discussions which followed this report, it became apparent that it was the unanimous opinion of the committee that:

THE INDEPENDENCE AND INTEGRITY OF AUSTRIA ARE AN ABSOLUTELY INDISPENSABLE CONDITION FOR THE MAINTENANCE OF THE PEACE AND EQUILIBRIUM OF EUROPE.

Disarmament

Chancellor Hitler and M. Anthony Eden, the British Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, today resumed the conversations which they have been holding with regard to disarmament. The Baron von Neurath, German Minister for Foreign Affairs and the British Ambassador were also present. There will be further conversations tomorrow and it is hoped in Berlin circles that this series of interviews will have a favorable issue. For the moment, however the only ascertainable fact is that the elegant M. Eden has decided to prolong his stay in Berlin for 12 hours and not to leave for Rome until Friday morning.

There will be a state dinner this evening at the British embassy where Chancellor Hitler and MM. Goebbels, von Neurath and Hess are expected among the principal guests of honor. It is said that this is the first time that Chancellor Hitler has accepted the invitation of an ambassador.

Duke of Brabant to Reign as LEOPOLD III

Today, all Belgium mourns the memory of Albert the Good. Tomorrow, while still cherishing that memory, it will affirm its allegiance to a new sovereign who, like his shrewd and able grandfather, will bear the

At Saint Gudule's

Great black draperies bordered with silver cover the walls, the pillars, the galleries of the choir and the choir screen. In the dim light of the sanctuary stands the violet throne of the Cardinal-Archbishop and, in front of the lectern, the royal throne, its crimson shrouded in crepe. Finally, in the center of the church, an enormous catafalque is covered with the national flag, on which the tunic of the deceased, his helmet and royal sword may be discerned. Around the catafalque gleams a triple row of candles.

Everything is still very quiet. The celebrated choir of St. Rombaud of Malines is to sing a pontifical mass chanted partly in plain song and partly in harmony. Mgr van Roey, Cardinal-Archbishop of Malines and Primate of Belgium, will officiate assisted by Mgr Marinis, Dean of Brussels, the Canon Cochetereux of the Church of St-Jacques and the Abbe van Ipfen of Notre-Dame de la Chapelle. (See Page 2, Col. 1)

GRANDIOSE RITES FOR ALBERT I

(Continued from Page 1, Col. 3)

Presently, there enters from the sacristy Her Royal Highness, the Princess Napoleon and their Royal Highnesses, the Duchess of Vendôme and the Princess Josephine. Then comes the Count of Champonay, followed by the Princesses Margaret and Martha of Sweden. All are in deep mourning and take their places not far from the royal throne.

A bell begins to toll. Now Her Majesty, the Queen, accompanied by Her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Brabant, comes to kneel on the dais: sombre, motionless figures against the flickering lights on the altar. Mystery and silence, broken only by the deep tolling bell....

Suddenly, the call to salute resounds outside. The clarions sound "Aux Champs!" The great doors swing open, letting a flood of light into the dark church. The procession enters, preceded by the cross, the clergy and foreign prelates following immediately behind. Then comes Monseigneur Marinis and behind him the Cardinal Van Roey wearing a white mitre, symbol of mourning. Next come the military staff of the deceased and, finally, as the choir begins to chant the requiem, the casket, borne by six officers of the King's regiment is carried up the nave and placed in the catafalque where the little banner of the Commander-in-Chief is spread over it.

The Chapter of Malines remains kneeling around the catafalque. The princes continue their march towards the altar. The Duke of Brabant steps upon the dais followed by the Count of Flanders, who stands at his left, and Prince Umberto of Piedmont, who places himself at his right.

A Host of Notables

All the distinguished mourners now arrive and fill the church: M. Lebrun, King Boris of Bulgaria, the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, the Prince Felix de Bourbon, the Prince Consort of Holland, Prince Charles and Prince Gustave Adolphus of Sweden, the Princes Olaf of Norway, Alexander of Denmark, and Nicholas of Roumania.

On the throne of the Cardinal are the other bishops of Belgium, the Cardinal Lietaert of Lille, the Cardinal Bishop of Le Mans, the Bishop of Arras.

The diplomatic corps are represented by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, General Weygand, and the Minister of War.

On the right of the altar are the Princes; also the members of the royal houses as the Medici, the Lignes and the

Ursels. The Knights of Malta and the Holy Sepulchre are there in full uniform.

Behind the Archbishop may be seen the Presidents of the Chamber and the Senate; the Premier, M. de Broqueville the ministers Jaspar, Hymens and Janssen; and all the Ministers of State including their Excellencies Franchi, Caillon, de Wiert, Van der Weide and the Burgomaster Max.

A Supreme Moment

In the midst of a solemn and absolute silence palpitating with emotion, the Cardinal Archbishop, assisted by the clergy, chants the pontifical mass. At the elevation, when the soldiers kneel, when the clarions sound, when the flags of all the regiments are lowered towards the catafalque, the patriotic and religious impression is well-nigh overwhelming.

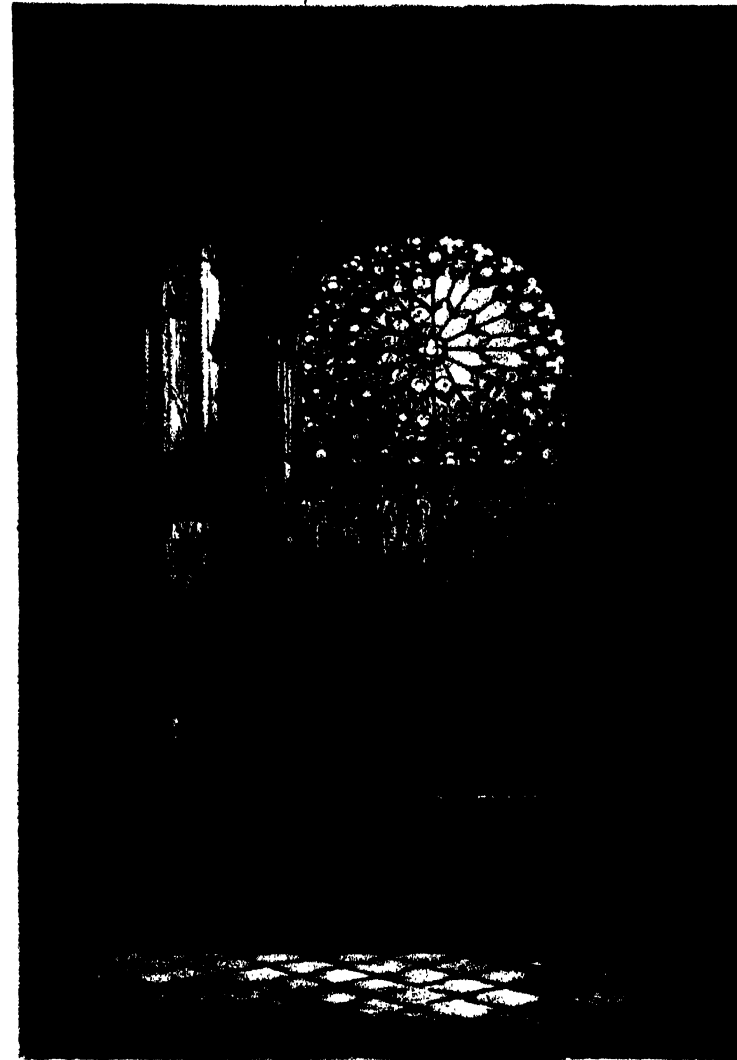
Now the Cardinal approaches the catafalque. His Majesty's banner is placed beside him and absolution is pronounced. Softly the choir chants the "Paradise." Then of a sudden, the organs cease playing and in one of the aisles of the church the band of the King's regiment is heard playing the "Brabançonne." At this moment, those who were in Brussels during the war recall the playing of the "Brabançonne" in this same church on that memorable occasion when the great Cardinal Mercier read his celebrated pastoral letter which so angered the Germans.

The ceremony now ends with other chants in the choir. The cortege reforms. The Cardinal and the clergy reescort the casket to the portal. The princes climb in their cars, the Queen and the Princesses disappear into the sacristy, and the Archbishop of Malines betakes himself to Laeken, where he will pronounce a new absolution in the parish house before the body of Albert I is laid in the royal vault.

Many Cannon Salutes to Mark Accession of LEOPOLD III

Leopold III will take oath as King of the Belgians this coming Thursday at 11 A.M. Here are the principal arrangements that have been made for this day of pageant and ceremony.

At 8 o'clock Thursday morning, all the bells of Brussels will start ringing and there will be an artillery salute of 101 shots fired.



ost
ma-
ski
and
ole
ini
azi
ism
it?
noe
ria
ler
ome
iet
im.
all
it?
in-
ini
but
war
ion
ly:
ent
ism
the
red
ack
own
lin
it.
war
the
ma-
ler
ome
ism
kia
gue
and
ous
sis
war
him
ose
the
ini
ebt
ler
ing
it.
ism
all
ome
and
uss
ave
ots
ars
azi
eto
tai
iet
eep
ly.
all
and
war
ler
ion
ism
eep
war
ler
ost
ma-
ski
and
ole

A HIDEOUS CRIME

STAVISKY WITNESS SLAIN IN DEATH TRAP VICTIM TIED TO R.R. TRACK NEAR DIJON

Judge Albert Prince, former assistant of Prosecutor Pressard,
DUE TO HAVE TESTIFIED ON CHIEF'S ALLEGED NEGLIGENCE TO-DAY!

Vital Papers Missing

"It is a simple matter. Certain parties were determined to keep my father from testifying before the Parliamentary Commission. Many's the time he spoke to us about the Stavisky affair, concerning which he had extremely complete information. Often did he confide in us his ability to expose certain influential people, both deputies and ministers."

Thus, M. Raymond Prince in an interview to *Le Matin*, published this morning. Asked if certain magistrates figured on his father's black list, the young man replied with emphasis, "No, the magistrates have done their duty."

"There is, however," he continued, "a magistrate upon whom my father's testimony would have reflected little credit. ... I mean M. Pressard. My father told us so expressly, but he added that no moral delinquency could be attributed to the Prosecutor. It was purely a matter, said he, of professional errors committed by a man who, to use my father's own expression, didn't understand the first thing about law."

Certainly the courageous son of the unfortunate Judge Prince has given resolute utterance to thoughts which have been reflected more or less openly today in every section of the nation's press. (See continuation on Page 2, Column 3)

"SUICIDE!"

(Says M. Pressard)

The Prince Affair holds no mystery for former Prosecutor Pressard. To M. Prince's one-time chief, the drama of Dijon is clearly a case of suicide.

"We of the Courts," M. Pressard confided to some friends of the deceased this afternoon, "had noticed for some time that Prince was nervous, brooding and taciturn. He suffered head injuries during the war and it is probable that he killed himself."



An abominable crime, perpetrated with a hideous refinement of cruelty, has been committed against the person of an honored magistrate, actively associated with the investigation of the Stavisky affair. This very morning, the victim, Judge Prince, was to have submitted a complete

memorandum on the swindler to M. Lescouvé, President of the Court of Appeals. Instead, the unfortunate magistrate was lured to Dijon by an abominable faked doctor's call to his mother's bedside and in that city savagely murdered. His dismembered body was found on the railroad track three kilometers out of town.

Only a few days ago, M. Prince had remarked to a friend, "There are four of us in the Financial Department of the Prosecutor's Office who know a lot about the Stavisky affair. Were I the only one, I should probably risk being murdered." The motives for the crime, then, are clear. Let us consider the circumstances.

A Ghastly Discovery

It was 9 o'clock Tuesday evening when the engineer of the mail train 4805 coming from Plombières, turned into the depot at Parigny, near Dijon. There, while giving his locomotive the usual once-over, he discovered the ghastly evidence of some tragic collision which had splattered the wheels of the engine with blood and fragments of brain. He immediately notified the authorities, who at once ordered the tracks searched between Dijon and Plombières.

It was thus that, towards midnight at the spot known as "Fairies' Hollow," kilometer 311, 800, the searchers discovered a headless mutilated body tied to the tracks. Papers establishing its identity were found in the pockets. It was M. Albert Prince, junior judge of the Court of Appeals, former head of the Financial Department of the Prosecutor's Office, currently residing at number 6 Rue de Babylonne.

Robbery Not a Motive

There was a large pool of blood beside the body. The head was found 15 meters further on and over a distance of 50 meters were scattered shreds of human flesh and numerous articles belonging to M. Prince: his hat, his watch, a yellow briefcase, a shoe and, significantly, a wallet with all the papers it contained including a roll of 100 franc bills and pieces of change.



learned that this toilet article had been given to the deceased by his own daughter.

A Fiendish Deception

Our investigation at Paris has enabled us to determine under what circumstances M. Prince left his home and also certain other events which have taken place since his death.

M. Prince, as has been said, occupied a large apartment at number 6 Rue de Babylonne in company with his wife and two children: a young man of 21 years studying law and a daughter of 15.

At 9:30 Tuesday, the Judge left home to go to the Palais de Justice. Shortly after, his wife received a telephone call from Dijon. Someone, claiming to be the doctor who ordinarily cared for Mme Prince senior, said that the latter was seriously ill and that an operation was contemplated. He urged that M. Prince take the first train to his sick mother's bedside.

Whereupon Mme Prince announced that she would accompany her husband.

"Oh, by no means, Madame!" was the instant reply. "Your coming would alarm Mme Prince and might have serious consequences."

Mme Prince was still meditating on this injunction and on the best means of getting in touch with her husband when he himself appeared at the door. By a lucky accident, or so it seemed at the time, he had forgotten his briefcase, and was thus enabled to learn of his mother's illness in time to catch the 11:40 express for Dijon at the Gare de Lyon, as he informed his wife by telephone in the few minutes before the train started.

A Strange Telegram

In an agony of suspense, Mme Prince waited until evening for news of her husband, who had promised to telegraph at the earliest possible moment; and, indeed, at about 7 o'clock, she did receive a telegram from Dijon, signed "Albert," whose style, however, surprised her a little.

"Condition as normal as possible. Consultation this evening," read the dispatch. That was all. The words "Tenderest love" with which M. Prince invariably concluded his telegrams, were lacking.

Secretly uneasy, Mme Prince waited until yesterday morning (See Page 2, Col. 4)



JUDGE ALBERT PRINCE

A large, bone-handled, steel knife, whose bloody blade measured 16 centimeters, was picked up on the bank some distance from the body.

Lastly, a powder puff lay near by. This was at first thought to be a coincidence but later it was (See Col. 4)

THE ATROCIOUS MURDER OF M. PRINCE

Continued from page 1, column 4

and then telephoned one of her mother-in-law's intimates at Dijon. What was her consternation to learn from this person that there had never been any question of an operation and that she did not understand who could have sent such a message. Convinced that her husband had been the victim of a mysterious hoax, the unfortunate Mme Prince, thereupon decided to go to Dijon in her turn and left by the same 11:40 express which the Judge had taken the day before.

LAST MINUTE NEWS

The latest reports reveal that, after having been met in the station at Dijon by the person or persons who were awaiting him, M. Prince engaged a room in an hotel near the station where he filled out the usual identification slip and deposited his valise. This done, he left the hotel with his briefcase and from then on there is no trace. Combe aux Fees, or Fairies' Hollow, the scene of the crime, lies some 2 kilometers out of Dijon in the direction of Paris. The hollow itself, an abandoned quarry and in other seasons a favourite haunt of Dijon couples, is approached by a narrow underpass from the Route Nationale. Was this romantic site chosen for the privacy afforded by the high walls of the deserted quarry or for its proximity to La Providence, a small clinic where M. Prince may have looked to find his mother?

A Physician's Crime

M. Mignard (Jules), 55-year old station employee, residing on the Route d'Ahuy at Dijon, testifies that, at the time of the arrival of the 4:45 express, he noticed 2 gentlemen waiting at the exit of the station. As the passengers came out, one of the aforementioned stepped up to an arrival, greeted him and, drawing him aside, presented his companion with the words, "Allow me to introduce the Doctor." The witness has not, however, been able to furnish a precise description of the individual who approached.

Saw Struggle in Car

It was M. Prince transported to the Combe aux Fees and how was his time spent? At 5 o'clock and 7:19, when the last train before the fatal 8:50 convoy passed, the little underpass of Combe aux Fees? Citizens of Dijon, MM. Pagniez, resident at 6 Rue de Beaune, Collion of the Rue Victor Hugo and Chollet of the Rue des Amis, testified this morning to the fact that, on the evening of the 20th, at about 8:30, they saw two persons violently disputing in the front of a car which was passing the

corners of the Rues Perrieres and William Tell.

Likewise, towards 6:15, a certain M. Henin, residing in the Hamlet of Mirande, had his attention called to the gesticulations of a passenger in the rear seat of a car passing over the Arquebuse bridge in the direction of Plombieres.



M. PRESSARD

A Small Glass Vial

Was the unfortunate judge in a state of consciousness at the moment of his death? Or was he perhaps dead before being placed on the rails? It is still too early to know the results of the autopsy undertaken by Doctors Falconnet, Morlot and Gaudemet of Dijon, but considerable speculation has been aroused in this direction by the reported finding near the body of a small glass vial with a fragment of a green label bearing the letters AL.

Nor has it been possible to determine as yet the role of the large steel hunting knife which figured so conspicuously among the objects found at the scene of the crime. Exhaustive inquiries are now in progress to discover the makers and sellers of this unusual weapon whose trade mark has been carefully filed away.

The Missing Papers

(Continued from Page 1, Column 1) When it is remembered that Judge Prince was head of the vitally important Financial Department of the Prosecutor's Office from 1926 through 1931, the very hey-day of the Stavisky era, that it was he who received and passed on the manifold and unheeded police reports denouncing the swindler; when we join these facts with the knowledge that M. Prince was to have submitted today a complete report on the activity of the Financial Department to President Lescouvie of the Court of Appeals, we are faced with a combination of circumstances whose implications fairly stagger the imagination. It is known that M. Prince took his report with him to Dijon so as to make some finishing touches on the ride down. What has become of that report and the documents that were to be offered as substantiation? The briefcase, found beside the horribly-mutilated body, was empty save for a summons to appear before Judge Lescouvie this morning!

In connection with the papers carried by M. Prince, an article appearing in this morning's L'ETOILE may prove of the greatest interest. It contains the declaration of a high magistrate who, however, asks that his name be withheld. We quote the following passages with all reserves:

"In the first days of the special commission of inquiry, headed by President Lescouvie of the Court of Appeals, M. Prince sought an interview with M. Lescouvie and spontaneously volunteered the information that he could furnish vital evidence on one of the principal objects of the inquiry; to wit, the failure of the Financial Section of the Prosecutor's Office to follow up the Pachot-Gripois memoranda on Stavisky's fraudulent activities. Thereupon, M. Lescouvie requested M. Prince to draw up a written report. M. Prince agreed, but some days later the former head of the Financial Section informed M. Lescouvie that he had need of a 24 to 48 hour longer period than he had foreseen, to get all his notes in order -- a delay which would bring the probable delivery of the report into the first days of this week. Whereupon, M. Lescouvie, who had decided to call a meeting of the Commission for February 22nd, sent one of his colleagues to M. Prince to say that if he had not time for his written report he might content himself with an oral declaration, to be made before the Commission. This messenger, however, returned without seeing M. Prince who had already left for Dijon.

Still another article in L'ETOILE declares that the evidence to be submitted by M. Prince included two letters from his chief, M. Pressard, instructing him to leave the investigation of Stavisky's fraudulent companies entirely to him.

A Political Assassination

"A political assassination!" Such were the outspoken words of Advocate-General Durand, leading judicial figure of Dijon and intimate friend of M. Prince. M. Durand was called on to identify the body of his friend early yesterday morning and was emphatic in his repudiation of any idea of suicide or vulgar crime.

In the face of the evidence, it is patently impossible to disagree with M. Durand's verdict, but already efforts are being made in certain quarters to brand M. Prince as a suicide or the victim of a common love intrigue. To such, we cannot do better than quote the statement which Mme Durand made to the press this noon.

"Let the assassins learn," declared the wife of the Advocate-General, "the words of the martyred mother on learning the terrible news. Perhaps if any human feelings remain mixed with their barbarism, they will understand the full horror of their deed."

"On hearing the news, friends had hastened to prepare the unhappy mother for the terrible blow. She was not at home. Was she to learn her tragic misfortune in the streets? Her friends set out to look for her and presently saw her approaching, painfully supported by her cane. Fearing nothing, she was surprised to see her friends so early. Little by little, she learned the full extent of her sorrow. She received the shock without weakening. She became very red, then very pale. Her eyes closed and her hands joined: 'He is dead. They have killed him, so good and loyal.... My God, I offer you my grief for the repose of his soul and that his wife and children may have strength to support this sorrow.' Then she fainted." (See Page 8)

M. Prince's Brilliant Career

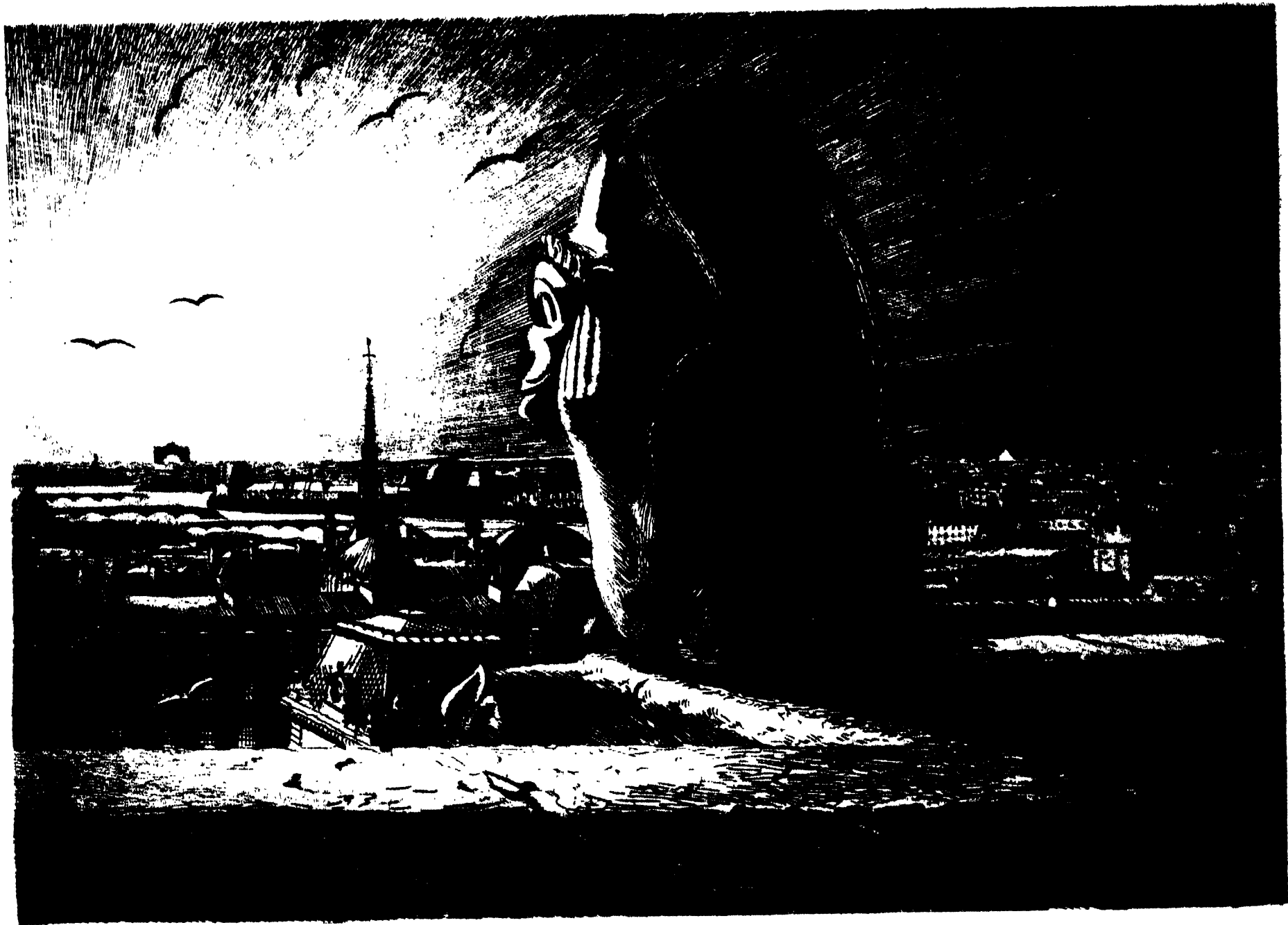
The career of M. Prince, so tragically concluded yesterday at Dijon, was among the most brilliant in contemporary legal history. Born at Chateaufort in October 1883, M. Prince was appointed to the Tribunal of the Seine in 1907. Two years later, he became Examining Magistrate at Clermont and, in the period from 1909 through 1914, he served in similar capacity at St. Armand, Bourges and Besancon.

At the outbreak of the war, the promising young judge abandoned his robe for a uniform and quickly rose through all the ranks from sergeant to captain. Twice wounded, his record as a soldier is indeed exceptional. A Croix de Guerre with two citations and his elevation to the Legion of Honor in 1915 bear striking witness to his capacity and courage. In 1916, he was taken prisoner before Verdun and sent to the camp of Vorenbach in the Grand Duchy of Baden where he remained 27 months until interned in Switzerland in June 1918.

After the war, M. Prince served briefly as Magistrate in Brest (See Page 8, Col. 4)

"SUICIDE!"

(Says M. Pressard)



A WILLFULLY MISTAKEN INQUEST

Prince murder a blatant act of Fascist terrorism to be followed by further organized rioting.

NATIONALIST ORGANIZATIONS CAREFULLY COACHED TO TAKE THEIR CUE
BEWILDERED PUBLIC OPINION TO BE STAMPEDED INTO THE FASCIST TRAP

REMEMBER THE REICHSTAG FIRE ! WORKERS ! UNITE ! UNITE

The hypothesis of suicide, put forward yesterday by the Prosecutor's Office has virtually collapsed. No one dares argue for it but the Prosecutor.

As we have said, the only plausible explanation is that Prince willfully deceived his family as to the object of his journey to Dijon, in order to create an alibi under cover of which he might confer with those whose methods were to turn out so unexpectedly direct and brutal.

It is too obvious a coincidence that Prince should have forgotten his brief case and come home for it just at the proper time to learn that his mother's illness required his presence at Dijon. Did not the magistrate expect this phone call, and was he not even before leaving Paris, quite satisfied as to the state of his mother's health?

Again, as LE MATIN asks, "Is not the crime too fantastically macabre not to have been stage managed? Are we not faced with a terroristic crime designed to exasperate French public opinion, already so violently over excited; to whip up new outbursts of tumult and disorder?"

At Mantes, an employee of the wholesale dry goods store, Philippe Bros., has been dismissed by order of the proprietor for taking part in a workers demonstration.

It is to be noted that on the eve of this action,

M. Philippe was strutting at a banquet in the company of M. Franklin Bouillon and other Fascists. To sing the INTERNATIONAL while the exploiters are stuffing their bellies yes, that is a big crime in their eyes!



For once, we agree with LE MATIN!

Yes, the macabre stage setting was intentional. Yes it was designed to exasperate French public opinion.

But there is nothing new in such crimes and stage setting. The Reichstag fire, also, was too evidently stage managed to deceive anyone.

Yes, we repeat:

THE MURDER OF JUDGE PRINCE IS INDEED A TERRORISTIC CRIME, A FASCIST CRIME DESIGNED TO STRENGTHEN THE SO CALLED NATIONALIST ORGANIZATIONS.

THE PRINCE AFFAIR IS EVOLVING ACCORDING TO PLAN. EVERYTHING BEARS OUT OUR YESTERDAY'S DIAGNOSIS THAT THIS SPECTACULAR CRIME IS A DELIBERATE FASCIST ATTEMPT TO EXASPERATE PUBLIC OPINION FOR ITS OWN ENDS.

Already we hear thinly veiled calls for action in the street. Already there is talk of terroristic organizations and the hand of Moscow. Already Le Figaro is loudly accusing the Communists.

FASCISM IS PREPARING A NEW ASSAULT UNDER COVER OF POLICE PROVOCATION.

Simultaneously the Prosecutor's office seeks to minimize the importance of Prince's intended revelations on the 19 adjournments of Stavisky's trial. As if there could be any other motives for the crime than self protection by those responsible for these adjournments!

But let us not exaggerate the Law Court's role. To quote that rogue of a Commissioner Pachot, "WE BLAME NO MAGISTRATE. THEY WERE BUT TOOLS FOR MORE EXALTED CROOKS. YOU MUST LOOK FOR THESE AMONG THE MINISTERS OF STATE."

Now to these aforesaid more exalted crooks Prince's murder offered a double advantage:

(1) The removal of an embarrassing witness against the 'National Government.'

(2) An opportunity to exasperate public opinion and bring on a new onslaught of the Fascist Leagues.

IN SHORT, EVERYTHING CONFIRMS OUR HYPOTHESIS. THERE IS NOT A MINUTE TO LOSE. WORKERS, UNITE! UNITE!



French hegemony or not, as a blow to their policies. The extraordinary measures they are taking are eloquent of their concern. Not only is the President of the Republic attending the funeral in Brussels but Doumergue, Herriot, Barthou and Pétain as well. Why this complete staff of ministers? With whom and about what are the chiefs of French imperialism to confer?

It is plain in our governments fear some blow to their dominant position in Belgian affairs. In the first place, they fear a swing to Germany's advantage. Hitler has powerful allies in the country in the shape of Fascist leagues which are seeking to profit by peasant and Flemish unrest.

Furthermore, the internal situation in Belgium where Capitalism faces an acute crisis is enough to make chills and shivers

the "Soldier King" and "Bel heroic sacrifice," while that French strategy like the man took the invasion of Belgium for granted, is being kept very quiet indeed.

Above all, the occasion is seized to stress the close alliance between France and Belgium is one of the pivo French hegemony and it was in war and in peace, who made country the obedient vassal French Bourgeoisie and the eral Staff. Naturally our F imperialists view this abrupt whether contrived by an ene

run up and down the Bourgeois spine. The situation is even more than in 1932 at the of the truly revolutionary strikes by the ers of the Borinage everywhere, the Proles is reaching the most scious and advanced of the class struggle.

Here, then, reasons for the exodus to Brussels the explanation was press blossoms with gies of "Albert the Frantically, our alists are trying shore up their crabbastion to the No: what more obvious could they find t blessed memory "Hero King" with Francophile formu. "One heart, one b With such a legend lished, any cha policy can be in damned as an impl front to the sacro of the "Grest

FRENCH IMPERIALISM MOURNS A VASSAL

Extraordinary Honors Mask Extraordinary Precautions

King Albert I of the Belgians has checked out in circumstances that naturally arouse the suspicions of an age brought up on the murder of President Doumer and the Reichstag fire. But whether a case of check-

ing or being checked, it is certain that our French imperialists are all in a dither about it.

The press reschoes with blares of chauvinistic bombast recalling (See top of next column)



VIENNA LETTER

Here in Vienna, we can now state with certainty that Chancellor Dollfuss, aided by the Heimwehr, has gained stature in these bloody days. The Nazis will find themselves opposed in the future by an even stronger power. Not only were the Socialists no help in the fight against Hitlerism but by their very existence they compromised the prestige of the Dollfuss government. The principal argument of Nazi propaganda in Austria was the powerlessness of the Dollfuss government to deal with the elements of the extreme Left. In fact it may be said that without the real Red menace in Austria, there would have been no Nazi menace either. As it was, all those in this country with a sense of national honor and a disgust for Socialist decadence were inevitably drifting towards Hitler. The decisive action of the Dollfuss government has put an end to this tendency.

Since she has saved herself from Marxism, Austria will save herself from Hitlerism. It was necessary to begin at the beginning. It has been done.

We have heard that Munich had a holiday when it was learned that the Socialist fortresses had been captured and Nazi leaders boasted that Dollfuss was thereby pulling Nazi chestnuts from the fire. This vain illusion will soon vanish. Has Austria so magnificently proved her vitality only to throw herself into the arms of Hitler? Never! Increasingly conscious of her own strength, Austria will be fortified yet more in her will for independence, let the Nazis howl as they will on one side or Socialist sympathizers on the other. In brief, the Dollfuss government has lived up to our expectations.

Vienna Herself Again

Vienna still bears the marks of recent street fighting, but already a spring sunshine is gilding her roccoco cornices and it needs no more than that for Vienna to resume her easy-going air. Doubtless, it will take several weeks for the tranquil gaiety, which disappeared from the faces of her citizens during the fracas, to reassert itself; but already she begins to take up her life anew. Her immense coffee houses are full again and the Vienna continues to be the world's most delightful newspaper readers.

It is not the first time that we have had occasion to remark a parallel between the Austrian character and our own. In the past few weeks, the popular excitement has reached the point where the attendant disorder has become very violent. In both cases also the excitement has passed quickly. A certain order has been speedily put things to rights and the situation is being for the moment settled, as usual again. Do we find this in Germany? Quite the contrary. There, the Nazi revolution which has been without a struggle has condemned the Teutons to an eternal Hell!

Reich Multiplies Airports

A Monstrous Political Crime!

THE MURDER OF M. PRINCE

GOVERNMENT OFFERS 10,000 FRANC REWARD



"The mystery of the Prince murder is still complete."

Evidence will be found below of a carefully prearranged plot but as yet nothing tangible has developed to identify its authors and abettors. We know that M. Prince carried certain incriminating papers and we have a fairly clear notion what parties were interested in the disappearance of those papers, but for all that, "The mystery of the Prince murder is still complete."

Again, we now witness certain parties engaged in a frantic campaign of slander and calumny aiming to prove M. Prince the victim of a sordid love intrigue. Such a campaign at this time is highly significant. It speaks for itself, as we say. Yet for all that, "The mystery of the Prince murder is still complete."

Meanwhile, the preposterous theory of suicide is hourly becoming more ridiculous as is also that of a convict's vengeance. Not since he was prosecutor at Troyes ten years ago had M. Prince had occasion to convict any criminal. Such a solution presupposes a very tenacious rancor and indeed receives but little credence. Enough! Enough! If we allow ourselves to be diverted by such absurdities, the mystery of the Prince murder will indeed remain complete!

A Maffia's Work?

Following up its drive for a quick solution of the Prince murder, the government today offered a 10,000 franc reward for any information leading to the arrest of the guilty parties. Meanwhile rumors to the effect that the Combe aux Fees tragedy was the work of an organized terroristic society received added impetus from a declaration of M. Albert Sarraut. The Minister of the Interior stated that he was among the first to believe in the existence of a sort of Maffia and that he would strain every effort to unmask this organization whoever its members or backers might be.

The partisans of the Maffia theory attribute special importance to the large steel knife wound on the scene of the crime. They point out that, according to the preliminary autopsy, no weapon seems to have been used on the unfortunate Judge; and from this it is deduced that the knife was left as a sort of signature to terrify other possible victims into silence. Inquiries as to the place of sale and manufacture of this apparently new and unusual weapon have as yet yielded no results.

CONFUSED POLITICAL SITUATION IN SPAIN

The political situation in Spain re-



HOLD FAST TO OUR FRIENDS!

Foreign Affairs Minister, M. Louis Barthou, to Visit Brussels, Warsaw, Prague

See Page 7, Column 1

(Continued from Column 3)--place in the first two weeks of January, a gentleman came to my door, towards 6 o'clock in the evening, and began the following conversation:

"How is Mme Prince?" "Mme Prince is very well," I replied. "Oh," he returned, "I understood that she had been ill."

"True," I replied, "Mme Prince did have some sciatica in December but since then she has been very well."

"And who is the doctor that is taking such good care of her?" asked the gentleman. To which I replied that Dr. Eringer came to see her from time to time; whereupon my interlocutor thanked me effusively and took his leave."

A Strange Invitation to Lunch

Equally curious is the encounter reported by Mme Estival, 46 year-old concierge at M. Prince's address in the Rue de Babylone. According to a story told her by Judge Prince himself, that magistrate was accosted near his residence on the 15th of February by a gentleman of about 50, very tall, elegant and distinguished, who asked him if he was indeed Judge Prince. Answered in the affirmative, the unknown expressed pleasure at making the Judge's acquaintance, told him that he had known his father and mother, and that they had many common acquaintances in the magistracy, notably, MM. Pressard, Fontaine and Bruzin.

The unknown, who introduced himself as Samie or Samier, said that he would be happy to pursue M. Prince's acquaintance and proposed a luncheon date in the near future. M. Prince, however, evaded the invitation and, after a few more exchanges, succeeded in shaking off his mysterious interlocutor who had, however, made a sufficiently bizarre impression for him to relate the incident to Mme Estival as well as to certain of his friends. "Take care!" replied one of the latter, M. Caujolle. "Take care! You'll be shanghaied yet!"

Important Development at Dijon

Important evidence was submitted this morning to the Dijon officials by an individual who as yet is designated only by the initials H.V. but whose integrity and good faith, as opposed to that of certain other witnesses, cannot be put in question. (See Page 2, Column 1)

M. Pressard Disowns Suicide Story

On second thoughts, M. Pressard now

ON THE RADIO

M. Doumergue

THIS SATURDAY
AT 8:30 P.M.

M. Doumergue will deliver over the radio this coming Saturday at 8:30 P. M. the first of a series of informal discussions of national affairs which the Premier plans to hold with his fellow citizens from time to time.



T
mod
Naz
chi
per
lit
cou
war
Ber
ana
Sov
pen
Can
les
E
Lon
son
the
con
Hit
onl
war
civ
Fal
arm
Roo
som
bla
bro
red
Naz
Goe
war
and
all
V
the
say
Hit
pes
was
bri
Naz
and
Cez
wal
men
sor
ori
war
Pol
let
rep
mil
deb
Hit
Goe
the
Fas
lie
and
com
A
gra
rio
dis
Naz
inc
bru
Sov
kee
ine
som
the
war
Hit
civ
rel
G
men



(Continued from Page 1, Column 4)

"On the 20th of February," says the witness, "at about 7 or 7:15 in the evening, I was driving along the Route Nationale between Plombieres and Dijon when, noticing that I was almost out of gas, I stopped and walked over to a car parked on the other side of the road to ask the location of the nearest filling station.

"Our cars were parked about 30 meters apart to either side of a narrow underpass which I now know to be that of the Combe aux Fées. I revisited the spot this morning and there is no doubt but that it is the same.

"I approached the car from its left side and passed around in front. Only the parking lights were on and I perceived that there was no one inside. The right door was open. It was, I believe, a four-seated Hotchkiss and dark in color.

"I returned along the side of the road towards my own car and as I came opposite the underpass, I saw a dark figure turn out of it and approach the car I had just left, whereupon I retraced my steps and asked the individual for the nearest gas station.

"A gruff voice replied that it was not familiar with the region.

"At the same moment, a car passed by coming from Dijon, and in the glare of its headlights, I distinctly saw the man opposite me, as well as the license plate on the left side, I think, of his car. I am practically certain of an H., an F. and a 7 and it seems to me there were several 2's.

"And then, almost immediately, I heard a second person say, 'What does he want?' and then call to yet a third party, 'Come along, Pierre, we don't want to stay here all night!'

"I hardly saw the two other persons, one of whom was between the car and the ditch and the other seemingly a slight way up the embankment.

"The three men climbed rapidly into their car and drove away with all lights out. It was only at a considerable distance that the headlights were turned on."

Asked if he thought the two other men had descended from the railway embankment, the witness replied in the affirmative. In no other way could he account for their sudden appearance at the side of the car.

Mystery Knife Traced To Cutlery At Thiers

The large steel hunting knife, which was so prominently displayed on the scene of the Prince murder, has been traced by Inspector Malet to the important cutlery works of Tarry-Levinne at Thiers. The pro-

VICTIM ANESTHETIZED!

Histological Examination Contradicts Chemical Test

There is a seeming contradiction between the two medical reports submitted yesterday as part of the autopsy on the remains of the unfortunate Judge Prince. While Dr. Kohn Albrest's simple chemical analysis of the stomach and other organs has failed to indicate any trace of poison drug or anesthetic, the more significant histological examination of Dr. Kuhn has revealed the presence of lesions in the lungs, liver and kidneys which could have been caused only by the administration of some toxic substance probably about two hours before death, considering the extent of the lesions.

New Autopsy Ordered. (See Page 9)

Implacable Logic

No section of the Paris press has been backwards in its denunciation of the barbarous Prince murder but surely the article by M. Henri de Kerillis in yesterday's L'ECHO DE PARIS must take first rank for fearless and straightforward logic. M. de Kerillis records the following links which must have occurred to all:

"Prince was killed because he had for several days been known to possess two gravely incriminating letters of M. Pressard, letters which he kept constantly by him and which he intended to show to all his friends at the Courts as justification of his role in the Stuvisky affair.

"Therefore his assassination serves and saves one man: Pressard.

"And Pressard is brother-in-law of former premier Chautemps, now president of the Radical Socialist Party.

"And when Chautemps was premier, he refused to remove Pressard.

"And not only that but he did everything possible to prevent the setting up of a commission of inquiry, while he directed the search in such a slipshod way that precious time was lost during which important evidence was hidden or mislaid.

"And when this terrible assassination took place, Chautemps was the first to spread and defend the fantastic explanation of suicide."

Léscouvé Report In To-day

The eagerly awaited report of Léscouvé, President of the Court of Cassation, on the responsibility

ATTENTION !

JOURNAL sets two world famous sleuths on hot trail of Prince murderers. Special exclusive articles start next Wednesday.

The JOURNAL takes pride in announcing that it has secured the services of two of England's most celebrated detectives, Sir Henry Scripps and Mr. Archibald LaFarge, who will aid it in a serious and intensive investigation of the assassination of Judge Prince. In undertaking this collaboration with the eminent representatives of Scotland Yard, the JOURNAL feels that it is accomplishing more than a piece of sensational reporting. The JOURNAL believes, indeed, that it is thereby performing a high public service and invites all those who have the interests of France at heart to join in this effort to solve a mystery whose continuance threatens the very basis of our national life. The investigation is already begun. New and significant clues are converging at this moment. Special exclusive articles will report day to day progress beginning next week. Read the JOURNAL and learn the truth, startling, shameful, but vital for the nation to face at this time.

A STARTLING DISCOVERY

Lescouvé Report Bares Causes Behind Deadly Prince-Pressard Feud

warning received by the Prosecutor's Office. It had already in 1929 been summoned by the Minister of Justice to make a discreet inquiry into the constitution of the recently organized P.W.R.C. and to report on the reliability of its publicity.

Such an inquiry was, it seems, actually made by M. Prince, then head of the Financial Department and, in October 1929, the Prosecutor submitted his subordinate's conclusions to the Attorney General.

The P.W.R.C. might, it was stated, have violated certain clauses of the law of December 19th 1907 but its organization was neither illegal nor in infraction of the law of March 14th 1867, punishing false statements made to attract investors, was to be found in an advertisement of its securities.

Such were the conclusions drawn by the Prosecutor's Office from the information available to it in 1929.)

Paris, February 27, 1934.

The First President of the Court of Cassation, Senior Judge Bourgeon, Judge le Marc Hardour, to the Minister of Justice:

In a report of January 27th, 1934, we had the honor of submitting to your ministry the results of our investigation into the repeatedly deferred judgement of two Stavisky cases brought up before the Tribunal of the Seine. In your return dispatch of February 19th, after calling our attention to the but recently revealed existence of two police reports dating from 1930 which, even at that remote time, warned the Prosecutor's Office of the dangerous activities of Stavisky, you were pleased to ask us to undertake a new inquiry into the reasons why the Prosecutor's Office failed to take any action on the aforesaid reports.

A tragic event has deprived our inquiry of a key witness. Judge Prince, who in 1930 was head of the Financial Department of the Prosecutor's Office, has been struck down on the eve of the very day on which he was to have appeared before us. The statement of this highly honorable magistrate would, we have no doubt, have shed a full light on the matters under our investigation.

I

On the 18th and 22nd of March, 1930, the judicial police services drew up two reports in almost identical terms, the second bearing the signature of Inspector Gripois. In which it was stated that the attention of its agents had recently been called to one Stavisky, an individual of more than doubtful past, who had become the under cover organizer of two corporations, the Public Works Realty Co. and the Farm & Factory Machine Co., each of which was about to issue large blocks of securities.

In commenting on the boards directing these enterprises, the financial press had already noted the surprising association of certain distinguished names with that of Stavisky. The P.W.R.C.'s board was headed by M. Hudelo, former prefect of police, and numbered among its members M. Monod, a former minister of state, while the F.F.M.C. had for its chief executive M. Wurtz, President of the Honorary Members of the Council of State.

Founded on the 18th of April, 1929, with a capital of 2,500,000 francs, the P.W.R.C. had, in the following November, expanded this capital to 10,000,000 francs by the issue of 15,000 500 franc shares, all subscribed for by one de Cazenave who, though appearing to have no other resources than his income as expert accountant, estimated at 30,000 francs a month, kept for his own account 19,840 shares of the 20,000 forming the total capital of the company. In reality, de Cazenave would seem to have been only a screen for Stavisky who, masked by the alias of M. Alexander, one of his Christian names, and posing as an expert advisor, directed the whole company.

The police reports emphasized that the P.W.R.C. was at that very moment on the point of issuing 100 millions of securities on conditions of retirement and repayment which lacked the (See Column 3)

proper guarantees. For its part, the F.F.M.C. was advertising an early issue of securities whose sale seemed designed to bolster the coffers of the P.W.R.C..

The report concluded with a detailed account of Stavisky, who was painted as an adventurer without profession and the object of many complaints and several sentences.

The Gripois report of March 22nd was accompanied by a special note by M. Pachot. The Divisional Commissaire could not, said



M. PRINCE

he, transmit the report of his subordinate without adding some data on Stavisky who, though under indictment for two acts of fraud and enjoying only provisional freedom after a year of preventive arrest, had resumed his dubious commercial and financial operations.

Here, clearly, was an urgent call to verify whether de Cazenave, subscriber to almost all the securities of the P.W.R.C., was not simply a screen for Stavisky and the other undesirables under his thumb. M. Pachot declared himself ready for investigations at the Bourse and the banks as soon as the Prosecutor's Office should give him the word.

There was certainly in the reports just analyzed material of such a nature as to demand the entire attention of the Prosecutor's Office. Did any action follow? And of what nature? That is what we must now discover.

II

(In this section, M. Lescouvé's commission goes on to point out that the Gripois reports were not the first (See Column 4)

The Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry into the Stavisky Affair released today the full text of the reports drawn up by the special commission of magistrates headed by M. Lescouvé, President of the Court of Cassation.

As we announced yesterday, this report, which constitutes a grave indictment of M. Pressard, takes into account certain declarations which M. Prince made to M. Lescouvé just before his tragic death and which he was to have submitted in writing along with photographs of 2 letters which the Prosecutor had written in 1930-31 asking M. Prince to keep him informed of Stavisky's affairs and to do nothing without consulting him.

We reproduce here below the more important passages of these two reports beginning with the second and by all odds the most important. (See Column 2)

III

...."In its report of October 21st 1929," continues M. Lescouvé, "the Prosecutor's Office had expressed the desire not to let a public investigation jeopardize the interests of a budding enterprise whose constitution seemed regular. Now, however, it is warned that this said company, whose capital has been largely subscribed by an insolvent accountant, is in fact dominated by a dangerous criminal, further masked by a showy executive board on which some honorable but abused personalities have been induced to sit. The impending enormous issue of securities is emphasized and, on two occasions, the Prosecutor's Office is advised that there are grounds for investigating whether, as the presence of Stavisky might lead one to fear, the P.W.R.C. is not another of those enterprises whose sole object is to swindle the investing public. Having thus warned the Prosecutor's Office, the judicial police awaits its instructions. And the Parquet gives none. Why this inaction? Who is responsible? This is the essential object of our investigation, and it is that regarding which we have now been deprived of the vital testimony which would without a doubt have enlightened us.

Testifying before us, Prosecutor Pressard declared that following the receipt of the Pachot-Gripois reports, he received a visit from M. Prince who reported to him in substance thus:

"M. Pachot has brought me some reports which have taught me nothing new. They brand Stavisky and his crew as adventurers and swindlers. I knew that already. But you can't hale a man into court only because he is an adventurer. I am convinced by my previous investigations that in this case there has been no infraction of the law of 1867. The capital has been put up. There have been neither fictitious subscriptions nor false statements."

"Furthermore," added M. Pressard, "these were the conclusions of the report which M. Prince had drawn up in 1929 and on which I relied without sending for the two additional reports."

In support of his declaration, Prosecutor Pressard adduces a document which seems to bring him decisive confirmation. Prior to questioning by the Minister of Justice, M. Penancier, (See Page 3, Col 1



(Continued from Page 2) on the subject of the Gripois reports, M. Pressard had asked M. Prince to draw up a memorandum, which the latter did in the Prosecutor's office itself, and read to his former chief in the presence of M. Fontaine of the Financial Section. This note which was submitted to M. Penancier on February 1st, 1934, explained how it had been decided not to follow up the Pachot-Gripois reports on the P.W.R.C. in view of the fact that M. Prince's recent investigation had revealed no criminal delinquency in the organization of that particular company.

In this way, M. Prince would seem to have admitted himself that the Gripois reports had not impressed him because his own inquiry of 1929 had already satisfied him on the points in question. We should also call attention to a statement of M. Fontaine citing a declaration of M. Prince made in his presence to the effect that he had informed his chief of the Gripois reports without, however, sending them up for inspection.

But beside this evidence, we must place other testimony which furnishes an entirely different version of the facts.

Let us first consider Judge Cawes' report of a conversation with his friend M. Prince on Friday, February 15th, a talk which took up the thread of earlier conversations in which M. Prince had expressed a desire to make certain declarations on the Stavisky affair to M. Lescouve. On this occasion, M. Prince said in substance: "I have had the good luck to unearth two or three documents which will prove my good faith, notably a letter from M. Pressard my chief at that time, asking me to hand over the Pachot-Gripois reports. I acted in accord with his request and 12 or 13 months later, upon my asking what had become of the papers, he took them from a drawer and handed them to me."

Still more precise is the statement of M. Bruzin, the present head of the Financial Department.

This magistrate tells us that, on the 15th of last February, M. Prince confided to him that he had had a twinge of conscience. When questioned with M. Pressard by M. Penancier, he had forgotten to tell the Minister of Justice that, when the Pachot-Gripois reports arrived, he had taken them to M. Pressard who had said, "Leave those with me. I want to show them to someone." "I then," added M. Prince, "lost track of these documents which I am sure were not returned to me until much later when, going over his personal dossier on the P.W.R.C. with the Prosecutor, we came upon the reports. I had the impression that M. Pressard had forgotten to return them to me while I had forgotten to ask for them."

Let us cite, in addition, a note submitted to us by M. Caujolle of the Tribunal of the Seine. On February 14th, according to this note, M. Caujolle met M. Prince who told him of a serious dispute with the Prosecutor over some police reports which had been received in 1930. M. Caujolle advised his friend to lay the matter before M. Lescouve and, when he met M. Prince a day or so later, he found his anxiety gone. He had indeed been to see M. Lescouve and in the interval had also discovered two

letters of the Prosecutor dating from 1931-32, asking him to keep him informed of the Stavisky affair and to do nothing without consulting him. It was arranged between them to have the letters photographed by M. Sannic, head of the Judicial Identity Service.

The latter part of M. Caujolle's note is confirmed by M. Sannic but M. Prince met his end without having had time to deliver the letters which have not been recovered and which M. Prince's son believes to have been among the papers contained



M. PRESSARD

in the brief case which the unfortunate magistrate took with him to Dijon and which was found empty on the scene of the crime.

What are we to conclude from these facts which tend to show that M. Pressard, contrary to his statements and to those of the note which he solicited from his subordinate, did indeed receive the Gripois reports and kept them over a long period of time without following them up in any way.

That would be a grave charge to bring against the Prosecutor, who would thereby seem to have favored Stavisky by willful inaction.

In this connection, we must note the statement of M. Glard, also a judge at the Courts, who reports M. Prince's disgust "at the false position taken by M. Pressard," as well as several previous expressions of joy at his appointment to the Courts and consequent deliverance from his duties in the Financial Department "where he had been sickened by the meddling of parliamentary lawyers and the decisions taken to accommodate them."

No less noteworthy is a statement by

M. Pachot to the effect that he and his collaborators had the impression they annoyed everyone whenever they had occasion to mention Stavisky.

Finally, we cannot omit to underline the peculiar gravity of the step spontaneously taken by M. Prince when he visited M. Lescouve on the evening of February 15th. On that day, M. Prince came to the latter's office in a state of great excitement to "unburden his conscience" as he said. Very much impressed by the current hue and cry over the Gripois reports, he wished to state that, when he had first received those reports, he had taken them to his chief and pointed out their importance. M. Pressard had then asked him to leave the reports with him that he might show them to someone, without specifying to whom, however...and had returned them only after months had gone by. M. Prince added that he had notes at home which would enable him to draw up a precise statement, a statement which he was to have submitted at the end of the week but on which, in a note of Feb. 14th, he asked for a short delay as he had been unable to consult the dossier of the P.W.R.C. as yet.

This note crossed our summons to appear before the Commission on Feb. 21st. On February 20th, he met his death at Dijon without having been able to make the report he had planned.

How are we to reconcile the statements made by the former head of the Financial Section with the note submitted to the Minister of Justice, in which he appears clearly to state that it had been decided to take no action on the Pachot-Gripois reports because his previous investigation had revealed no irregularities in the organization of the company in question?

Should we conclude that M. Prince wrote the note for M. Penancier out of the kindness of his heart and that the emotion subsequently shown by the Judge sprang from the knowledge that his note did not correspond entirely to the truth?

Thus, perhaps, may be explained the contradiction between the written statement of M. Prince and the remarks later made to friends and further confirmed by a formal declaration to M. Lescouve.

However this may be, it remains that, when in 1930 the attention of the Prosecutor's Office was urgently called by the judicial police to the necessity for watching any company directed by Stavisky, the Prosecutor of the Republic held that a summary investigation of 1929 relieved him from the responsibility of any new inquiry. This is enough we think for his attitude to be severely criticized. In our report of Jan. 27th, it was pointed out that M. Pressard had been at fault in not overseeing the prompt dispatch of the Stavisky cases so long pending before the 13th Chamber and in failing to give his juniors instructions to block any further attempts at adjournment. We made this criticism with the moderation which seemed called for by the crushing load of work carried by the Prosecutor and the fact that the Cousin report of 1931 had been followed by a prompt investigation.

Today, it must be recognized that the facts call for a different interpretation. We now know that the Prosecutor of the Republic was, in March 1930, apprised of the

MYSTERY KNIFE IS TRACED TO PARIS STORE

The large hunting knife so conspicuously placed near the mangled body of Judge Prince, has at length been traced to the cutlery counter of the Hazer de l'Hotel de Ville at Paris. M. Albert Audinet, 35 years old clerk, readily identified the knife found at the Combe aux Fees as one sold by him just before noon on February 17th:

"I recognize the knife perfectly," M. Audinet told detectives this morning. "It belonged to a lot of six bought in 1931 from the Tarry Leveigne Company of Thiers. I had not sold any for 3 years, doubtless because of the high price (58 francs)."

M. Audinet was unable to give a precise description of his customer. He pointed out that the latter had arrived during the noon hour when his fellow clerks were at lunch and he himself especially rushed, in consequence. As far as M. Audinet can recall, the man was perhaps of slightly more than medium height, slender and well dressed, his hands carefully kept and his deep voice devoid of any trace of accent. M. Audinet seems also to remember a dark and apparently tailor-made overcoat.

Mme Prince Is Heard Again

Continuing the inquiries delegated to him by the Dijon authorities, M. Lapeyre went yesterday to visit Mme Prince in her apartment at number 6 Rue de Babylonne. It was the third questioning in two weeks but the unhappy widow told her story bravely as follows:

On the 20th of February, at about 11 A.M. and shortly after the departure of my husband, I heard the telephone ring. As I had already taken several calls, I asked my Mother to see who it was. "It's from Dijon," she said and, as I hurriedly took over the receiver, I heard an unknown voice ask, "Is M. Prince there?"

"No," I replied. "He has just left for the Courts. Please call later."

"Is this Mme Prince talking?" the voice continued. "I am Dr. Hellinger. I am phoning to inform you that your mother-in-law is very sick of an intestinal obstruction and was taken to a clinic this morning. Could your husband come by the noon train?"

"I don't know," I replied. "My husband is at the Courts. I don't know if I can get word to him in time or if he can get a substitute."

"It is imperative he come at once," the unknown rejoined. "We must decide on an operation for tomorrow morning. A car will wait for him at the station to conduct him to the clinic."

"I will come with him," I said but we told that it would frighten my mother-in-law unnecessarily.

"But where are you phoning from?" asked. "From Dijon," came the reply, adding that the number was 147.

I thanked my interlocutor for calling and was still meditating on the best way to get in touch with my husband when he suddenly appeared. He had forgotten to

SAW PURCHASER OF MYSTERY KNIFE!

New Testimony Yields Important Clues

The investigation of the Prince murder leaped forward yesterday with the identification of the mysterious hunting knife found at the Combe aux Fees as one sold over the cutlery counter of the Bazar de l'Hotel de Ville on February 17th. Valuable corroboration as well as precious details which M. Audinet, the salesman, was unable to supply, have now been furnished by M. Victor Lambert, 38 year old accountant who, as he told officials to-day, was standing near the cutlery counter when the apparently symbolic weapon was bought. Indeed, M. Lambert's testimony now makes it possible to fix the exact hour of that fateful transaction.

M. Lambert declares that as he was leaving the Bazar at 11:50 on the 17th of February, his path took him by the cutlery counter where he was roughly shoved aside by a customer who a moment later let the exit door slam full in his face. So offensive, indeed, was the individual's behaviour that, on coming out into the street, M. Lambert's attention instinctively followed the man's progress along the crowded sidewalk.

The unknown, according to this witness, moved hurriedly up to a car parked nearby in which was seated a driver wearing a Basque beret.

"So, we are all set! Pass me the package," M. Lambert heard the latter exclaim and then, as the other handed over a long thin parcel, the witness was especially struck by the question "Did you think to change the license plates?"

The reply was inaudible but a moment later, M. Lambert caught the two words doctor and pharmacist and finally, as the car drove away, a direction to pass by Fontainebleau.

M. Lambert is able positively to fix the time of this incident at 11:50 as he had just looked at his watch to see if there was time to telephone his brother at Argenteuil.

The unknown, according to M. Lambert, was stocky, middle aged and dressed in a fawn colored overcoat. The man at the wheel appeared to be a Mediterranean type.

Church of St. Nicaise Burns at Rouen

The 15th century church of St. Nicaise, one of the most beautiful in Rouen, was gutted last night in a violent conflagration which destroyed the roofs and belfry, the windows and most notably the famous organ dating from the time of construction. The blaze, which was first discovered at 3 AM, is believed to have resulted from a short circuit.

Although not as famous as the cathedral, St. Maclou or the incomparable abbey of St. Ouen, St. Nicaise occupied a high place among the treasures of the "Museum City" both

SUICIDE THEORY SMASHED

Final Autopsy Points Conclusively to Foul Play

The commission of Paris doctors, charged with performing a supplementary autopsy on the body of M. Prince, to-day handed in the full text of their report to M. Lepayre, chief of the examining magistrates.

This report is conclusive. It is a crushing and irrefutable answer to those who have been so industriously elaborating a preposterous hypothesis of suicide. Let the reader note the following more important points.

(1) The death of Judge Prince resulted from the crushing action of a railroad locomotive.

(2) The histological examination proves that the victim was forced to inhale an asphyxiant at least 2 hours before death.

(3) The ecchymoses, appearing on the face and especially around the mouth, antedate the moment of death and are the result of pressure exerted on those regions.

(4) The victim was alive when run over but that he was unconscious is attested by the fact that the cord binding his ankle to the rail did not mark the skin. The judge cannot have struggled after his legs were tied down.

(5) The sum total of these observations substantially rules out any possibility of suicide.

Finally, in a discussion which precedes the summing up of this report, it is recalled that the victim's shoes were found near the body, one inside the track leading to Paris and the other in that leading to Dijon. After establishing this point, the report reveals that an examination of the shoes shows that they were roughly torn from the feet as the body of the unconscious judge was dragged face downward up on to the embankment.

Death of Sir Ed. Elgar

England has lost her foremost com-



**A NAZI ULTIMATUM****Inspector Harbicht Gives Austrian Government One Month to Meet Demands**

The Third Reich has not waited for Austria to bury her dead before intruding again into the domestic affairs of its little neighbor. M. Harbicht, who directs Hitler's propaganda in Austria, has just delivered an address which contains nothing more nor less than an ultimatum to Chancellor Dollfuss. The Nazi agitator declares that his men will abstain from all activity against the Austrian government from February 20th to February 28th, but that after this truce the fight will be resumed unless the Chancellor's behaviour has been judged satisfactory.

How are we to interpret these terms so much more military than diplomatic in tone? Is Germany planning to launch a direct attack against Austria at the end of the month? It seems hardly likely. More probably the Nazis intend to resume that underground warfare of propaganda and sporadic outrages in which long practice has made them perfect.

The time for talking is past. The joint declaration of France, Italy and Great Britain seems to have made no impression on Hitler. He is doubtless counting on the endless dissensions which divide the former allies. He knows also that Italy differs from the little Entente in her ideas about the reorganization of Central Europe.

Every fault must be answered for. Many are the blunders with which the Powers may reproach themselves in their handling of the Austrian problem. But a little while ago the independence of Austria might have been assured by diplomatic means. Now it may well have to be defended by force of arms and in the near future, too.

Chancellor Dollfuss to Resist

(Vienna, Feb. 20) In a speech before the Heimwehr today, Chancellor Dollfuss spoke as follows:

"Today, as yesterday, we shall fight for the independence of Austria up to the last ditch. Let those take notice who, in the past, have been unable or unwilling to understand this. The independence of Austria is not only an Austrian question. It is not only a Central European question. It is a question for Europe as a whole.

A STRANGE AIR FLIGHT**Britain Worried by Rumor of German Expedition to Africa**

English aeronautical circles are showing considerable concern over a report from Berlin that Chancellor Hitler has authorized the flight of an air armada to Ger-

The Premier's Radio Address

MY DEAR FELLOW CITIZENS: I propose from time to time to have these chats with you. Today, I want first to explain to you why I came out of the retirement in which I had been living for three years and why I accepted the heavy responsibilities of power. It was neither from ambition

nor self interest, you can take my word for it. After having served France and the Republic as well as I could for forty years, I aspired only to repose. If I have renounced that repose, it is because the President and our party leaders called to me saying that civil war was about to break out, that there had been fighting in Paris, that there had been deaths on the 6th of February and that there would be many more if I did not take the reins. Civil war, that horrible thing so likely to bring in its train the still more horrible calamity of foreign invasion,—that, they said, was the alternative. So I came in all haste to Paris. I accepted the premiership and, as rapidly as possible, I formed a ministry truly representative of every party.

This sincere union, which reveals a general desire to forget party rivalries for the time being, will greatly facilitate my task and make the necessary work of reconstruction at once more rapid and more durable.

FIRST, WE MUST PUNISH THE IMPUDENT CRIMINALS.

The Government's task is vast and arduous. It must calm over excited passions by promptly hunting down and severely punishing those guilty parties whose impudence and impunity have justly exasperated the mass of our people which is honest and sound. The work of justice and moral housecleaning is in progress. It will continue without fear or favor. The atmosphere must be well purified if the Government is to accomplish all there is to be done and there is a great deal to do. Time, therefore, is necessary. There was no longer much order or authority in the house. We must, therefore, reestablish them as soon as possible if we are to save our parliamentary regime.

To put ourselves on a sound basis again, we must reform the laws which govern this regime.

WE MUST RETURN TO DISCIPLINES TOO LONG FORGOTTEN AND AT THE SAME TIME WE MUST ADOPT NEW DISCIPLINES.

But first of all and without loss of time, we have an urgent task to perform. I was able to expedite the voting of the



IT IS ESSENTIAL THAT THE FINANCIAL POSITION OF FRANCE SHOULD INSPIRE CONFIDENCE BOTH AT HOME AND ABROAD.

THE VALUE OF THE FRANC MUST RUN NO RISK OF BEING IMPAIRED. IT HAS BEEN REDUCED ENOUGH.

THE FRANC MUST REMAIN IMPREGNABLE AT 4 SOUS IF WE ARE TO PRESERVE THE NATION'S THRIFT WHICH IS INFINITELY PRECIOUS, HOWEVER SOME MAY LAUGH AT IT.

We are workers and savers and we intend to remain so. It is better than being a nation of speculators and loafers.

How are we to balance the budget? In the budget of a state, as in the budget of a home, the rule is a simple one. Expenses must never exceed receipts. So we must ask ourselves, "Can we increase government receipts?" To do so we would have to increase existing taxes and impose new ones. Such a course, in this economic crisis, is impossible. In other words, we cannot increase government receipts at this time.

We are, therefore, forced to the conclusion that there is but one way to balance the budget and obtain financial stability. It is the method which nearly every Frenchman is employing today. Everywhere, Frenchmen are restricting their style of living. The state must do the same.

The Prince Murder

Under the heading, "Pressing Questions," M. Leon Blum published in the POPULAIRE this morning an insidious article confusing various aspects of the Prince affair. "The Prince mystery," observed M. Blum "is not cleared up but it is said that the clues are converging. Let us hope they

converge sufficiently to reach the point. Amen to that, M. Blum! However, the Socialist leader then goes on to echo some odd rumors to the effect that the salesman at the Bazar de l'Hotel de Ville has identified M. Prince from a photograph as the man who bought the knife (See Page 2)

The Secret of Roosevelt's Popularity

See Our Special Article on Page 7.

(Continued from Column 3)

It is not to the peasant whose harvests are unmarketable or spoiled by the bad weather, or to the manufacturer or business man who has no orders, or to the unemployed worker or another whose wages have been reduced in the stress of the economic depression -- to none of these can the state turn for help in balancing the figures of its expenses and receipts.

Even when it has done away with abuses and double employments, when it has closed down some departments and reduced the far too numerous staff of others, the state will have to proceed to further curtailments of expenditure in imitation of other countries facing a deficit. The preservation of our financial stability, the protection of our currency, make such curtailment an inevitable necessity. To hesitate to make it, I have already said and I will repeat, would bring our country to ruin. You may believe me when I say it, my dear fellow citizens. Everything which I am telling you is dictated by my passionate love for our country and my attachment to the regime of liberty which is here.... No other sentiment, no other interest inspires my words.

If, without hesitation, I have renounced the repose of old age, it is only in the hope that what experience I have acquired during forty years of service to my country and what strength I have left, may, with your support and your confidence, help France to come gloriously through the serious and complex crisis which now confronts her.

The miracle, which I cannot work alone, we, my dear friends, can realize together if you will all get shoulder to shoulder, forget your party strife and unite without any reservations. Yes indeed we shall triumph if you will all march elbow to elbow, as did our soldiers in the Battle of the Marne at the beginning of the Great War.

The Victory of the Marne in the month of September 1916 was the great military turning point, the impressive and decisive prelude to final victory. We have another and no less vital turning point to make today. Another Victory of the Marne to win is magnificently reestablishing our financial position and confronting the other difficulties which beset us. United we shall succeed. Let the world which is watching us at this hour once more have occasion to note that France has saved herself!

Reich Moves to Hide Scale of Rearmament
Death for Talebearers



The Stavisky Inquiry

Devastating Testimony

Today's session of the Parliamentary Commission was given over entirely to the testimony of M. Caujolle, the intimate friend of M. Prince and perhaps his principal confidant during his last days. M. Caujolle's statement to the Commission is of exceptional interest and we present it herewith almost verbatim.

Monsieur President and gentlemen of the Commission: M. Prince was my friend. When I learned the news of his death on February 21st, I was overwhelmed, the more so that in the light of certain facts which M. Prince had confided in me, I felt myself to be the custodian of a kind of secret regarding the contents of the two letters which I have already discussed with M. Lescouvé.

Gentlemen, I never heard M. Prince speak of the early stages of the Stavisky affair. I first heard of it in the papers towards the end of December. Then on Monday, the 8th of January, (the date is noted in my engagement book), I was invited by M. Prince to dine at his house in company with a mutual friend, M. Guerithault.

I arrived late. What happened when M. Prince came home, M. Guerithault alone can say, but I can witness that I found M. Prince much excited and that the first thing he said to me was, "You know who's to blame for this Stavisky business? I am! Yes, I!"

"Why, what do you mean?" I asked. "Listen! To-day they order me up to the Chief's office, where I find the Attorney General and M. Pressard. They fire questions at me point blank. Pressard demands to know why I failed to call his attention to some police report back in 1930. They cross question me as though I were a criminal. But what grieved me most, what I won't swallow is that Pressard had the nerve to say to me, 'My dear friend, you don't seem to have any reflexes.'"

Seeing M. Prince so upset, I said to him, "Everything will come out all right. You think it over. Go and tell M. Pressard or M. Dreyfus what you can remember when you have slept on it." After that, M. Prince calmed down and the meal ended quietly.

Some days later, on meeting me at the courts, M. Prince said, "I'm sitting pretty. I told Pressard that though I might not have any reflexes, a little reflection suggested plenty of evidence to justify me."

That is all. On the 2nd of February, I met M. Prince at the Cafe de Flore. I found a man very different from the one I had known up till then.

"What do you think?" he said. "I've had an interview with M. Daladier." (See Col 2

I got the impression that he was not a little flattered to have been received by the Premier.

"M. Daladier made a very good impression on me," continued M. Prince. "He asked me for certain information. I told him I could not speak without instructions from my superiors."

"Yes, and I've also been to see M. Penancier," he added after a moment, and it was plain to see that he was delighted to tell me of these visits to the Premier and the Minister of Justice. He felt the importance of his role as Judge, as a man playing a leading part and speaking with the government directly.

"M. Pressard seemed all in at M. Penancier's," went on M. Prince. "I actually felt sorry for him. Every one was turning their back on him. I sat down to smoke with M. Lecourt and we compared notes on Pressard."

What then was M. Prince's state of mind at the beginning of February? He was quite himself again. He had the calm of a man who had done his duty, who was glad of it, and who to a certain extent had taken M. Pressard under his protection.

My next meeting with M. Prince occurred just after the riots of the 6th of February. We were both in a hurry and I remember only his saying that he was fed up.

Then I had a visit from him on the 14th. He was extremely agitated.

"This Stavisky business is serious," he said. "There's going to be a parliamentary investigation. I shall certainly be called to testify. It's going to be tough. Already Pressard and I are at logger-heads over two police reports." (That was the first I heard of these reports). "There is the 1930 report and the 1931. I shall appear before the Commission. I shan't be at all in agreement with the Prosecutor, not at all! He claims that I never sent him the 1930 report. But I did! As that will be an important point at the hearings, I shall be obliged to explain. I shall tell all. I am a Judge and when I swear to tell the truth, I tell it all. I shall convince the Commission that I am telling the truth and that M. Pressard is not."

"How?" I asked.

"First," said he, "if in spite of what the Prosecutor says, I can show that I did my duty in 1931, I don't see why I should not have done it in 1930. And second, when I testify under oath, I tell the truth, while Pressard habitually lies. He lied in the Oustric affair and I have proof of it. If anyone is to be believed, it is I. I tell the truth. Pressard doesn't."

When M. Prince told me that he would clash with the Prosecutor before the Commission, I was, I must confess, a little agitated. He seemed at the moment so thrilled with his new role of the judge who was going to create a sensation by telling all. Indeed, he seemed almost drunk with the prospect of combat.

"But M. Prince," I cautioned him, "You can't talk like that before the Commission. You haven't the right. At least not before consulting your superiors. If you are in disagreement with the Prosecutor, it seems to me you should try and find an arbitrator. It is M. Lescouvé, the highest magistrate of France, who is best suited to play that role." (See Column 3)

All of a sudden, M. Prince calmed down. We talked of other matters. I accompanied him home and we agreed to meet on the evening of the 16th, the Friday which preceded his death.

"Well," I asked, as we sat once more at the Cafe de Flore, "Have you seen M. Lescouvé?"

"You," he returned with evident satisfaction, "I have seen him and I'm to see him again. But just imagine," he added, "I have in the meantime made some researches and unearthed two letters of



M. PRINCE

Pressard's which prove conclusively that I did my duty."

"Conclusively," I asked.

"Yes, quite adequately. In these letters, M. Pressard writes, 'I am giving the gist of what M. Prince said.' 'As regarding the ———' (Here he used a word I can't recall but which had to do with one of Stavisky's companies). 'Do nothing without consulting me. I am handling the matter myself.'"

"And did you show the letters to M. Lescouvé?" I asked.

"I haven't showed them yet," he replied "because I have to find out why these instructions are in writing. Was I on vacation or was Pressard? I have asked to see the official dossier so as to make sure of my dates, but I was told, '(Excuse the expression) 'that that swine of a Pressard had it out.'"

(I am quoting exactly, gentlemen, in order that you may live over again these moments with me.)

"But they promised to telephone me as soon as the records were back," continued M. Prince. Then I shall learn exactly why Pressard communicated with me by writing. Since there is time, I want to have these

letters photographed. Documents have a way of getting lost and these are my only justification. The letter of 1931 isn't so important because it is easy to show that the Financial Department did its duty at that time. On the other hand, the letter of 1930 is important, because I have nothing else to bear me out for that time. Now that I have it, I can wash my hands of the affair. Pressard can shift for himself. I, at least, did my duty."

"I want to have the documents photographed but I don't want to take them to a commercial house. You are a friend of Sannie's. Would you ask him to do the photographing for me and let me take away the plates? Tell him, so that I won't appear mistrustful, that my wife understands developing and that they are personal papers."

"Certainly," I agreed, "I will telephone Sannie as soon as I get back."

It was not, however, until Sunday noon that I was able to telephone M. Prince that I had done his errand, and that M. Sannie would be glad to photograph the documents at any time."

"Fine!" M. Prince's voice came back over the phone. "I shall be one of those days. Well, when do we meet? To-morrow? No? Tuesday? All right, Tuesday, February 20th at 6 o'clock."

That was the last conversation I had with M. Prince.

On Tuesday, the 20th, at 2 o'clock, I happened to meet M. Summien, a mutual friend. We talked about M. Prince."

"You know," said M. Summien, "Prince is talking entirely too much around the Courts. A lot of people like him, but some don't. He's making a mistake to talk like that."

On Tuesday, the 20th, I went to our appointed rendez-vous in the Cafe de Flore at 6:15. I waited there until 7. M. Prince was exactitude itself. Never had I had to wait five minutes for him.

At 7, I asked the waiter to see if M. Prince might be playing bridge upstairs. The waiter went up to see and presently reappeared.

"No," he said, "The Judge is not there."

I waited until 7:30 and then I went home. "It's queer," I said to my wife, "M. Prince failed me to-night. It's the first time that's happened. Perhaps he is sick. I am going to telephone."

Presently, I had Mme. Prince on the phone. I asked if M. Prince was sick or had been detained at the courts.

"No, M. Caujolle," she replied. "The truth is that we had some very bad news this morning. M. Prince's 78 year old mother is to be operated on for an intestinal obstruction. At her age, it means the end. I am getting ready to join my husband to-morrow."

We exchanged the usual polite formulas and then Mme. Prince asked if there was any special message.

"Nothing in particular," I replied, "Or rather yes! There is something you might tell him. Tell him that he's talking too much at the Courts!"

Mme. Pressard's 1st Husband Died in Train Accident!

March 15, 1934.

Ma Chérie:

Ken ye yon towers and spires? Do you remember? What? Rouen! Right you are. I was up there over Sunday.

But first, have you been following this extraordinary Prince murder in the papers I sent you? It's really too interesting to miss. Just now, we are all waiting for the appearance of the JOURNAL'S much publicized inquiry. I will forward it along as soon as it comes out. Things certainly look pretty grim for M. Pressard.

What a state of affairs!

Like my last excursion in the country, my visit to Rouen has given me a violent case of Weltschmerz. So much beauty, so much poetry, such positive, glorious affirmation of a divine order! And yet, not our beauty, not our poetry, not our affirmation, and so most perilously threatened by our obtuseness as much as by our disorder.

You do remember, don't you, how we climbed to the roof of St. Ouen on our first trip to Europe after the war, and from that vibrant mount of quivering spires looked over Rouen with the deep thrill of recognition, the sweet certainty that Europe "was still there"? Rheims might be a broken ruin; Ypres might be obliterated; Arras, Noyon, St. Quentin, Soissons — all those wounds we had received through the picture section of the TIMES, they might ache later; but here, on St. Ouen, the remembered spectacle burst on us again with the exhilaration of mountain air, the ecstasy of cold water quenching thirst. Living and giving life, there was still concentrated here at Rouen a universe of dynamic Gothic beauty and splendor that had known no diminution.

The cathedral still streamed away over the old roofs under the urgent compulsion of its flying buttresses; dainty little St. Maclou still tossed in the cathedral's turbulent wake while St. Ouen on which we stood seemed literally to quake with a volcanic energy, a continuous eruption of pinnacles and spires.

Thus it was ten years ago, but yesterday, as I stood once more on St.





Ouen, I could not regain that rapture. Infinitely closer did I feel to the dismal, gutted wreck of St. Nicaise which burned last week and which I had come primarily to investigate. True St. Nicaise burned under the most banal circumstances; a short circuit; but its tragic appearance was so reminiscent of still recent atrocities, so much the image of apprehended atrocities to come that, as I drew, I fairly felt the Zeitgeist pushing my hand over the paper. Destruction! Ruin! Horrible! And yet more horrible still. I felt attuned to it, I liked it! Indeed, I haven't made such a good sketch in a long time.

Surely, this is a kind of madness, the sort of thing that makes a man smash up the china or kill his mistress, a *Schadenfreude* of thwarted and exasperated love.

For it is nerve-shattering to watch this chaotic drama of the 20th century unfolding or rather exploding against the gorgeous and harmoniously composed background of European culture — that culture so far flung and magnificent, so eloquent of the best inspiration of a thousand years that it has come to seem part of the eternal order, a mighty, self-sufficient landscape in which the succeeding generations were to be but the well-placed little figures in a classic scene.

So it seemed; but now the little figures have gotten entirely out of hand. They refuse to stand where they should at temple doors; they gather in dense unmanageable crowds; they fight, they bomb, they shoot; they rush so far into the foreground that nothing is visible but their frantic straining forms now grown to Titan size and only as the tide of battle ebbs and flows are glimpses caught of a dark and threatened landscape, and we who love that landscape, we for whom it has come to take the place of all creative thinking on the grand scale, we are sorrowful as at the end of the world.

Oh, there is no more stimulating spot than a freshly ruined church in which to ponder these matters, for it is certain that these churches and cathedrals, even after four hundred years of wars, revolutions and reformation, even after one hundred years of fabulously extensive and frankly antagonistic secular building, it is certain that these shrines remain the heart and center of the European scene. From the dark, intricate silhouettes of the mystic north to the simple shining domes and campaniles of the sensuous south,



the church, always the church, is the center of centers, the first and last object to arrest the eye.

What then?

Listen, this church was not burned by a short circuit. It was bombed by the Germans. It was dynamited by the Russians. It was burned by angry Spanish mobs. Yes, and even here at Rouen, not St. Nicaise alone, but the cathedral, and St. Ouen, and St. Maclou, and St. Vincent, and St. Eloi and Saint this and Sainte that, are equally in ruins or rather part of one tremendous ruin.

But they are crude, the Russians and the Spanish! Here in Rouen, for instance, the visible majesty of the church has been much more suavely nullified, unconsciously perhaps, but none the less effectively. And Rouen, as you know, Rouen the museum city, the medievalist's paradise par excellence, presented a more than commonly difficult problem to the instinctively antichurch mind of modern France. In early 19th-century Rouen, it was literally impossible to move without falling into a church. By some conspiracy of the narrow crooked streets, one was always ending up in the cathedral square after tripping into nobody knows how many ecclesiastical pitfalls on the way.

Clearly an impossible situation in a modern industrial city and one most simply and drastically resolved. Dynamite the cathedral? Blow up a priceless artistic heritage? Ah no! Rather let a great wide modern street, straight as a crowbar and ignoring the cathedral, fall right across the backbone of the ancient priest-supporting complex of streets, crushing the life out of it as effectively as out of any centipede. Does it smash St. André too? Well, we will keep its tower. And the house of Diane de Poitiers? Ah, that is a pity! Well, paste its façade up on that blank wall there. So . . . did I not tell you? Now we can move and breathe

and our museum city is not the poorer by one item in the catalogue.

Museum city! Precisely, with all that that implies of public indifference and dead storage! Today, on the broad Rue Jeanne d'Arc, the liberated Rouenais can shuttle contentedly back and forth from railroad station to railroad station without ever going near their cathedral; while the perplexed tourist, map in hand, gropes for it uncertainly in a down-at-the-heel backwater.

So is it all over Europe, the ubiquitous visible church, still the only great stabilizing element in the picture, is yet denied and slighted by every conscious and unconscious arrangement of modern life. Every city, once a more or less perfect symbolic and artistic expression of the Glory of God is now a defaced and mutilated work of art, an expression of dislocated order so much more baffling to the spirit than elemental chaos. How achieve unity again? What choice is there between complete destruction with all its heartbreak and a return to the old order? And how return? Must our civilization die to live again? I read the papers. I look about me. I remember the Parthenon and the desolate image of Rheims and I wonder.

But I am too dismal. These are moods. Reveries in a Rouen ruin!

On the way home from Rouen, I stopped off again at Mantes. Now there is a little church that has every element of greatness. Size, you see, has nothing whatever to do with the making of "a great cathedral." It is purely a matter of relation, a question of being the dominant element in the landscape. And do you see that other tower to the left? That is all that remains of a second church, practically a ruin itself, but a vital part of this townscape. For a cathedral must not only completely dominate its city. It must have support as well. As the glory of the sun is enhanced by its planets, and theirs by their satellites, kings by their



courtiers, and even presidents by their cabinets, so the mass of the cathedral must have its outlying attendant spires which do seem actually to revolve around it as the perspective shifts in one's circuit of the mighty pile.

Truly, when I see a scene like this at Mantes, I know past any doubt that it represents the ideal not of a past era but of all time. If the sovereign pretensions of these buildings seem outdated, it is because we and their ministers have gone astray. If our society and our philosophy are not compatible with such a symbolism, then it is they which are wrong.

There is something perilous, tragic, in this inverse reasoning, isn't there? Something really grotesque in all this pother about cities and cathedrals and never a word of God or Christ or what actually goes on inside. It is but another damning symptom of the time.

I feel a new wave of pessimism coming on. I had better stop.

Somewhere I should like to find a city and cathedral, a little more substantial, less dreamlike than Mantes, a city still intact in its entire scheme. I should like to go there and live and work for a time. For I know that whatever may be in store for these cathedral cities, whatever their relation to past, present and future, they represent one of man's nearest approaches to Truth, and Truth, by whatever avenues approached, is one and eternal.

As ever,

P.S. I am reopening this to enclose M. Pressard's defense before the Parliamentary Commission. What do you think of it? I'd say it was pretty convincing, at least in its refutation of the murder charge. Needless to point out that these pages are not from the JOURNAL, which dismissed the entire speech with a bare summary and the damning adjective "clever."

The JOURNAL is really too bad. Did you notice that insidious announcement that Mme Pressard's first husband was killed by a train? Well, it took no time at all to establish that that worthy gentleman died peacefully in his bed!

It certainly makes one wonder.

Still it is hard to see how P. can have committed suicide. Perhaps l'HUMANITE'S idea is the best one; i.e., that he was killed by Fascist plotters with the intention of framing Pressard and so working up more feeling against the Left.

THE STAVISKY INQUIRY

Ex Prosecutor Pressard Makes Brilliant Defense

The Parliamentary Commission devoted its entire time today to the statement of former Prosecutor Pressard. Little need is there to stress the tensely dramatic character of the occasion or to recall the background of this unparalleled event, a Prosecutor of the Republic desperately defending himself against an implied charge of murder. The public is only too well-aware of the cloud of suspicion which has hung over M. Pressard ever since the mysterious death of his colleague M. Prince.

Taken as a whole, today's session may be said to have been a triumph for M. Pressard. His evidence, his arguments, were presented with admirable lucidity and telling effect, doubly heightened by the passionate earnestness which vibrated in his voice. Knot by knot, the vast mesh of lies and insinuations which a corrupt political press had thrown around the Prosecutor, broke and gave way. Of the famous letters, of his scenes with M. Prince, of his originating the suicide theory, there remained, when M. Pressard had finished, practically nothing. Indeed, though many important questions of judicial responsibility remain to be cleared up, the murder theory, in so far as it involves M. Pressard, has received its death blow. We present the more important passages of the Prosecutor's statement below.

Mr. President, gentlemen: It is with a troubled heart but also with a calm conscience that I appear before your high commission.

I say "with a troubled heart" because I have lately experienced a cruel calvary and am daily the object of most odious and unjust attacks; but I say also "with a calm conscience" because I am at last before you, the country's highest representatives and because I have full confidence in your sense of justice.

I affirm here, gentlemen, in the most solemn manner, that I have never failed in my duty, that my honor is clear, that there has never been on my part in this affair any unworthy compromise or moral dereliction.

Yet what have I not suffered for the past two months? First, as you know, from insinuations and allegations, then from calumnies and lies, and finally from the most abominable accusations! And about whom? About whom? About Stavisky! But gentlemen, I want to tell you emphatically and at once. I never knew Stavisky. I never saw Stavisky. No one connected with me has ever known or seen Stavisky. No one has ever intervened with me in his behalf and I have never intervened in his behalf with anyone. I have brought no pressure to bear on my associates. I never held up the management of any Stavisky affair and I am going to prove it.

M. Pressard continues with a plea not to confuse questions of faulty organiza-

tion and debatable points of legal procedure with matters of honor and professional integrity. He protests against certain press campaigns which have branded him as an assassin and calls attention to the startling difference between the first and second reports of M. Lescouvé. The first report exonerates him, the second overwhelms him. Why this change? M. Pressard rightly attributes it to the discovery of the neglected Pachot-Gripols reports. We continue in the Prosecutor's own words.)

The time has come for me to clear up these matters and reveal the truth.

For the first time, I am going to speak of M. Prince and I wish to assure you at once that I never had anything but feelings of sympathy and esteem for my unfortunate colleague. He was associated with me for three years as the head of my Financial Department. I fully appreciated his professional qualities, his competence in financial matters and his devotion to his work. I proved my regard by giving him the most favorable recommendations. I did everything in my power to further his subsequent appointment to the Courts.

None the less, it has been reported that there were scenes and altercations between us. Two stormy sessions have been specifically described. One is supposed to have occurred in the office of the Minister of Justice where you must admit that any scene would have been singularly out of place. Happily, the honorable M. Penancier is at hand to certify two things: first, that in his office that day there was no scene between M. Prince and myself and second, that M. Prince and I were in full agreement when the latter submitted the memorandum which M. Penancier had requested.

The other scene is supposed to have occurred in the office of M. Dryfus, President of the Court of Appeals, in the presence of the Attorney General, M. Donat Cigüe. Both of these high magistrates are ready, I am sure, to testify that on that occasion also, there was no scene between us, no rudeness on either side. Reports of any such encounters are the purest fiction. I don't know how M. Prince felt towards me, but as far as I am concerned, our relations were always friendly.

This said, I come to the heart of the matter.

I wish now to show you how, up to the time of his retraction, M. Prince and I were always in accord on the subject of the Public Works Realty Company, from the time in 1929 when we received the complaint of the Minister of Finance and took a clear position on valid legal grounds, to those recent days of 1934 when, after the unearthing of the Pachot-Gripols memoranda, M. Prince was requested to make certain written and oral reports before various witnesses.

On the 18th of October, 1929, I received a complaint from the Minister of Finance. It was transmitted to me by the Attorney-General, Donat-Cigüe, under rather special conditions, in that it was accompanied by a written note advising me to open a very discreet inquiry to be entrusted, not to the police, but to a magistrate, presumably to the head of the Financial Department, or, in other words, M. Prince.

This was done.

(M. Pressard goes on to describe M.

Prince's report and expresses his complete agreement with his subordinate's conclusion that while the management of the P.W.R.C. might have infringed the law of 1907 in various minor and easily corrected matters, there were no grounds for drastic legal action under the law of 1867. The Prosecutor then comes to the crucial Pachot-Gripols reports.)

On the 18th of the following March, M. Pachot brought M. Prince the famous memorandum of his Inspector Gripols along with a note from Pachot himself, calling special attention to the activities of the P.W.R.C. (See below)



M. GEORGES PRESSARD

And here, gentlemen, I pause to assure you, under the oath I have taken, weighing well my words and understanding all their importance, that this Gripols report never reached me personally. I had no knowledge of it whatever. I never read it before it came to light in the recent court hearings.

That is the complete and absolute truth. At the same time, I do have a clear recollection of M. Prince's having told me of such a report and the reply which he had made in accord with the position assumed by us after the investigation undertaken for the Ministry of Finance.

M. Prince's reply was logical, normal, and consistent with the position which we had taken.

"You ask me to look into the organization of the P.W.R.C.," replies M. Prince, "but I have already made a thorough investigation. I have been a jump ahead of you. As you may see in our recent report, there are no grounds for action under the law of 1867."

Some time later, on May 26th 1930, I received a complaint from the Bureau of

Registration, pointing out certain inexactitudes in the prospectuses of the P.W.R.C. and invoking the law of 1907. It was then, gentlemen, that I set on foot those proceedings which have only just been wound up before the first Chamber.

I shall return to my report of 1930 later but now, gentlemen, I wish to show you that, just as I was in agreement with M. Prince on the position which we took in response to the Ministry of Finance's complaint in 1929, so was I completely in agreement with him when, in the court hearings of January 30th, MM. Jallu and Herlaud reproached the Financial Department with having ignored the Pachot-Gripols reports.

On the 31st of January, the Minister of Justice, M. Penancier, who had summoned me for other reasons, asked me about these suddenly famous reports and I replied quite sincerely that they meant nothing to me.

M. Penancier then asked me...the idea was his...to telephone from the Chancellery in his name...I insist on this point and I will tell you why...to telephone M. Prince at his home and ask him to come the next morning to the Chancellery, there to submit a succinct statement on the aforesaid reports. It was, I insist, on M. Penancier's suggestion that I telephoned. I was only an intermediary.

On the morning of the next day, February 1st, I was at work in my office when M. Prince brought me the rough draft of his note, his own draft, let me insist, for what was my stupefaction to read in M. Lescouvé's report that this note was drawn up at my orders... But I have a witness on that point, the Minister of Justice himself, who charged me to telephone in his name from the Chancellery.

Happily, gentlemen, M. Fontaine, the present head of the Financial Department, was present in my office when M. Prince came in. He heard me ask M. Prince the following questions: first, "What is this Gripols report, my friend? Did you tell me about it at the time? Did you pass it on to me?" and secondly, "How did you follow it up in your own department?"

I can still hear M. Prince's reply, "No Sir, I did not forward you the Gripols report. But I do remember telling you at the time of my interview with M. Pachot and of the reply I made to him in conformity with our report of the preceding October."

Such indeed, a little amplified, was the substance of the note which M. Prince submitted when we met an hour later in the office of the Minister of Justice. And when M. Penancier questioned him further about the matter, he replied...I can still hear his voice..."Yes, of course the Gripols report was utterly damning in its account of Stavisky. It quite rightly cited him as a bank swindler and a suspect and dangerous adventurer, but it takes more than a mere reputation to land a man in jail. There's got to be some actual violation of the law."

Telling Evidence

And now, gentlemen, allow me to submit two proofs that in drawing up this memorandum for the Minister of Justice and in affirming before M. Fontaine that he had not forwarded me the Gripols report, which had but a documentary interest for him, M. Prince was only telling (See Page 2, Col 1)



(Continued from Page 1, Col. 4) the truth.

I bring you two testimonies, both spontaneous, but which are decisive, as you will see, and which will throw a full light on the Gripois reports. The first testimony was brought to me, I repeat, in the most spontaneous manner, by the Advocate General who sat at the court hearing of January 30th when the Gripois reports were first mentioned. I refer to Advocate General Carrière, a war hero, and certainly one of the most distinguished Advocate Generals of the Paris Court of Appeals. He has sent me this letter which I ask your permission to read. It is of capital importance:

"Mr. Prosecutor:

"Because of the eventual interest it may have for you, I believe it my duty to inform you of a conversation I had with my regretted colleague and friend, Prince.

"It was at the hearing of the First Chamber on January 30th, 1934, that allusion was first publicly made to the Gripois report which was attached to the dossier of the proceedings then in progress against the officials of Stavisky's Public Works Realty Company. The next day all the press was talking about it.

"I believe I am not mistaken in saying that it was on this same following day, ie. January 31st, that Prince came to me in my office and said, 'Everybody is talking about this Gripois report. I must admit that it came so long ago I can't remember exactly what it is. Can you refresh my memory?'

"I hastened to comply with his request but was interrupted by the ringing of the audience bell. 'Could I see the report?' asked Prince. 'Certainly,' I replied and asked the clerk of the First Chamber to show it to him. (The clerk remembers the incident and tells me that Prince came at least three times to consult the dossier)

"A little later, the same day, I believe I saw Prince again. He thanked me for my having made the dossier available to him and then he added, 'The Gripois report is just what I thought it was. I don't understand all the fuss about it. It hasn't the importance attributed to it and the Financial Department has nothing to reproach itself with.'

"At the time, I did not attach much importance to this conversation but, after reading yesterday's papers, I think it may interest you."

And listen to the end... M. Carrière has been correctitude itself. He reported this conversation both to his superiors and to M. Lescouvé. To quote his own words:

"I thought it my duty to report this conversation to my two superiors who advised me to inform M. Lescouvé, as I did yesterday by word of mouth, and yourself. 'Please be assured of my deepest respect.'"

Signed: Carrière.

You see, Gentlemen, all the importance of this document? I ask you, is M. Prince's attitude that of a man on whom I had brought pressure to bear?

Nothing more natural than that M. Prince would have sought to refresh his memory by consulting the dossier. It is handed

to him. He recognizes it. But does he say, 'Ah, here is the famous report I sent on to the Prosecutor, who kept it so long I was obliged to go and reclaim it.'"

And that, Gentlemen, I tell you again is the truth, the truth in the very mouth of M. Prince, the truth as he told it to M. Pennoier, as he told it before M. Fontaine, and as he wrote it in the note which he drew up for the Minister of Justice!

Now, Gentlemen, allow me to submit a second testimony, no less spontaneous and no less decisive. This testimony comes from the honorable deputy lawyer of the Court of Appeals, M. Marcel Heraud, known to you all.

M. Heraud, and I thank him for his great loyalty, was so kind as to inform me through his colleague and friend, M. Benjamin Landowsky, that he authorized me to tell you the following. On the morning of that day when, before the First Chamber, M. Heraud first revealed the existence of the Gripois reports, he met M. Prince in the lawyer's cloak room. M. Prince was very much excited by the reference to the Gripois reports and demanded of M. Heraud if he had meant to indict him personally.

M. Heraud assured him that he had completely forgotten that he was head of the Financial Department at the time, but he could not hide his surprise that the Financial Department had not attached more importance to the Gripois report.

Now here is what M. Heraud authorizes me to say. M. Prince replied to M. Heraud's expression of surprise as follows, "Listen, I will tell you the truth. Pachot often sent us ten reports a day. We just didn't have time to read them through. That's how it was with the reports on the P.W.R.C. I probably glanced them over like all the others but I paid no special attention to them."

"Not even to the one accompanied by an urgent note from M. Pachot?" asked M. Heraud. "Not even to that," replied M. Prince.

So, Gentlemen, there is the problem. M. Lescouvé has said you must choose between two versions. He reports M. Prince as saying that in a sudden flash of memory he clearly recalled having sent me the Gripois reports, nay more, of having urgently called my attention to their importance!

But how, Gentlemen, can M. Prince have told M. Lescouvé that he had urgently called my attention to these reports when, only a few days before, he had told M. Heraud and Advocate General Carrière that he had attached no importance to them whatever. Surely a singular contradiction!

Furthermore, M. Lescouvé has admitted that at no time did M. Prince talk to him of a letter from me. Yet notice, on the other hand, the testimony of the three other witnesses regarding these alleged documents. One speaks of a letter; one says there was no letter, and the third says there were two letters. Let us look indeed more closely at the respective testimonies of MM. Cawes and Bruzin and you will see what a different version each one of these honorable magistrates received of the same facts.

Judge Cawes says this: "M. Prince told me one day that he recalled having received a letter from M. Pressard asking for the Gripois reports."

Remember that, Gentlemen! It is I who ask for the report and by letter. M. Prince is supposed to have given it to me and I am reputed to have kept it over a year until M. Prince was obliged to come and claim it.

Here, on the other hand, is M. Bruzin's account. According to M. Bruzin, M. Prince said he took the report one day to the Prosecutor.

In other words, he brought it on his own initiative and I, the Prosecutor, am supposed to have kept it to show to someone, kept it until a day when we came across it by accident in one of my drawers.

You see the differences, Gentlemen?

In the first case, it is I who ask for the report by letter. In the second, he brings it to me spontaneously. In the first case, M. Prince comes on purpose to reclaim the report. In the second, we come across it by accident. Here, Gentlemen, are strange contradictions!

More important, at least in appearance, is the testimony of M. Caujolle, the friend and confidant of M. Prince. You will see that the confidences he reports furnish yet another version.

M. Prince is said to have told him that he received two letters from me in which I said (I quote), "Do nothing without consulting me. File the Stavisky papers."

ORDER YOUR COAL FROM US



Gentlemen, I beg you, pay special attention to those words, "Do nothing with-

out consulting me." You will see why they are important.

"Do nothing without consulting me! File the papers!" Hail the Stavisky affair! Pay no more attention to Stavisky! Letters from me directing M. Prince to hush up the Stavisky business!

I oppose to such statements my most categorical, my most solemn denial! Under oath, I swear there is not, nor ever was any such letter from me!

Besides... How many objections come to mind! Letters from me, when every day I saw my associates in my office! When I could telephone them at will! When I had a private wire to M. Prince's office!

Second and still more important objection... How are we to believe that M. Prince when he went to see M. Lescouvé after his sudden flash of memory, did not think to take along at least one of my letters to substantiate his new story? Yet he did not even speak of such a letter!

How is it that when making these confidences to various friends and associates he never showed them the letters?

Gentlemen, I will tell you what these letters were. There is here a mistake of which destiny has wished to make me the unhappy victim. The confusion is simple and you will see how easy the explanation. There can be no other. I have already told you, Gentlemen, that the Bureau of Registry had sent me a complaint pointing out certain inaccuracies in the prospectuses of the P.W.R.C. and invoking article 3 of the law of 1907. I found the complaint well founded and, in a report of October 18th 1930, I proposed an investigation. My report is there in your dossier.

However, I was presently advised that the aforesaid inaccuracies in the prospectuses had been corrected and that the Ministries of Finance, Labor and Justice were debating whether the charges might not be dropped in consequence.

This information came to me in a letter from the Attorney General, M. Donat Gigue. And here, Gentlemen, in that official document, you will find the very words quoted by M. Prince, "Do nothing without consulting me." I will read the letter.

"The Court of Appeals, Paris. Oct. 22, 1930

"To Advocate General Monzibaud:

I submitted the report on the P.W.R.C. to M. Kéroux yesterday. We must wait for the Chancery's reply after consultation with the Ministries of Finance and Labor" (And now listen to this) "In any case, do nothing without consulting me. Advise Prince.

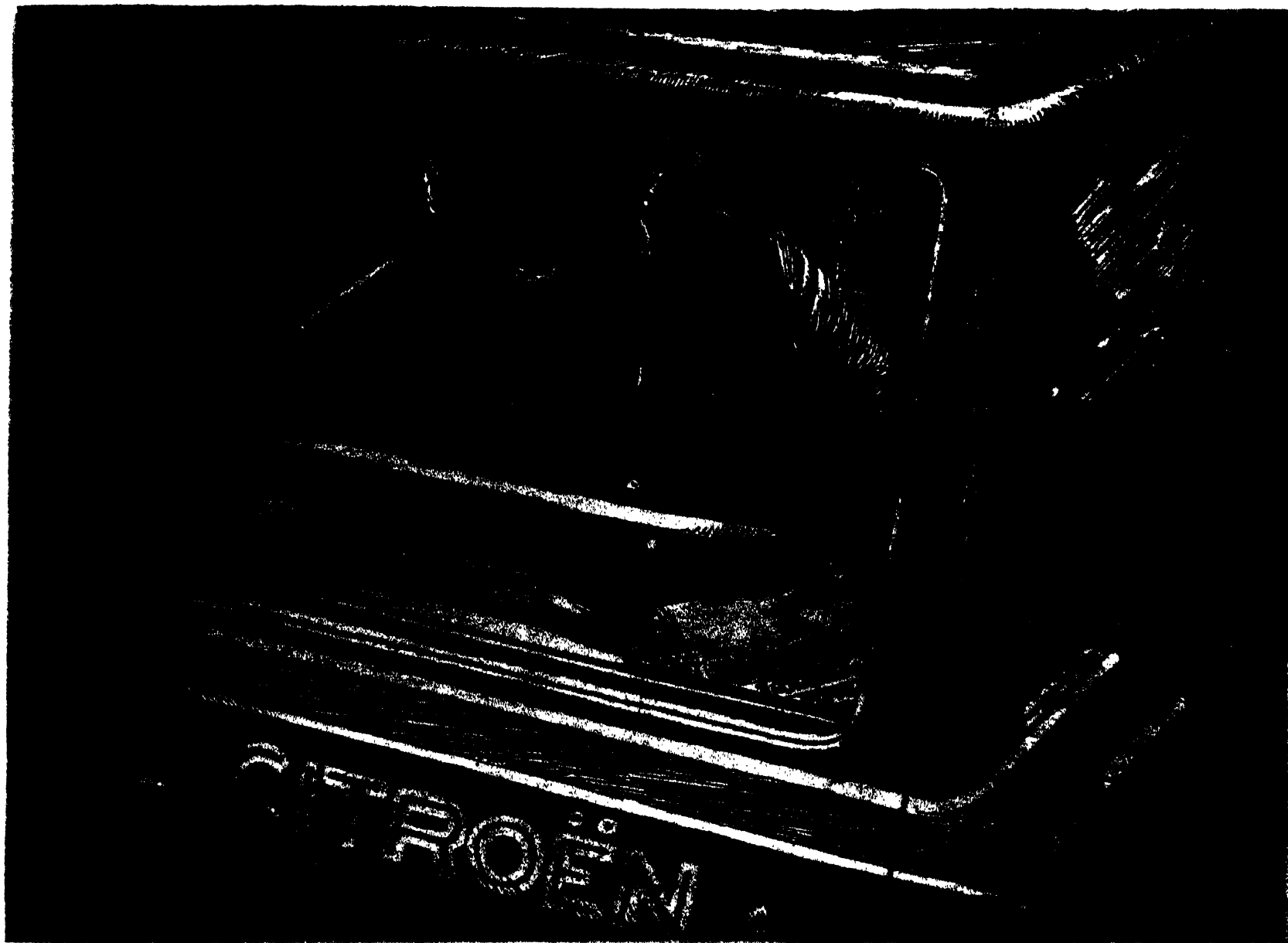
Signed: Donat Gigue.

There, Gentlemen, is the document which is the source of confusion. There are the very words employed by the witness: "Do nothing without consulting me. Advise M. Prince."

And indeed, some days later, we received the following ministerial instructions:

"Following a conference held by the Minister of Justice with MM. Paul Reynaud and Pierre Laval, it has been decided that the affair of the P.W.R.C. shall be filed without further proceedings."

Such were the ministerial instructions





TRAGI COMEDY

Fantastic Caprices of Promising Young Lawyer Deranged by Scandal Furor

At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, as Examining Magistrate Ordonneau of the Paris Law Courts was busy questioning one of Stavisky's former associates, a wild-eyed person in a barrister's robe burst into his study. It was Maître Duthelliet de la Motte, a young lawyer who has taken a peculiarly vivid interest in the developments of the Stavisky scandal. Possibly some of our readers will recall his burning of M. Frot's barrister's robe when the first fury of the scandal broke upon the Law Courts. Now, with incoherent words and gestures the over-excited young man advanced up to M. Ordonneau, stroked his beard and planted a fervent kiss on the Legion of Honor ribbon in his buttonhole, at which the magistrate, alarmed by such strange manners, asked one of the youth's friends, a certain Maître Fraisse, to see him to his home in the Boulevard Saint-Germain.

Unfortunately, Maître Fraisse made the mistake of not taking a taxi as he found when, at St.-Germain des Pres, the sight of the captain of a colonial regiment roused his companion to new extravagances. Snatching a newspaper from a kiosk, Maître de la Motte waved it in front of the bewildered captain, crying, "Look at it! It is the organ of the Mafia!"

"But I don't know you," the puzzled officer replied.

This answer let loose the barrister's fury. He threw himself upon the officer, slapped his face and tried to tear the war decorations from his uniform. A policeman came running up and conducted every body to a police station.

M. Bilgea, the officer in charge, seeing a policeman arrive in company with an army officer, concluded that the army had been insulted. He showed the officer into his study and was about to hear his statement when a frightful commotion seemed to make his presence imperative in the room where he had left M. de la Motte. There he found the windows broken, the stove overturned and Maître de la Motte looked in a violent struggle with six policemen who were trying to restrain his antics. He would strip himself naked, he would tear up the banknotes in his pockets or else, "Take this!" he cried, hurling his signet ring in the face of one of his antagonists, "Or that!" which was nothing less than a vicious kick in the stomach. In the end, however, the policemen succeeded in tying him down on a stretcher where he continued singing the Marseillaise and shouting, "Vive la France! The live dead! Take off your hats for here we die!" until he was removed to an asylum.

FRANCO-BELGIAN SOLIDARITY

M. Barthou at Brussels

Romantic Melodrama

MADAME STAVISKY ARRESTED

"I HAVE SECRETED NOTHING," SAYS SWINDLER'S LOVELY WIDOW, JAILED ON EVE OF FLIGHT



Since the suicide of her husband, Mme Stavisky has been the object of close surveillance at her home in the Rue Obligado. It was known that she was still in contact with friends of the deceased and that she had withheld documents from the police which she was trying to smuggle out of the country, either to save them for the eventual justification of her husband or to keep them as insurance against some future rainy day.

Early this week, sensing herself on the point of arrest, she decided to confide these documents to a friend who, in a fit of panic, surrendered them to the police. Thus the famous check stubs were recovered at last. There were more than a thousand of them, some of them bearing the names of the beneficiaries and some marked with simple signs. Others again, had been torn out completely.

At this point, Examining Magistrate Ordonneau was warned that Mme Stavisky, who had already sent off her children, was about to take the train for Belgium. M. Ordonneau at once signed a summons to the widow and confided it to Brigadier Cousins.

Accompanied by another officer, M. Cousins jumped into a car and arrived at number 9 Rue Obligado just as Mme Stavisky, in deep mourning, black hat and long veil, was powdering her nose to go out.

Kindly, the Brigadier informed the widow of his delicate mission.

"What do they want?" asked Mme Stavisky, nervously crushing in her hand the little handkerchief with which she had been dabbing her cheeks. "After my husband, do they want to drive me also to despair?"

"It is only a summons to appear," the inspector pointed out. "The Judge may only want some information."

"Very well," assented Mme Stavisky and at 11:30 she arrived at the Palais de Justice. To avoid photographers, she advanced with her head in her hands and entered the magistrate's office distraught and weeping. However, this fit of nervous was soon over and it was with a certain dignity that she replied without hesitation to the magistrate's questions.

"Why," asked M. Ordonneau, "did you secrete these check stubs of your husband and try to hide from justice the existence of these important documents?"

"I don't understand," she replied.

"Did you not confide these checks to M. Romagnino when you thought them no longer safe with you?"

"But I never had those check stubs."

"I have proof," M. Ordonneau insists, "not only that you had all these documents in your possession but that it was you and you alone who tore out certain stubs which must have borne names you were interested



MADAME STAVISKY

in hiding. Tell me what you have done with them."

"I have done nothing with them as I never had them in my hands. I have hid nothing, I have secreted nothing."

"I warn you. (See Page 3.)

TRUTH OR POLICY?

M. Daladier Denies Interviewing M. Prince

Testifying before the Parliamentary Commission today, M. Daladier emphatically denied that he had ever accorded M. Prince the interview which the latter reported circumstantially to his friend, M. Canjolle, as also to his son, M. Raymond Prince. "I never saw Judge Prince in my life," declared the former Premier.

The "Suicidists" will not fail to capitalize on this statement and will hasten to brand M. Prince as an habitual liar none of whose statements are to be trusted. However, it is well to remember that M. Daladier is the close associate of M. Chautemps, who is the brother-in-law of M. Pressard. Let us remember also that in these days of expedient public morality a denial is a denial and nothing more!

'MILLIMETERNICH'

Tall Tales of a Tiny Hero

A report from Vienna informs us that Chancellor Dollfuss has offered a prize for the next best story about his diminutive size. We are sorry to observe that the nature of this prize, two months in a concentration camp, would seem to indicate that the little Chancellor has felt it necessary to impose some restraint on a pastime which has so amusingly engaged the whimsical imaginations of his fellow citizens. Certainly 4'11" is no very imposing stature, yet it is our impression that the valiant little Chancellor owes much of his popularity to this very characteristic, and all the jokes we have heard on this theme savor rather of affectionate good nature than of ill-natured satire. In fact, so innocently amusing are these stories that we are going to risk the Herr Chancellor's displeasure by repeating some of the better ones for our readers' benefit.

There is the case of that abominable attempt on his life by means of a mousetrap and that public edict concerning the close cropping of Vienna's lawns lest the Herr Chancellor should lose his way! "Millimeternich," the Lilliputian statesman! It is said that when agitated by affairs of state he passes the sleepless night pacing up and down under his bed or, as one more ribald version has it, he goes skating on the frozen waters of his pot! Dollfuss, the vest-pocket Chancellor! Convenient, economical, suited to Austria's straitened circumstances! When it is necessary to visit foreign capitals, he can be dispatched air mail. Dollfuss, the duodecimo dictator! Philatelists are waiting for that stamp with his portrait, life size. Physiologists covet him for their study of the atom. Heroic, courageous Dollfuss! What is that turtle marching ahead of the regiments? Why, it is the Herr Bundeskanzler wearing a steel helmet!

SPANISH CRISIS GROWS

Is Spain on the Threshold of Evil Days?

THE STAVISKY INQUIRY

More Data on Prince Suicide

The Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry listened intently to-day as M. Geoffroy, Secretary of the Financial Department of the Prosecutor's Office, recounted some impressions of his last three meetings with M. Prince in the week preceding the latter's death. The day before yesterday, M. Daladier's unequivocal statement revealed M. Prince as a confirmed story teller. To-day, we have a no less disturbing picture of a man profoundly shaken and far from being the self-confident accuser whom he tried to impersonate with some of his friends. But let us let the evidence speak for itself.

President: — We have heard that M. Prince came to see you some days before his death. Is that true?

M. Geoffroy: Yes.

President: Will you tell us what impression he made on you at that time?

M. Geoffroy: M. Prince came to see me on the Monday, Wednesday and Thursday of the week preceding his death. He came in on Monday and we chatted as usual but he was not very communicative. He asked me for the Stavisky dossier and I told him that it had been out of my hands for a long time.

Then he asked to see the index of the said dossier and I went to my safe and got it out for him.

He took several notes. Tuesday, I didn't see him and then on Wednesday he came in to ask for the index again.

"He certainly takes a great interest in that index," I said to myself and added aloud to one of my secretaries, "Be sure and keep it carefully locked up!"

On Thursday, M. Prince again asked for the index and I laughed, "Still after the old index, eh?" as I lead him into the stenographers' office where my safe stands.

The employees greeted him. One of them, a lady occupying a place near the safe, even held out her hand to him but he took no notice of either the greetings or the outstretched hand.

I gave him the index. He looked fixedly at it. I had the impression that he didn't see a thing which was written on it. One can tell, you know... those staring eyes. He returned the index. I put it back in the safe. We returned to my private office and I asked him to sit down for a few moments. He did so and for the next seven or eight minutes I tried to open up a conversation with him. But not a word passed his lips, not one. I was surprised, for ordinarily.... But this time, complete silence.... I tried to keep up a conversation as best I could.... Finally, he got up automatically and started to go. He moved towards the door.

"You're leaving Mr. Judge?" I called out. "Au revoir!"

He did not reply and I repeated, "Since you're leaving M. Prince, I'll say au revoir. M. Prince, I say au revoir!"

"Ah.... Au revoir...."

He was already in the corridor but he seemed much further away than that. During the whole of the meeting, his thoughts were obviously elsewhere. At least, that is the impression which he made on me and I was not the only one to observe it.

Will this testimony make any impression in the "Assassinist" camp? It is hard to say. Confusion and hesitancy there certainly seems to be. Take those special articles by the JOURNAL's English detectives, for instance. They are long overdue and we know for a fact that the worthy representatives of Scotland Yard have long since returned to England. Why are their findings withheld after a publicity campaign which has won the JOURNAL some 30,000 new readers? Can it be that these findings do not bear out the JOURNAL's thesis of a political murder? Could it be that they even hinted at suicide?

Prince Witness Jumps in St. Martin Canal

Mlle. Yvonne Tarris, the dentist's assistant whose testimony in the Prince affair has been so featured in certain sections of the Rightist press, sought to end her life this morning by jumping into the murky waters of St. Martin's canal. The unfortunate young woman, whose mental derangement has been obvious to the most uninstructed observer from the start, was rescued in the nick of time and is now resting in a hospital.

Mlle. Tarris, it will be remembered, testified to seeing M. Prince followed at the Gare de Lyon by a striking and mysterious individual whose presence has constituted an important link in the "Assassinist" romance of a deep laid murder.

How much longer will the Rightist press seek to maintain their...



**THE ARMISTICE ENDS****Austrian Nazis Spread New Terror**

The armistice, which on the 20th of February was so insolently accorded to the Austrian government by M. Harbicht, expired today. Lest there should be any mistake about it, the Nazis of Innsbruck and Graz promptly and noisily broke the truce. It is reported that numerous paper bombs were exploded in the former city causing in some cases considerable damage. This evening there were more explosions and several swastikas flamed on the heights of Nord-Kette.

Vienna Newspaper Reveals Hitler War Plan

The Pan-German aims of the National Socialists were denounced by the Vienna Reichspost yesterday in an article which this paper claims to be based on the most reliable sources. Here, briefly, is the gist of the matter.

Austria in itself is not of much interest to Hitler, but it is indispensable as an opening for eastern expansion. The Nazis propose to have this opening at any price.

Germany's ambitions turn towards the East. She must control the entire Danube basin even at the risk of war. It is the Führer who will fix the hour of decision and it is not expected that the situation which will arise in the near future can be settled by diplomatic means.

To the East lies land for millions of German unemployed. To the East lie the wheat of Hungary, the wheat and timber and oil of Roumania, the fabulous resources of the Ukraine...

But first Austria must be annexed. After that the ripe fruit of Czechoslovakia will fall right into Hitler's hands. Hungary will then recover her former boundaries and thus be won over to the German side. Certain Roumanian territories are predestined for German colonization and in order to assure all this dominion it may be necessary to push as far as Istanbul.

Bulgaria, satisfied with the possession of Macedonia and an outlet on the Aegean, will be at Germany's side.

Then when the Eastern problem has been settled, the new Reich with a population of 120 millions will be able to turn west for a final settling of accounts with France.

Such, according to the Reichspost, is the program of the Third Reich. Let the skeptics peruse the pages of "Mein Kampf!"

**THE PRINCE MURDER
A Second Autopsy****The Stavisky Scandal****M. BLANCHARD SLASHES THROAT
IN FONTAINEBLEAU FOREST....**

The red tape and long drawn out procedure of the Parliamentary investigation into the Stavisky Scandal have once more been punctuated by one of those tragically dramatic events which have accompanied the unfolding of the affair from the beginning. One day, a witness jumps in the

Seine. The next, a lawyer goes stark raving mad, and today we have M. Blanchard of the Ministry of Agriculture frustrated in a pathetic and half-hearted attempt at suicide.

A detachment of artillery, going out for practice near Fontainebleau this morning, noticed a man who at first appeared to be asleep under one of the arches of the Aqueduct de Vannes. On closer inspection, the head, which was covered with a coat and vest, was seen to be lying in a pool of blood which had flowed from a deep wound in the neck. Two tubes of gardenal and a large knife, still bearing the price tag of 16 francs, were lying near by. In spite of this double insurance, however, the victim was still breathing normally and, after some first aid treatment, was transported to the city hospital where his condition is now reported to be serious but not critical.

Commissioner of Police Cadot and Prosecutor Lebeque quickly identified the unknown as M. Blanchard, Director of the Agricultural Services of the Department of Seine and Oise, who had been delivered a summons the night before by Prosecutor Comen at the behest of M. Cheron.

Events preceding M. Blanchard's desperate attempt were reconstructed with the help of several witnesses. The would-be suicide, it appears, arrived at Fontainebleau toward the end of the morning and, after having bought some writing paper, wrote four letters announcing his resolution, one to his wife, two to friends and one to the Minister (See Page 2, Column 1)

**Stavisky Jewels Found
in London Pawn Shop**

The Stavisky jewels have at last been found! That fabulous cache which has been dug for in gardens and for which countless houses have been ransacked on the slimmest of clues, has now turned up prosaically enough in a London pawn shop. An unromantic end, and honesty compels us to reveal that the treasure trove has sadly dwindled in value as well, the highest estimate being no more than a paltry 10 million.

Here is how the discovery was made: A week ago, Commissioner Paudépierre of the Surete Generale learned that several important deposits had been made at the Sutton establishment in London better known as the "Three Balls."

The Commissioner passed on the report to Examining Magistrate Ordonneau, who at once issued a warrant to M. Paudépierre, who thereupon betook himself to the English capital where he arrived on Thursday. The first few hours were occupied with the indispensable formalities and it was not until Friday that M. Paudépierre was able to proceed with his investigation at the "Three Balls."

(See further details on Page 9)

Chancellor Dollfuss' Noble Aims

"Our position is that of a citadel besieged on the right and the left," declared Chancellor Dollfuss in an address at Innsbruck today. "We will maintain this position without leaning to either side. We will fight to the finish, shoulder to shoulder with our friends. The prize is our country, Austria! Austria our beacon and rallying cry!"

"In the year gone by, we have undergone a spiritual rebirth. To our great joy, we have seen the renaissance of Austria. The

time is gone, thank God, when every reference to our national history was held a weakness, when our children at school no longer had the right to hear anything of their country's past, when the heroic chronicle of Austria was methodically consigned to oblivion. Now the old uniform has come back to the honor of both soldier and officer, bearing witness that we are Austrian, that our little country is our own, and that we have no reason to blush for our past." (Continued on Page 8)

DUCE AND FÜHRER TO MEET?**Rome Buzzing with Rumors
of Possible
Hitler Mussolini Interview**

According to rumors circulating in diplomatic circles at Rome, German soundings with regard to an official visit by the German Führer to the Italian Duce have taken on a more precise form. It is stated that the Italian Consulta would now welcome a proposal of this nature from the Wilhelmstrasse.

We give these rumors with every reserve for it is difficult to believe that Italian policy, hitherto so prudent and well-advised, should adopt with regard to Germany a position which could not but create at this time new causes for anxiety.

We believe that in any case there can be no question of the Führer visiting Rome because of the delicate problems raised by the German government's attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church.

The Passing of Old Paris

Of course, it is a small matter... those few old houses which they are demolishing in the Rue St. Louis en l'Île, but each blow struck at this spot in the capital resounds in the heart of every Parisian. Try as we may to console ourselves with the thought of the spacious, well-lighted apartments that will presently be built, we cannot but regret each stone that is torn away, each beam that falls with a crash amid choking clouds of dust.

No matter what city planners may tell us, it is always a serious thing to suppress the witnesses of the past, and it is a very serious thing when such suppression involves the Ile St. Louis. History weighs there too heavily and is riveted with chains too beautiful to permit of wanton innovations. We must be careful. We can still stroll along its quays and muse in its little streets, evoking at every corner the shade of Gerard de Nerval, of Gauthier or of Baudelaire lounging about "His Island" in workman's blouse and slippers. We can still picture them in this way because the setting has not changed, because these very doors, these very stones are the ones which saw them pass. If we replace each old building with a new one, we will banish forever the charm of this spot.

We have a right to ask if certain peculiarly picturesque and curious corners of our old Paris should not be protected as a whole. Examples abound of monuments and houses which owe the greater part of their value to the atmosphere in which they are bathed. Sometimes it takes a very little thing to create that atmosphere but if that little thing is removed, the charm is broken.



April 22, 1934.

Ma Chérie:

Spring is here! Or rather, Spring was here; for here I sit in a country tavern some fifty miles south of Paris, watching the bare trees swept by a November gale and the road in front of the house fast turning into a muddy torrent!

Spring turned up three days ago in its most beguiling mood. Strange how suddenly and unmistakably it comes! I could tell the very moment it started blowing up from the Mediterranean instead of across the Atlantic. It was very sweet to breathe. The restaurants all blossomed out on the sidewalks; the hum of traffic swelled louder in the ear and, strange to say, I felt very homesick. It seems that Lyons Falls fits just as well in the famous line, "Oh, to be in England, now that April's there!" I walked up and down the boulevards humming, "Carry me back to Ole Virginny" and at night I sang, "There were ninety and nine."

Wednesday, Frank and Ruby left for Italy. Thursday, Sally left for Ireland. I just had to go somewhere, too. At first, I considered Beauvais and Amiens but then I reflected that Spring might not have reached those northern climes and so decided to run to meet her in the South even though there isn't much of note in that direction. My ultimate

goal is Troyes. Did you ever hear of the place? There is a church of St. Urbain there that is quite famous, something at least to head for — an excuse to be out in the country and the Spring.

So I rented me a bicycle and sallied forth from Paris at six o'clock this morning. But alas! Spring having lured me forth has departed and left me stranded. It has rained off and on all day.

This place is called St. Loup de Naud. There is a fine Romanesque church here which has the added distinction of being mentioned in Proust; also a chateau of the Princess de Polignac; church, castle and village standing picturesquely on the rim of a small valley. I approached over the uplands from the back and, struck by the view looking down into the town as also by the threatening sky, I sat down to sketch in the proximity of shelter. I hadn't been there long before an old peasant woman trudged up to see what I was doing.

"But Monsieur," she said in a rich dramatic voice that reminded me of Aunty Flo. "You are in the wrong place! You must go down in the valley and look back! You will see. Do you know the Mont Saint Michel? Yes? Well, it is like that; smaller of course, but built up like the Mont



Saint Michel, our little town. Go down and see. Yes, it is pretty from here too, but from below it is another story."

I assured her that I would hasten below as soon as I had finished but her interest quickly shifted to my manner of speaking. "Tell me, my child, from where have you brought an accent like that? America? So far? You have a family there? And what do they do with you so far away? America . . . They were good friends, the Americans. But it is beginning again. Briand is dead. You have heard of Briand? Yes? Such men should not die, should they? I say that men like Briand should not die. We have such need that they should live."

Then, after watching me in silence for a few minutes, she continued. "You must make a lot of money doing that. No? Then I think if you are traveling around so free, it must be because you are 'fils de Papa,' eh?" And this sly dig was urged with the same insistence for confirmation as the pronouncement that Briand should not have died.

I hastened to shift the odium of parasitism by a question about the chateau.

Yes, it belonged to the Princess de Polignac. The Princess was very gracious. Every year she gave a reception for the village folk. This year the old woman had not gone and the Princess had sent especially to in-

quire for her. Yes, the Princess spent considerable time at St. Loup.

At this point a large drop of rain plopped squarely on my drawing.

"Dirty weather!" observed the old woman. "Disgusting!" and then as I began to pack my things away: "So you are finished? Well, now you must go down and look back from below, just there, by the tree above the bridge. You will see. It is like the Mont Saint Michel. I often say to myself, 'Why should I travel to the ends of the earth when I have this right here at home?'"

I bade the old woman farewell, and coasted down into the village where the church porch stands like a catchall at the end of the street. At the moment, it was not inviting. On dry and sunny days, these cavernous entrances have a latent wintriness and melancholy which is pleasing enough but, when it is really raw and rainy, their old stones exhale an unbearable bleakness, singularly enhanced by the cold, baleful green light of the renascent moss.

Drip, drip, drip; how the moss stirs and quickens! Patter, patter, patter, the rain is falling faster now, steadily, evenly, accompanied presently by the sharp, shattering descent of water streaming from spouts and gargoyles.

This is a very famous door, in a fine state of preservation. It ranks



with those of Chartres and Vézelay. It is mentioned in Proust. I should certainly make a sketch. But how? My pencil has become a nail and my sketch pad blotting paper.

This is a very famous door. I should perhaps just sit and look at it. And yet, how dreary! What is the Princess doing in her tower on the hill? And my old woman, can she ever have seen the Mont Saint Michel?

Drip, drip, drip, Briand is dead, dead, dead. "While I hold office there shall not be another war." But I am cold and he is dead. Briand is dead, dead, dead, dead. Briand is dead, dead, dead, dead, dead . . .

No, I am not writing this monody in the church porch. I have been sitting for two hours in a little café down the street. A quick dash brought me to warmth and security. Just at present, I would not take all the Romanesque saints in the world for the cast iron figures on that little stove.

I wish I could understand more clearly what the two men across the room are saying. — "But yes, In Russia there is a country . . ." That is all I have been able to catch so far.

Princess, princess, in your tower on the hill, how are you passing the long stormy afternoon? And, incidentally, what of yourself, Oh Fils de Papa?

The Patron after serving me, asked if I spoke German. That is about the sixth time I've been asked that around the country. I think they imagine it is a sly way to surprise a stranger's nationality.

Yes, surely the Patron is responsible. I can't believe my old woman would have stooped to so unfriendly an act. For what do you suppose? I have just been "interrogated" by no less a dignitary than . . . but you wouldn't have guessed it either if you had seen him posting up on his bicycle ten minutes ago and sitting down at the table next to mine, his pilgrim's cape and hood all jeweled with rain drops. Poor man, he was so fussed it was really funny. In spite of the most imperious of mustaches, he looked at me and looked away again at least ten times before he managed to say:

"It is by dirty weather that Monsieur chooses to go traveling."

"It is indeed," said I.

"Monsieur comes from Paris?" he continued more confidently.

"Yes," I replied, sensing some kind of officialdom, "I hope to make an excursion down to Troyes and back."

"Monsieur is a photographer? Monsieur . . . Monsieur . . ." he hesitated.

"I am an etcher," I replied, "but often I snap photographs as well."

At this, my examiner's confusion was so lamentable that I took pity on him. "Monsieur would perhaps like to see my papers," I volunteered.

Monsieur was vastly relieved. For a brief instant, he positively beamed at this sudden resolution of his difficulties, but the complications of my Carte d'Identité soon plunged him into further doubts and misgivings. He studied it for five minutes together. He looked at it upside down and sideways.

"And this," he asked finally, "permits you to travel around like this?"

"I should hope so. I paid a hundred francs for it."

"But how does it happen you are on a bicycle?"

"I was riding out to enjoy the spring."

"Ah," said the little man. Then, after some minutes of deep reflection, he suddenly made up his mind. "'Tis very well. Monsieur is now at liberty. Monsieur will have excused me for my questions. Monsieur realizes that in these times, it is well to know who everyone is. Bon soir, Monsieur!"

With that, he got up, wrapped his cloak about him and went to the door. "Bon soir, Messieurs-Dames!" he said on the threshold.

"Bon soir, Monsieur le Maire!"

And so, just as I realized the importance of my inquisitor, he was gone.

I shall be pushing off after him in a few minutes for the rain is letting up now and I must reach Nogent-sur-Seine tonight if I am to have any time at Troyes though actually that is of minor importance. Old Osby said the place was rather on the sordid side in one of his lectures. On the other hand, this may have been a reaction to irrelevant influences. You know he was driving his sister and the Dean about the country and at Troyes I believe they got all tangled up in a big Socialist parade. That would upset Osby.

Sunday

Well, what an adventure! My spring outing is over and I am on the train back to Paris. Don't ever let anyone tell you that Troyes is sordid. I swear old Osby makes me sick with his Socialist parades! Why . . .

But you must hear everything in order. You are still a long way from Troyes. In fact, it is doubtful if you will get there tonight. You must go back to St. Loup de Naud with its Princess and its echoes of the Mont St. Michel. The old woman was right. St. Loup is like the Mont when you get down in the valley. Church and castle do crown a series of roofs and terraces in a way most suggestive of the Norman miracle. Nor did it seem as landlocked as you might suppose. It is astonishing how near the ocean seems here in stormy weather. You can almost smell it. Unfortunately, it was both too dark and too stormy when I left the café to think of drawing. I shall have to revisit St. Loup some other time.

It was after twelve when I rode into Nogent. Everything was closed up tight and it was somewhat doubtfully that I pulled at the bell beside the little inn's formidable door. I rang once and I rang twice and there was never a sound but the bell tinkling in the empty house. Two gendarmes came by on bicycles. "Ring! Ring hard!" shouted one of them and I rang thrice, long and hard. Suddenly, a head was thrust out from an upper window. "What is it? What do you want?" it said.

"I want a room, a room for the night."

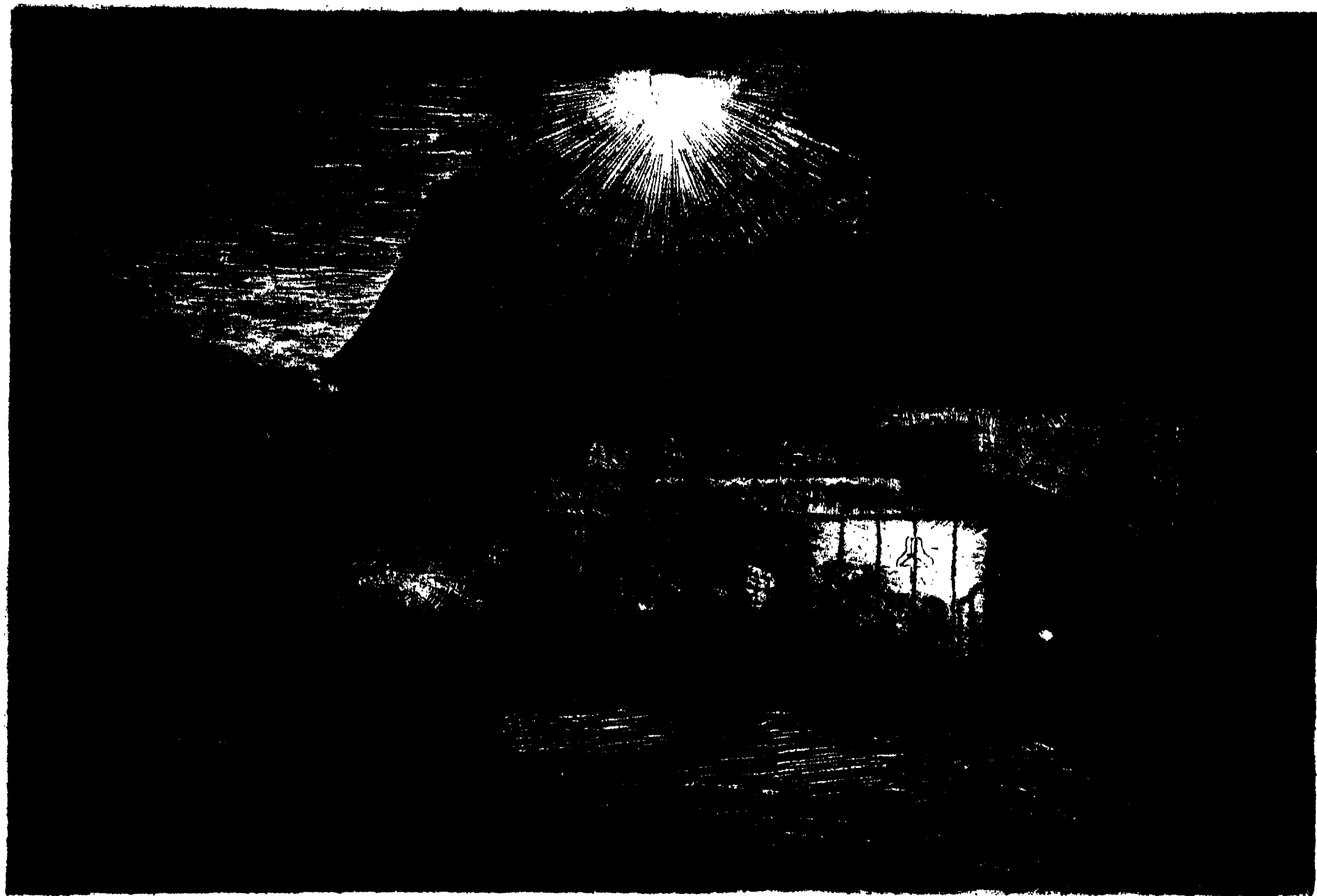
"A room? Very well. Wait."

Wait I did; waited so long, in fact, that I was just venturing another tug at the bell when there was a shuffling inside, ponderous bolts shot back, a key turned, and the door was opened a crack for me to step inside.

"But you are in a hurry," grumbled an indeterminate figure who at once proceeded to restore the triple-barred security of the door and then, shuffling up to the desk in the dimly lit hall, presented me with the usual blank. I can fill it out now with my eyes shut:

"de Camp, William Scott, American, August 16, 1905, Cold Spring, New York. Passport 45093. Coming from Paris, returning to Paris. April 3, 1934."

How I like that "Coming from Paris, returning to Paris!" All the mystery, all the dreaminess of night travel seems locked in that suggestive but non-committal phrase. Up in bed, I should have liked to savor its overtones indefinitely but, the first thing I knew, night and its mysteries had vanished and the sun was streaming in the open window.





La Douce France! If ever any part of France deserved that name, surely it was Nogent on the Seine this morning. What was there there? Nothing but the river and the sky. Oh yes, there was a great church tower too and an avenue of trees, some pretty roofs, some red, some blue, a Gothic gate, some timbered houses, but chiefly the river and the sky and most especially, the sun! Sky, stream and sun and the damp, cool earth glistening and quickening in the April morning! Ah yes, Master Remi Bellau, your lyric rhymes very well today. I recited it over and over as I pedaled down the road towards Troyes.

April, Hail! The woods acclaim thee;
 Fairest name thee!
 April, sweet expectant time,
 Loved of fruits that in the womb
 Of thy bloom
 Nourish now their tender prime!

Between Nogent-sur-Seine and Romilly-sur-Seine, the river valley slowly widens out into a vast plain which stretches all the way to Troyes. Soft white clouds were floating over it this morning and the Seine, divid-

ing and subdividing, gurgled and murmured in a hundred shimmering streams.

April, Hail! The green fields greet thee,
 And to meet thee
 Don their robes of richest hue,
 Broidered with a thousand flowers
 For thy bowers,
 Red and yellow, white and blue!

Suavely, the tree-arched way unwound over the gentle undulations of the plain. On the side of the valley, nestling in groves of trees along the river, little Dureresque villages appeared with almost mathematical regularity; cottages and barns whose red roofs rose directly out of the ground, many gabled churches with curious slate covered towers.

April, Hail! Soft breezes bless thee
 And caress thee.
 Zephyr in a forest glade
 Wafts away sweep petals for a
 Couch for Flora.
 There to woo the lovely maid.

Sweet, timeless little villages, unaltered since Remi Bellau wrote four



hundred years ago! These are the children of Troyes and these quaint churches with their curious towers are of the flock of that great shepherd tower whose massive form already looms upon the far horizon.

Yes, we are nearly at Troyes but you, Chérie, will not lodge there to-night. I have been. I have seen. But you will have to stop at one of these farm houses and in a week or so I shall come for you again. Too long? But think! To one of these same villages, near fifteen hundred years ago, came emissaries from St. Loup of Troyes to Attila, the Hun. Down this same road they marched, bearing the cross before, chanting their hymns and swinging censers. And the dread chief received them graciously and all went well until the setting sun, shining too brightly on a priestly vestment, frightened a horse which, rearing, threw and killed his rider; whereupon the Trojans one and all were massacred, all save a choir boy who hid in a hollow tree. See, here is an iron cross marking the spot. Cannot that hold you for a week?

And later on these very plains the forces of Attila were routed in a great battle as meaningful for history as the Battle of the Marne. Three hundred thousand soldiers fell that day. Pause and reflect on that!

Or will you stop at Payns in the shadow of its little dovecot tower?

Payns, birthplace of Hugo, founder of the Order of the Templars — that proud association whose accumulating wealth disrupted a continent's economy and who paid the price of ruthless suppression, burnings and tortures unspeakable. Oh yes, History is fascinating . . . in retrospect!

Stay here at Payns. Bask in the atmosphere of this new country, this heart of Champagne — as different from Picardy, from Normandy or Touraine, as Spain is from France. And always remember that it is April.

April, thou that doth beguile
 With Venus' smile,
 Fragrant with her gentle breath;
 April, perfume the Gods love
 Who above
 Scent the flowered earth beneath!

April, Hail! Who all the year
 Doth appear
 In my lady's golden hair,
 In her sweet and fragrant bosom
 Where each blossom
 Blooms a thousand times more fair!

But that is something else again. Where were we? Ah, yes! Wait



for me here at Payns. Go to bed early. Sleep as late as the ducks and the geese and the chickens in the court will let you. Muse in the little church. Stroll by the many-armed and shadowed river. Relax, repose. In a week, I will come for you and together we will explore the ancient city of Troyes, wrapped in the mystery of a soft April evening.

As ever,

Bill

P.S. You ask me, Chérie, what possible grounds there could be for thinking that Prince committed suicide. Well, there are several. In the first place, there is the fact that the entire plot for luring him to Dijon would have fallen through but for his so opportune return for his briefcase. Without that coincidence, it would have been impossible for him to take the specified noon train to Dijon and if he had missed that and happened to call DIJON 147, the number given by the supposed doctor, he would have discovered it to be the number of a worthy butcher and would thus have been put on his guard.

But, you ask, couldn't Mme Prince have telephoned her husband at the Palais de Justice and directed him to proceed at once to the station whither she was sending his bag? No, it seems that Prince always went to work on foot and occupied most of the morning strolling along the quays.

Then there is the question of the telegram which he sent from Dijon and which is undoubtedly in his hand. It announced, you remember, that his mother's condition was as good as possible and that a consulta-

tion would take place in the evening. Now it has been established that this message was sent only six minutes after the arrival of the train and

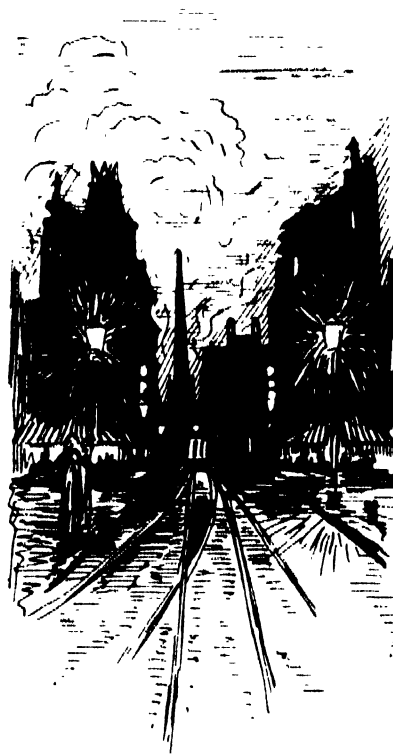
several witnesses have testified that he was alone when he sent it. What became of the persons who must have met him with news of his mother, or did they never exist?

Even more troubling are the circumstances under which the murder story has been built up. Clearly, there was a very definite effort to fix the idea of a prearranged plot in the public mind. You remember the concierge's tale of a mysterious inquiry about the old mother's doctor? Well, it seems that on the morrow of the crime some imaginative journalists asked her if there had been any such inquiries and she said positively no. It was only after a visit from Mme Durand, wife of the chief

magistrate of Dijon and a great friend of Prince that Mme Beaupoil suddenly remembered this very important link in the murder plot story.

There are many rumors too about the knife that was bought at the Bazar de l'Hôtel de Ville. It is said that a witness identified an unmarked photograph of Prince as the buyer. That would of course clinch the matter but I have seen nothing really definite on the subject.

In fact, the whole business seems to be fading out in fantastic clues and phoney evidence. The JOURNAL, by the way, never published the much heralded findings of its English detectives. It is said they turned in a verdict of suicide and that would never have done.



Berlin Letter

You have perhaps read recently of measures taken at Berlin in connection with aerial defense, such as the order obliging all landlords and tenants to empty their attics of all paper, mattresses, old clothes, old furniture; in short, of all inflammable materials. The direct effect of these measures has been to rouse a lively fear in the minds of the population. Everywhere people are asking if war may not be very near.

Indeed there is no lack of Germans who believe sincerely in the danger of war and, let us face the fact, of a preventive war to be declared by France.

Viewed from Paris, such a fear seems nothing short of absurd, but it is otherwise here in Germany where every mind is so impregnated with a propaganda which for years has devoted its energies to rousing panic by picturing disarmed Germany as the certain prey of encircling armies and enemy cannon. Here, I say, a veritable phobia has taken possession of many minds and this is serious... Military encirclement, economic encirclement, are delusions as dangerous as dynamite. It needs but a spark in certain circumstances to touch them off.

'Germany, Prepare for War!' Writes Brunswick Professor

As a companion piece for the true Nazi gospel, as revealed by the Fuhrer in "Mein Kampf", we now have a work by Dr. Banse, Professor of Military Science at the Brunswick School of Technology, a work bearing the arresting title headlined above.

The Third Reich's will to war stands out from every page. Just listen to Dr. Banse on the invasion of England:

"Sooner or later, that nation so proud and apparently invincible will be the prey of destruction. The day will come when that country which was last conquered in 1066 will again bow before a foreign master or at least have to give up her colonies. Let us confess that there is pleasure in this thought for us Germans."

Dr. Banse is no kinder to us: "France," we read in his book, "is a much more dangerous enemy because more reserved and aggressive against us than we against her. With a people as unruly and ambitious, as determined and brutal as the French, there can be no question of peaceful neighborly relations. The history of the last 400 years shows us that clearly enough. It is a case of eating or being eaten. But for the peace of the world it is indisputably preferable that the final victory should rest with a peace-loving nation like Germany than with an insatiable and excitable people like the French." (See further excerpts on Page 6)

Reich 'Pacific' says Goebbels

The Stavisky Scandal

M. HURLAUX ATTEMPTS SUICIDE IN PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE....



Our daily Stavisky sensation was provided this evening a little after 6 o'clock, when it was learned that M. Hurlaux, Deputy Prosecutor General at the Paris Court of Appeals, had been dismissed from office and that the gravely compromised magistrate had attempted suicide in the office of M. Donat-Gigue by taking poison. Here is the report we have received of this latest act in our serial drama of scandal, murder and suicide.

SCENE: The office of the Prosecutor General
vict. Incidentally, did you ever grant Stavisky an adjournment?"

AN INCRIMINATING LETTER

Judge Hurlaux, 45 years of age and Knight of the Legion of Honor, had been asked to appear this morning before M. Donat Gigue....

"Your Excellency, the Prosecutor General, has sent for me in an affair concerning myself?"

"Precisely."
In the vast office where M. Lescouvé, First President of the Court of Appeals, was also present, a chill silence followed these first few words. The Judge grasped that it was not a question of a current affair, for the faces of the two high magistrates were serious and severe. M. Hurlaux paled. At the first words of M. Donat Gigue, he lowered his eyes.

"During the investigations carried on last Saturday by the examining magistrate, M. Ordonneau discovered among other papers a letter addressed to Stavisky last June. That letter, Monsieur, bears your signature!"

"It is very possible," replied the Judge feebly. "I had social relations with Stavisky. I may very well have written him." "The letter begins, 'My dear and valued friend...' It is but too evident that you were soliciting a favor from this notorious crook!"

"It is possible," stammered M. Hurlaux. "You will agree that it is paradoxical to find a magistrate asking the aid of an accused whom he may be called on to con-



LAME EXCUSES

The scene is oppressive. The Judge's head sinks lower and lower. He realizes that he is lost. From his lips come disjointed phrases, "Honor... coincidences... carelessness in associations, nothing more... probity... disinterestedness..."

"Why then," demands M. Donat Gigue, "do you send your letter with the expression of your gratitude and entire devotion?"

This time M. Hurlaux is silent. The two magistrates press him to justify himself, the more so as the ministry is contemplating the gravest of measures against him, to wit, immediate dismissal.

THE FRENZY OF DESPAIR

This announcement caused M. Hurlaux to jump up in a spasm of intense nervous excitement.

"Never!" he shrieked. "If the Chancellor dismisses me, he will dismiss a corpse!"

Suiting the action to the words, the Judge put his hand in his pocket. Fearing a suicide, M. Lescouvé and M. Donat Gigue jumped upon him and succeeded in wresting from him not a revolver but a box containing some drugs.

At this, M. Hurlaux's hysteria became even more intense. With haggard eyes, he literally shrieked, "You can take away that box but I have others at home!"

(See further details on page 7)

HITLER TO MEET MUSSOLINI

The possibility of an imminent interview between Chancellor Adolf Hitler and the Italian Duce, Benito Mussolini, which this paper reported some days ago, is the subject of all diplomatic conversations at Rome. It is even said that the Duce has invited M. Barthou to meet the two statesmen

at Venice on the 15th of June in order to study the complexities of a disarmament accord which would then be submitted to Geneva.

Interview Confirmed at Geneva

Elusive Disarmament

A change is to be noted in the general attitude towards disarmament. England, who still recently did not hesitate to press the most unacceptable concessions on us in this matter of disarmament, seems at last to realize that our present government is not disposed to reduce its forces without a serious guaranty of our security from the other powers.

But the British government is unwilling to undertake any new engagements, which is as much as to say that it has practically given up hope of any accord. Already, indeed, it is studying plans for naval and air armament increases. We certainly don't blame her. Disarmament would only have been possible under a system of collective security. Since such security is not to be had, everyone must recognize our right and that of our allies to keep our means of defense intact and even to augment them should an armament race be forced upon us against our will.

The Prince Inquiry

Yesterday evening at 11 o'clock, M. Rabut, the magistrate in charge of the Prince inquiry at Dijon, received a telephone call from Dr. Balhazzard, one of the physicians conducting the second autopsy including the investigation of the clothes and other objects belonging to the deceased.

Dr. Balhazzard had called to inquire if the victim had his shoes on when the body was discovered. On being answered in the negative, Dr. Balhazzard replied that it was just as he had expected and confirmed his opinion that the victim had been carried on to the track.

The shoes, when found, were completely laced, meticulously clean and free from any trace of mud or dust. The Judge cannot, therefore, have walked to the Combe aux

National Lottery

THE DRAWING FOR THE THIRD SERIES OF THE NATIONAL LOTTERY WILL TAKE PLACE THIS EVENING AT THE TROCADERO.

Fees, as some have tried to maintain. The soles of the shoes were torn away in front, suggesting that the body had been dragged face down. The vamps of one shoe were torn along the line of the eyes and the stiffeners of the other were open all along the seams.

From all these evidences, Dr. Balhazzard concludes that assassination is beyond dispute.

FRANCO-POLISH SOLIDARITY

M. Barthou at Warsaw



57 Boulevard St. Marcel,

Paris, May 5, 1934.

Ma Chérie:

What doings and excitement! I was down at Troyes again this week-end But that must be for another time. I wonder if I shall ever catch up. Let me see I promised you a nocturnal ramble in the old city, didn't I? You were to receive a portfolio of night scenes accompanied by musical, mystical verses, magic cadences about the old city at night. But magic cadences take time and I just haven't got it.

So I am forced to turn you loose by yourself among these few sketches that are done.

Why am I so busy?

Well, for one thing, M. Elaincourt has invited some of us to exhibit at a little show that is going to be held a week from now in a gallery on the Champs-Élysées (sounds impressive doesn't it?) and all last week I was wildly working to get two etchings finished in time. They are of children sailing boats in the Tuilleries Gardens and I had a lot of trouble with one of them. However, I managed to get two passable prints in on Friday and I shall have some more to go in my next letter to you.

You remember that pool and fountain in the Tuilleries Gardens? It is a wonderful place, I think — the most wonderful in Paris, the sweetest, most gracious opening up to the sky and the sun that is to be found anywhere. You remember the formal flower beds and the slightly ridiculous mythological statues and how the sun strikes through the fountain and how the fountain trails off in the breeze and how the children play for hours around the pool, constantly forming and reforming in delicate arabesques of excited attention, delight and dismay?

"Ah Pierre, tu est en panne!"

"C'est que l'essence te manque."

"Voyons."

Of a truth, the motor-driven craft are gaining on the sailboats, and more and more the clear piping voices tell of cranky engines and dearth of fuel. Still, there are some sailboats left, quite a few of them; and it is nice to sit and watch them, looking up every now and again to the rhythmical arcades and chimneys of the Rue de Rivoli filing off in the distance or to the vast remote perspective of the Champs-Élysées, sweeping up to the Arc de Triomphe. The gently animated, radiant garden and the



far-off thunderous architectural and historical perspectives Sometimes I feel as though I were dreaming on a beach, listening to the distant crash of the breakers.

But this is terrible. Far from supplying a suitable accompaniment for my Trojan nocturnes, I am distracting you with sunny gardens and the seashore. Away with them!

I am not surprised you find it hard to believe Prince a suicide, but it begins to look more and more as if he were.

No, he wasn't really tied to the track. There was a piece of light string around one of his ankles and on that basis it was announced that he had been tied to the rails. It may very well have been that one leg was attached. Would-be suicides, it seems, often do take some such half-hearted precautions, but there was apparently no hard and fast strapping down such as the first accounts indicated.

As for the witness who saw the three men at the scene of the crime, it was by his own account at an hour too early for them to have been connected with the affair unless they returned after the witness's departure. Prince must have been placed on the rails in the interval between the passing of the 7:35 and that of the 8:46 which ran over him, and H. V., or whatever his name is, says he saw the men drive off at 7:15 at the very latest.

Also the witness who claimed to have heard a doctor introduced to Prince in the station has been proved to be a complete fraud. And so it goes.

Meanwhile more and more evidence is piling up to the effect that Prince himself was Stavisky's creature at the Prosecutor's Office. You remember the disregarded Gripois reports? Well, there was another report a year later whose fate is more clearly damaging to Prince's reputation as an incorruptible official. It is known as the Cousin report and seems to have created a major crisis in Stavisky's affairs. Details were therein given of a fraud at Orleans involving the deposit of some fake emeralds in the pawn shop of that town. If the tip had been followed up at once, Stavisky could not have saved himself. It is therefore extremely interesting to find that Prince sent the report back to its astonished authors with a request to verify certain points which had been only too clearly established, an action it is difficult to interpret except as a manoeuvre to gain time — time for Stavisky





to raise the sums necessary to get his emeralds out of hock and away from the eyes of inquisitive inspectors. And that was exactly what happened.

So, all in all, the suicide theory is steadily gaining ground and several papers have taken to talking of the Prince Affair rather than of the Prince Murder.

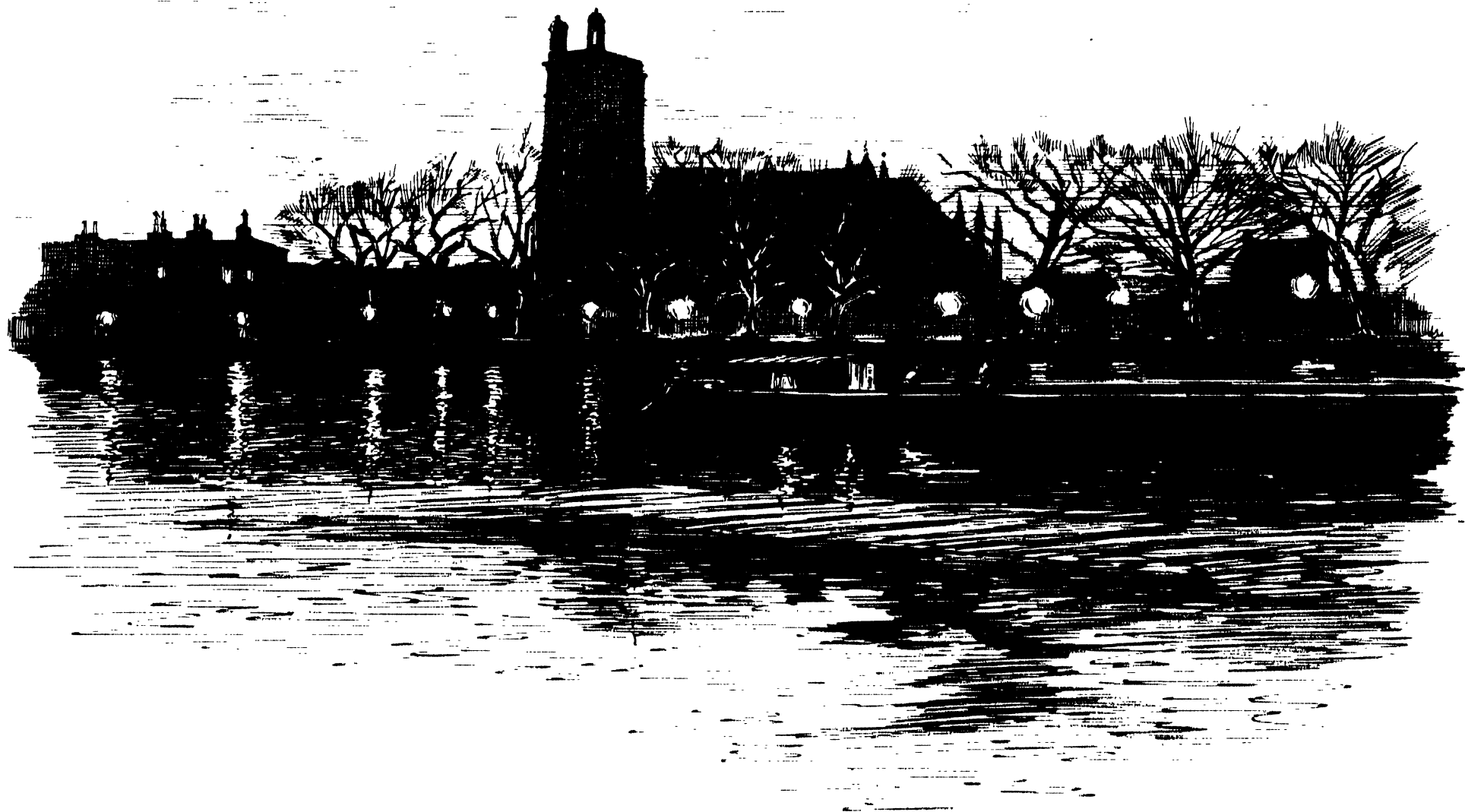
Of course, the expert medical opinion that P. was anesthetized two hours before death is still something of a poser, and I have heard of nothing better than M. Elaincourt's pronouncement.

"Expert testimony," he fumed. "Be very careful how you grovel before expert testimony. In the first Dreyfus trial, did not all the handwriting experts swear and declare that the incriminating document was in Dreyfus's handwriting and in the second trial were not all the experts just as emphatic in maintaining the opposite?"

For myself, the difficulties in the suicide theory are mainly psychological. Could a man disguise his voice over the telephone and go through so macabre a piece of play-acting with his wife? Could he on a winter's night wilfully stage so horrible an exit?

Incidentally P. was Public Prosecutor here at Troyes for three years before he became head of the Financial Department at Paris. It was suggested at one point that his death might be the paying back of some score dating from that time, but nothing was discovered to support this theory. It is silly but I should like to know where he lived at Troyes. I wonder if I can inquire without being arrested as a suspect!

This is the canal basin at Troyes with the cathedral beyond. As at Paris, the town started out on an island in the Seine, here too known as the Ile de la Cité. The cathedral stands on a slight elevation in the middle of it and the Palace of the Counts of Champagne was right where you see those trees. Now, the palace is gone, the island is a deserted backwater and all the life of the city is concen-





trated on the opposite side of the canal. It is a magical effect at night to come down the gently sloping streets of the newer part of town, itself very old, and suddenly emerge on the open skies and placid waters of the canal basin, the cathedral lying beyond as on a guarded and holy island, an impression much enhanced by the little drawbridges. It is a pity that the façade of the cathedral has only one unfinished tower, and that very ugly, for I know of no church with a more perfect approach.

There is a great deal at Troyes besides the cathedral. There is St. Urbain which is beautiful but much too tidied up and there are a half a dozen other unusual churches.

Just now, I am especially taken up with this dilapidated, unfinished wreck of St. Jean where Henry V of England married his French princess and, as he hoped, the kingdom of France. I had forgotten all about Prince Hal, the fair Kate and the catastrophic Treaty of Troyes but now they are coming back to me. Isn't that a curious clock tower perched on the wall of the unfinished transept? And look at that sacristan's dwelling straggling along the aisle roof. Was there ever a more romantic penthouse? I've had a most romantic time drawing it, to say the least, but that deserves a letter all to itself.

As ever,

Bill

P.S. I got those perfume compacts you asked for at the Galleries Lafayette. I hope they are all right.

**SENSATIONAL REVELATIONS!****Reich Agents Here Prepare Bacterial War****Diabolic Plan to Infect Subway Air**

"THE 19th CENTURY" publishes in its current number an article by M. Wickham Steed, filled with sensational revelations of Germany's preparations for chemical and bacteriological war.

The universal esteem which this former editor of "THE TIMES" enjoys, as well as his love for our country, make us feel an obligation to inform the French public of these revelations, the responsibility for which we leave to the eminent journalist.

Mysterious Secret Documents

It is several months since documents, whose authenticity seems undeniable to the experts who have carefully studied them, fell into the hands of M. Wickham Steed. These documents emanate from a secret section of the Reichswehr ministry, the L.G.A. or Luft Gas Angriff (Aerial Gas Attack Department).

The first document, dated from Berlin at the end of July 1932, is marked strictly confidential and signed by the colonel in charge of the L.G.A. department. It is addressed to an aeroplane firm and appears to follow up a previous communication referred to as memorandum IX. The firm is asked to submit its observations on this memorandum, which describes the most effective conduct of an air raid. The document is damaged but a legible passage alludes to methods of manufacturing hyperite in its usual form or in a compressed form in large quantities.

Ingenious Experiments

In order to determine the best conditions for bombardment by gas, the L.G.A. has employed a very ingenious process. Its bacteriologists make use of a germ known as "MICROCOCOCCUS PRODIGIOSUS," of red coloration and suitable to the study of infection by saliva. This micrococcus is very rarely found in the air and is harmless in small quantities. It lends itself admirably, therefore, to experiments designed to determine the range and trajectory of liquids thrown from the air. Receiving plates placed on the ground in specified places permit the cultures to be gathered and automatically verify the results of chemical and bacteriological bombardment.

(Continued on Page 2, Column 1)

VENICE REVIVES HER ANCIENT SPLENDORS TO HONOR HITLER**Brilliant Water Fête To-night**

A gondola procession by torchlight will tonight provide a spectacle worthy of the

HITLER AND MUSSOLINI MEET TOGETHER NEAR VENICE TO-DAY**IN A VILLA NEAR VENICE...**

Dictators confer in royal Villa Pisani at Stra, once used as Headquarters by Napoleon I. Official bulletins vague.



Disarmament, Austria and German policy in the Far East believed chief topics of discussion.

NO PACT TO BE CONCLUDED

It is in the Palazzo Pisani at Stra, beneath those airy ceilings so fancifully and gorgeously decorated by Tiepolo that

on the very best authority that no pact of any kind is contemplated by the two leaders. The meeting is held to be purely

THE WAR DEBTS**France Notifies Washington of Continued Non-Payment**

The text of the French note advising the American government of our decision to defer the current payment on the war debt due this June 15th, was published simultaneously yesterday evening in Paris and Washington:

"As the intergovernmental debt situation has not changed since December 1932, the French Government does not find itself in a position to resume on the 15th of the current month those payments which since the 15th of December 1932 it has been obliged to defer because of the moratorium declared in that year.

"The French Government, however, wishes to reaffirm on this occasion that it in no way contests the validity of the debt and that it stands ready to seek a settlement with the government of the U. S., which, taking account of present circumstances, would be acceptable to both countries.

"The Government of the Republic hopes that such a settlement may take place in the near future and assures the government of the United States that it for its part will neglect no opportunity of realizing such a result."

Franco-Czech Solidarity**M. Barthou Warmly Greeted by Prague**

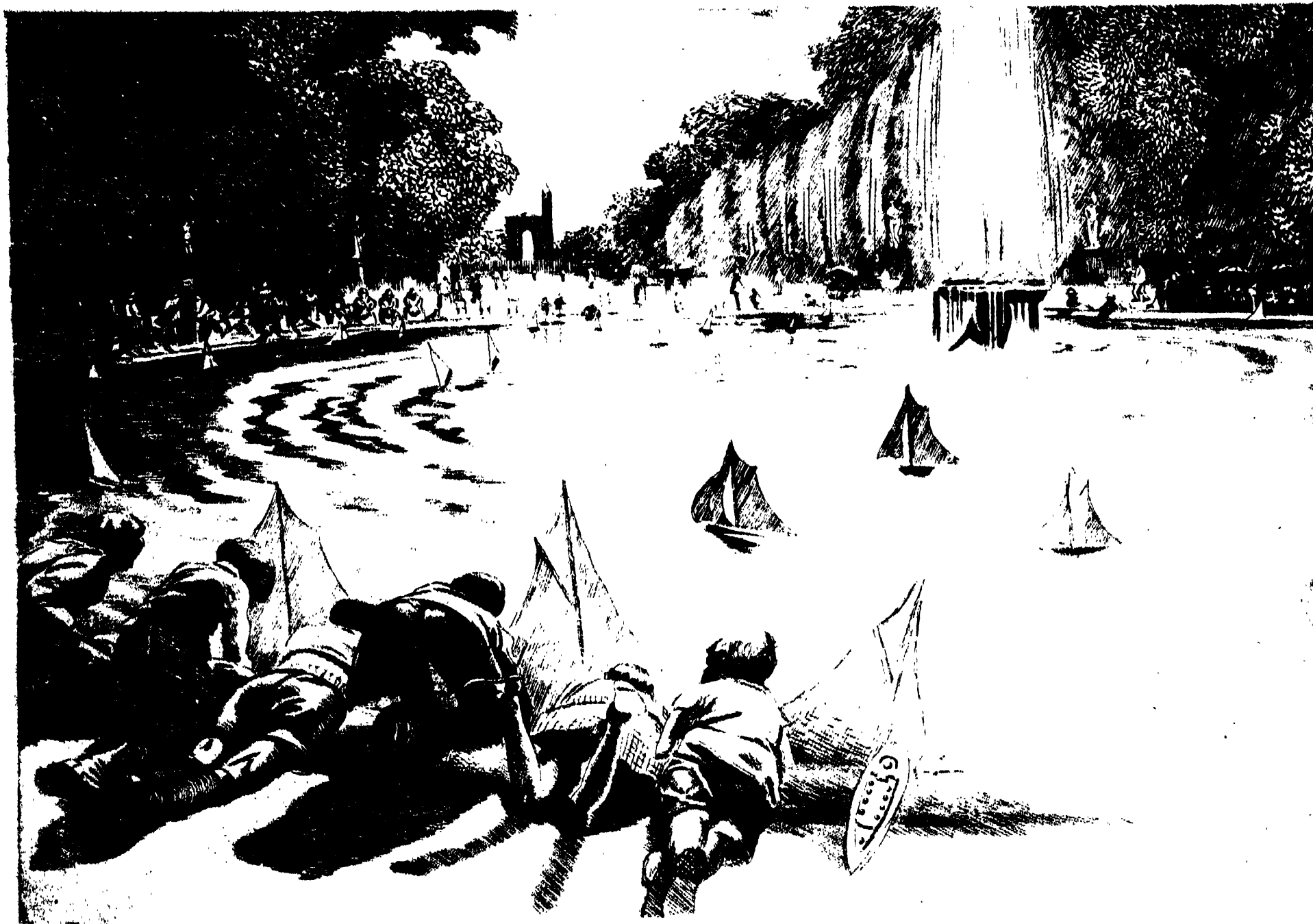
Czechoslovakia gave the French Minister of Foreign Affairs a rousing welcome this morning. M. Benes went to meet M. Barthou in his railroad carriage and escorted him through a double row of legionaries blazing with decorations to a cordial reception ceremony in a hall magnificently festooned with flags of the two nations.

On leaving the station, M. Barthou was greeted by the strains of the Marseillaise and the prolonged cheering of a huge crowd which had been waiting stoically in a pouring rain for several hours so as to be able to shout "Vive la France!"

"Vive la France! Vive la France! In his drive from the depot to the legation, M. Barthou was to hear this cry repeated and repeated with all that it conveyed of a people's friendship and enthusiasm. Prague was gay with flags and, in spite of the ugly weather, it was plain that everyone rejoiced to receive the representative of France. (Continued on Page 3)

DUCE'S DAINTIES GO BEGGING AS FRUGAL FUHRER DEMANDS Scrambled Eggs!

Consternation reigns in Italian culinary circles. The Duce's chefs are in despair.





GERMANY PREPARES BACTERIOLOGICAL WAR

A Plan for infecting the Subway Systems of Paris and London

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1 COLUMN 4

The memorandum continues with a reference to experiments on the circulation of air in London and Paris subway stations and complains that information collected by its agents is still too fragmentary and deficient in scientific exactitude. None the less, the memorandum concludes on a hopeful note, judging "From observations so far made that the L.G.A.'s plan for infecting great cities like London and Paris through the dissemination of Mustard gas or bacteria in the subway system should not prove impractical on the whole."

Many French Cities Marked for Attack

The study of effects produced by draughts at subway entrances are very interesting, as recorded by other documents in this singular collection. Experiments appear to have been made in Paris at the Pasteur, Montparnasse and Concorde stations more especially, and in London at Leicester Square, Tottenham Court Road, Piccadilly Circus and Liverpool Street.

Many preliminary tests on home ground, however, preceded these trials further afield. This is how it was done. Cultures of the Micrococcus Prodigiosus were spread on slices of potato by means of a sterilized platinum blade, thus producing Trimethylamine. This was mixed with a chemical solution until a rosy broth was obtained. Next the exact number of germs contained in a cubic centimeter was measured, and then three days later the culture was sprayed from a plane flying at different altitudes over receiving plates which had been placed in various positions. The first experiments failed but, on the 27th of January 1933, colonies of bacilli were detected on the receiving plates and the memorandum triumphantly records a succession of increasingly effective "bombardments."

Working on these results, the L.G.A. prepared in October 1933 a series of plans for gas attacks against numerous French cities and fortifications including Metz, Strasbourg, Belfort, Nancy, Verdun, Paris and its suburbs, Toulon, Marseille, Lyon, Le Havre, Rouen, Caen and Nantes without mentioning 11 places in the Departement du Nord.

An Extraordinary Document

A final document, incomprehensible at first sight, appears of prodigious interest on being deciphered by the English experts. It is a large sheet of paper showing a series of figures and symbols in pencil and seems from its spotted condition to have been handled out of doors. There is no signature but a note in red crayon gives the date August 18th with the direction, "To be verified by diagram and

checked with care." Here is a sample of the first lines:

O.P.F.Vers.u.Koor.Conc (ob) Mehrf. nmf.
-ca 210. x 1012.
Re.m.H.Pers.gen.6h.sp. Strg.3.47pm -18,
3:33.
Nr1:P.Rp:) ONOO:3, 12km:11-2; AS 75; n
neg; sq,ggc. K 4231.

With the help of a plan of Paris, it has been possible to decipher this text. It has to do with experiments conducted in the heart of Paris by German agents with a view to determining under what conditions the dissemination of gas and bac-

IN A VENITIAN GLASS



teria might be facilitated by the suction existing at subway entrances, which last, far from furnishing shelter in the event of a bombardment, would become a deadly trap.

Astounding Interpretation

The Place de la Concorde (Conc) is the 0 point of the experiments having the obelisk (ob) as its center. The Place de la Concorde, then, has been circled several times in a car (Merfah Umfahren) and 20 units containing one billion Micrococcus Prodigiosus germs have been spread with the help of several assistants. Results examined six hours later. Experiment con-

ducted the 18th of August 1933 at 2:47 P.M.

It will be seen that the German agents took the Place de la Concorde, of which the obelisk is the geometrical center, for their field of observation. Their object as will be seen from the translation of the last two lines of code, was to determine how many colonies of bacteria could be developed on receiving plates placed at the entrances of various subway stations throughout the city, once the Place de la Concorde and the neighboring streets had been thoroughly sprinkled with germs.

Let us follow them, then, to the station in the Place de la Republique which the reader can now identify for himself in the code: "Place de la Republique, 3 kilometers East Northeast of obelisk. Wind after Beaufort's scale of velocities 1.2, blowing according to anemograph directly towards the point of coordination. (A negative sign indicates wind blowing towards the point of coordination, a positive sign the reverse condition). Circumstances very favorable. 4,331 colonies collected."

Other Scenes of Experiment

Notations similar to that illustrated above record the findings in other stations about town, findings which we present in their deciphered form:

ECOLE MILITAIRE Station at corner of Avenue de Suffren and de la Motte-Picquet. Wind velocity 12:33 meters per second. Only 13 colonies picked up on receiving plate. Dissemination of germs feeble due to great open space of Champ de Mars.

PLACE VALHUBERT directly opposite Orleans station, 3.19 kilometers from obelisk. Observations disturbed by passers by, but there is enormous suction of air.

ALLEE DE LONGCHAM 300 meters from Porte Maillot Station. Inconclusive results. 658 colonies collected. Locality none the less considered favorable.

PASTEUR 2.11 kilometers from obelisk. Very violent suction. Results tabulated on special chart. Normal conditions. Wind Southwest towards obelisk. 95,778 colonies collected.

This is definitely encouraging. Even more satisfactory are the results of a 7th experiment at:

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES 500 meters from obelisk. Wind velocity 9.69 meters a second. 1,124,781 colonies collected!

"Reich Pacific" says Roehm

War and the Church

Certain followers of Tolstoy and certain religious sects stemming from the Reformation would sometimes have us believe that all war, all military service even, is forbidden by the Church in accordance with the words of the Saviour, "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil," and, "Put up thy sword! For he that takes the sword shall perish by the sword!"

In his recent "History of the Church," M. Jules Goyau faces this problem squarely at the outset and very rightly observes:

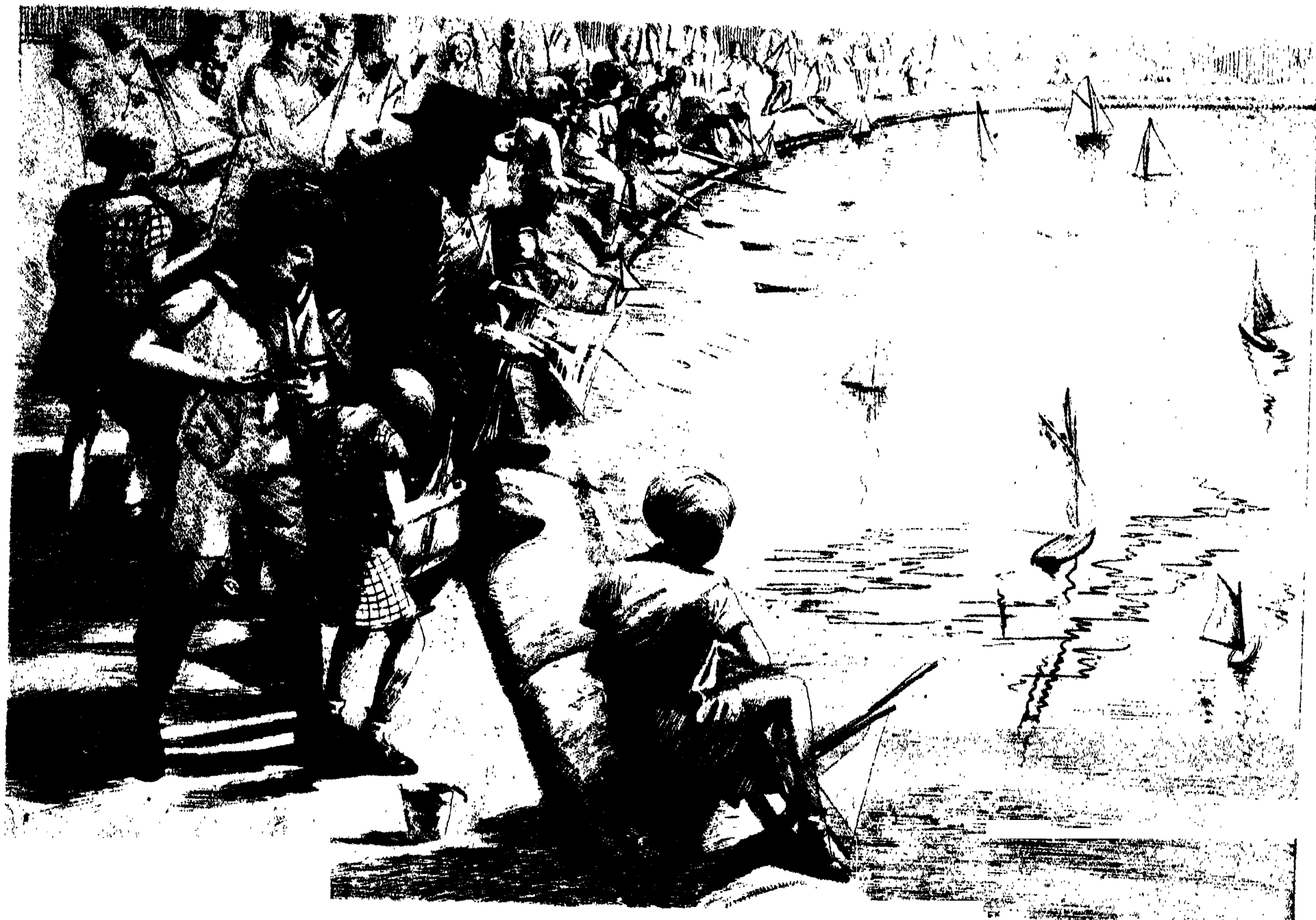
"From the point of view of Church history the interesting point to remark is not the meaning which the free examination of a layman may attach to these words, but the interpretation which the Church, the official guardian and translator of Christ's words has commonly put upon them. Now this interpretation shows without the shadow of a doubt that Christ did not forbid the resisting of evil and that the Church has never considered that our Lord forbade the taking up of arms."

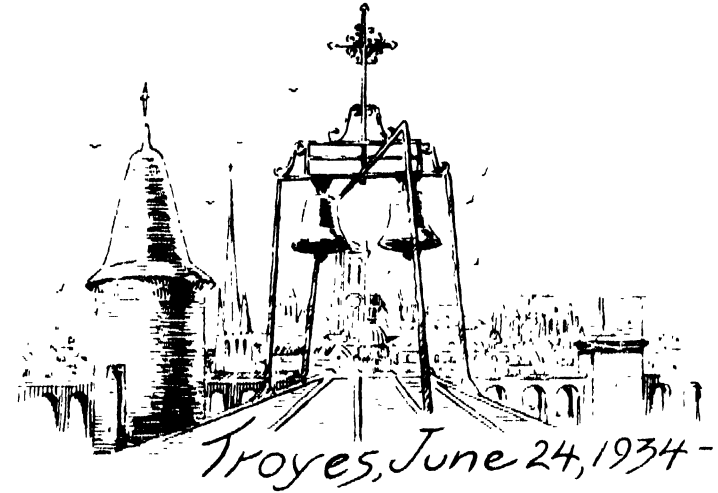
M. Goyau explains this position with equal clarity and serenity:

"The Gospel teachings are addressed to individuals and have for their primary objective the spiritual perfecting of the individual and the acquisition by his soul of more abounding grace here below and greater glory above. Now while those organized societies which we call states are also bound by the laws of God, nevertheless, the application in their case is somewhat different. States exist purely for temporal ends. They have neither grace to acquire nor celestial glory for which to hope. They have no hereafter and if they are to attain perfection it must be in this world or not at all. That is why if an individual may legitimately and reasonably abandon his rights and neglect his physical or temporal interests with a view to rewards to come, the state, on the other hand, must from its very nature insist upon the recognition of its rights both by its own citizens and those of foreign nations."

Vague Signs Reveal an Anxious and Uneasy Reich

Is there unrest in the Third Reich? Is there any opposition to the Nazi regime, which so loudly proclaims itself the free choice of sixty million Germans? Certainly such opposition does not shout its views from the housetops. Certainly it finds no expression in Dr. Goebbels' scientifically orchestrated press, at all less in Hitler's sounding board, the Reichstag. Nonetheless, there are signs vague and anonymous that not all of Hitler's former opponents are in concentration camps. A sentence scrawled on the wall, a leaflet dropped in one's letter box, a confidence made after a furtive glance to left and right, these are the signs of what cannot be called an organized group but which any sudden crisis might well





Ma Chérie:

- (1) Who is the most picturesque Prince of Wales in English History?
- (2) Was Agincourt a noble, a battle, or a kind of game?
- (3) What has proved the most drastic and yet short-lived treaty in French history?
- (4) Is Falstaff a character in Dickens, Shakespeare or Rabelais?
- (5) Did Jeanne d'Arc most resemble Hitler, Dorothy Thompson or Mrs. Roosevelt?
- (6) Was the Hundred Years' War political, economic or religious in origin?
- (7) Who the hell gives a damn anyway?

I do, Chérie, to answer the last question myself, and you must a little wee bit too. Otherwise Otherwise, I shan't tell you a word about my last week's adventure in a Trojan bawdy house; not one word, unless you have mastered the proper historical, sociological background. Does this seem like extortion? I assure you it is in the best modern literary tradition: six pages of sociology to one of bawdry.

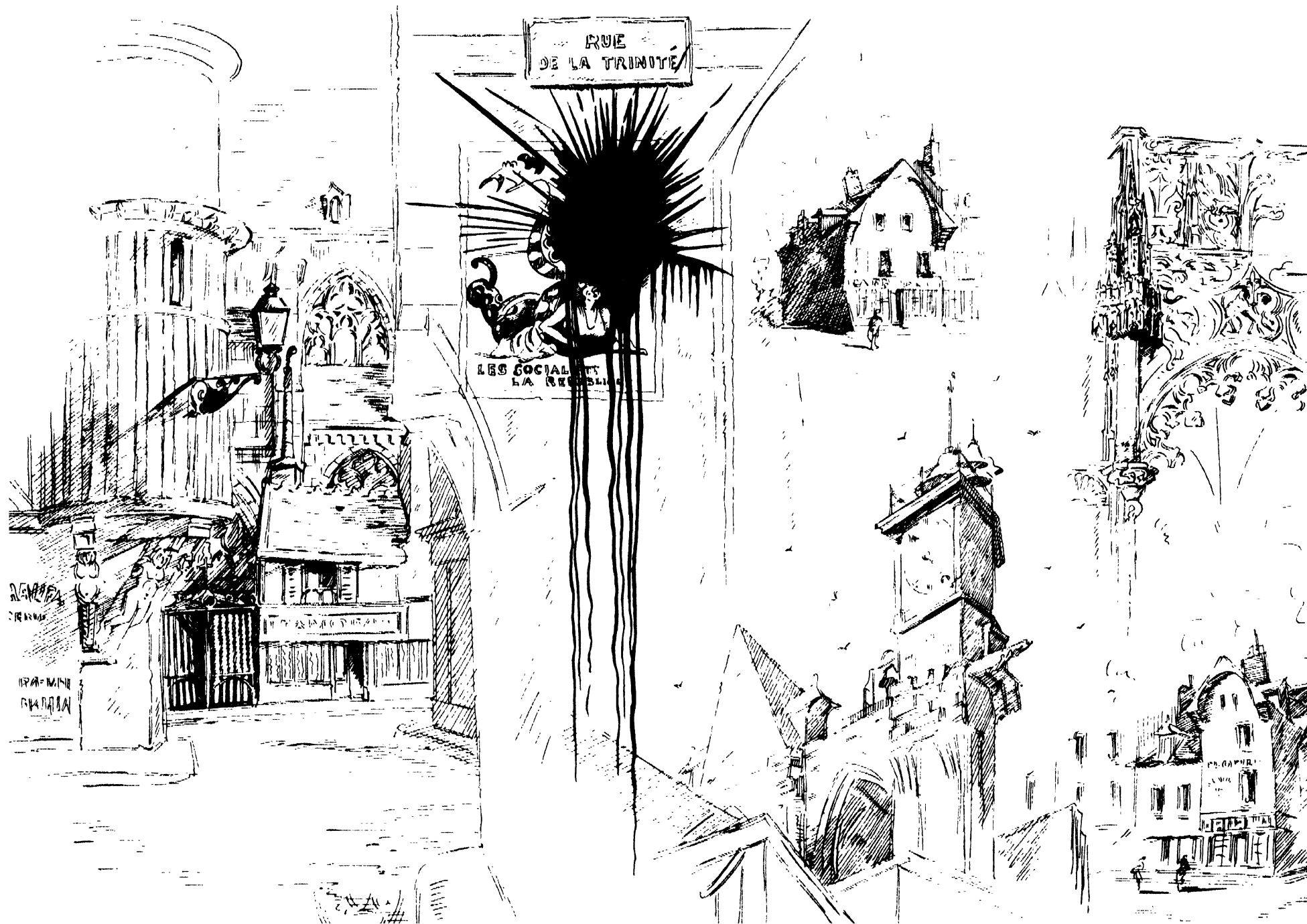
So, to repeat, who is the most picturesque Prince of Wales in English history? Edward the Seventh? Aha! You think you are being very sly

not to mention the future Edward the Eighth? But you are wrong, Chérie, very wrong. The most picturesque Prince of Wales became Henry the Fifth, Shakespeare's Prince Hal, the madcap boon companion of Falstaff.

Question number 2: Agincourt? A battle? Right! But I'll bet you were guessing. No? Can it be that you still from some forgotten recitation learned by rote, an echo of an echo, still recall some words like these?

On, on you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
..... And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry 'God for Harry, England, and St. George!'

And now for the drastic yet short-lived treaty. Versailles, you say?



Versailles? Certainly not! And it wasn't Waterloo either. Waterloo was a battle. The most drastic and short-lived treaty in French history was the Treaty of Troyes, signed here in the cathedral just 499 years before Versailles. By its terms, the mad king of France, Charles VI, made over to Henry V of England and his heirs forever, the entire kingdom of France, as well as his daughter Katherine who was married to Henry in this very church of St. Jean at Troyes.

And so to number 4: Who was Falstaff? An opera by Verdi? That, I suppose, is meant to be funny. I shall ignore it entirely. And yet Falstaff is the key to the whole business. Who would remember Henry had Shakespeare not created Falstaff to give him immortality?

"Now Hal, what time of day is it, my lad?"

"Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper and sleeping upon benches afternoons that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil has thou to do with the time of day? Unless hours were cups of sack and minutes capons and clocks the tongues of bawds and dials the signs of leaping houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame colored taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of day!"

And now for question number 5: Did Jeanne d'Arc most resemble Hitler, Dorothy Thompson or Mrs. Roosevelt? Well, there, I must confess I was trying to be funny myself. Yet not entirely so. It was Jeanne d'Arc, of course, who reversed the Treaty of Troyes and helped to boot the English out of France. Only three years after the Treaty of Troyes, the dashing Henry died by inches of some terrible disease at Vincennes; his body was boiled like soup meat in a great kettle; the broth was poured into a French cemetery and the royal bones returned in state to Westminster. One of the "most brilliant of English soldier statesmen" had passed away and his work was not long to follow after. Seven years

later, the English-garrisoned town of Troyes received the following extraordinary letter:

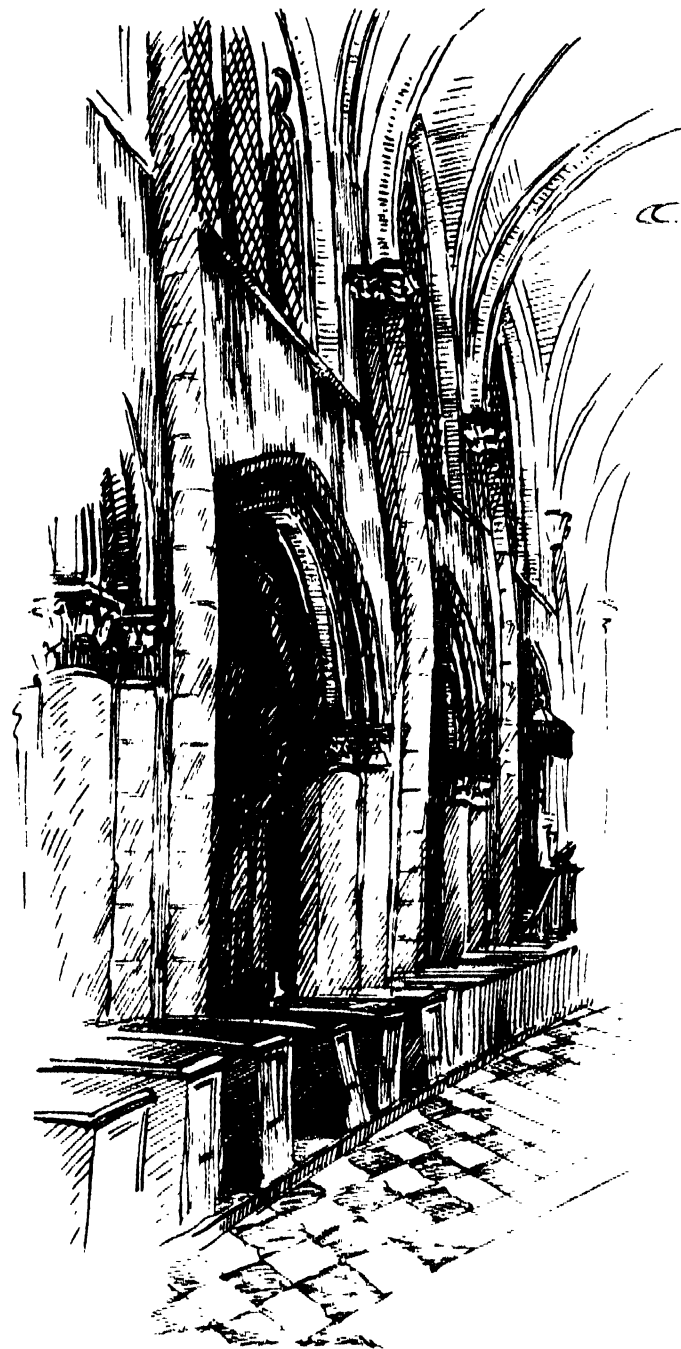
JHESUS MARIA!

To the Lords and Burghers of the City of Troyes: My very dear friends, for so you may be if you choose, Lords, Burghers and inhabitants of the City of Troyes, Jeanne the maid writes to let you know that you should by the Grace of the King of Heaven, her Rightful Sovereign Lord, in whose service she is, make true obeisance and recognition to the gentle born King of France, who will soon be at Rheims and at Paris, no matter who may strive to prevent him for he has with him the aid of King Jesus!

And the city of Troyes, after some demur, opened its gates and the people made obeisance to the gentle born King of France, bringing their babes to be baptized of Jeanne in the cathedral . . . "And some of the boys she named Charles after the King and some of the girls Jeanne after herself, and some she named as their parents desired."

This was 505 years ago. Last Sunday, May 12th, 1934 was the Fête de la Sainte Jeanne d'Arc and the churches throughout France were filled with almost uncomfortably fervent crowds. In commenting on the occasion, the worthy editor of the PARIS NEW YORK HERALD felt inspired to stress the need for new Jeanne d'Arcs and their mystical mountain-moving faith. Yet the good soul has only to look across the border to find a virgin man (or so they say) born a humble villager in an outlying province, whose "mystic faith" has captured sixty million people and whom the rest of the world would be more than glad to see burned as a dangerous spell-binder. The comparison struck me as so amusing that I almost sat down and wrote about it to the Herald Mail Bag. What a furor it would have created in that citadel of correct opinion!

But I have wandered from my questionnaire. Let me see, 6th and



last: Was the Hundred Years' War political, economic or religious in origin? Political, Chérie, political. Especially this second phase of it. Henry's father had usurped the throne of England. There were rival political factions which threatened the new régime and with his dying breath, at least according to Shakespeare, Henry IV advised his son to "giddy busy minds with foreign broils" — advice which fell on all too-willing ears and which circumstances abroad seemed to make particularly sound. The King of France was a hopeless madman. The country had been rent for years by the most savage civil war. There could be no effective opposition whatever. So Henry drafted an ultimatum to the distracted French King in which, while protesting his fervid love of peace and his horror at the very notion of shedding Christian blood, he demanded the hand of the Princess Katherine, with the succession to the throne of France as her dower.

So, class dismissed!

And why this cloudburst of historical atmosphere?

Chérie, look at this old nave whose warped and twisted columns (and I haven't exaggerated them a bit) seem pictured in the very act of falling. You see them? Well, it was here in this very St. Jean au Marché that Henry married the fair Katherine.

And what of that?

Chérie . . . The first class of the first day at Yale. Forty unknown faces and a strange professor meeting together for the first time in an exciting and undiscovered world! When all was new and wonderful and strange, how should the book we opened on that day be less than memorable, even if the poet had not been Shakespeare, or the characters Prince Hal and Falstaff, or the teacher Professor French?

But being what they were, how much more than memorable! Prince Hal, I tell you, is more real to me than the present Prince of Wales.

"If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scrambling and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder; shall not thou and I, between St. Denis and St. George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?"



No, Harry, no. You have but three more years to live and this same son, a gentle, timid, half-demented soul shall die miserably murdered. Murdered, too, his son and with that son your line extinct and all your French possessions lost! And Katherine here shall lie beside another Lord of humbler birth, one Owen Tudor, and so get to be the great-great-great-grandmother of Elizabeth.

But I am cheating, for I said the class was out, and indeed St. Jean has no need of explicit historical atmosphere. As I wrote you before, it is unbelievably picturesque, nor have I any need to go to Shakespeare for fair hot wenches in flame colored taffeta. There is a whole house of them right here beside St. Jean, and thereby hangs my tale.

I was drawing in the street outside St. Jean this morning and not drawing particularly well. I was too near for one thing and, for another, the scene was so filled with picturesque accident as to make it extremely difficult to pick and choose. If only I could get a little further off, a little higher up!

And now, someone had come up and was looking over my shoulder, than which nothing is more irritating when a drawing is going badly.

"Monsieur is drawing the belfry?" a voice said presently.

"Yes," I replied without looking up, knowing indeed quite well that my questioner was none other than a girl who had spoken to me the first night and who even this morning seemed to haunt the vicinity of St. Jean with aimless persistency. Today, in fact, I had half perceived that there were two of them and I now noted with vexation that the second was coming over to join her companion.

"Monsieur is drawing the belfry," announced the first.

"Ah," said the second wriggling in behind us. "It is very old, the belfry," this with a faintly-mocking inflection about equally divided between the belfry and myself. In fact, the trite observation was filled with such an amiable and provocative irony that involuntarily I turned to look into two very large and bold black eyes which would certainly have reduced me to utter confusion had not a passing workman's jibe drawn after him the attention and raillery of my disturbing audience.

"When are you coming in to see me?" called out she of the big black eyes.

"I just haven't got the time," replied he.

"It's a pity just the same," she replied, and then to me as she watched a renewed bout of frantic erasing:

"You don't seem to draw very easily, I'd say."

"Not just now," I grumbled and then added by way of explanation: "The belfry is too close. I cannot get far enough away and it would be better if I could be higher up too. I would give a good deal," said I,

pointing to a dormer that jutted out above us, "to be up there."

"Ah, you would give something? What would you give?"

"Why, I'd give . . . I'd give ten francs; that is, if the view was what I wanted."

"Ten francs! Well, that is something! Ten francs and just to look at a church! Tiens . . . Tell me, Monsieur, how long would you want to stay up there?"

"Oh, a couple of hours."

"So . . . Dites-donc, Cécile," she said turning to whisper in the ear of her companion who presently rejoined emphatically: "But you're crazy, Clara, you're crazy!" and then with crushing finality, "and what about the boss?"

"But she is out," insisted Clara. "She won't be back before night. Ten francs and just to look at a church! It's bizarre, just the same. Two hours, you say, Monsieur? Two hours. That will leave plenty of time. Listen, Monsieur, the house is just two doors back. From our attic, you will see even better than from up there. Will you come? If you like it, you will give us ten francs right away. If you don't, you will give us each one franc and come down. Yes? Is it a bargain?"

The opportunity seemed too good to lose, so somewhat diffidently I allowed myself to be escorted around the corner to a scrimy little café in the lower floor of a half-timbered building so leproously dilapidated that not even the stair turret nor the Gothic mouldings above the windows could relieve its sinister appearance.

Should I or should I not? Certainly, I would not have gone far with the first of my new friends, but about Clara there was a certain ironic good humor that was reassuring. I took a deep breath and stepped down into the ill-favored room. A great brown yellow bitch rose on her haunches and growled but otherwise there was no one there.

"Shut up, Julie!" said Clara and crossing the room opened a doorway, in the wall. "This way," she said and, with Cécile bringing up the rear, I followed her up the circular stair I had noticed outside. Dark and

dirty it was, exhaling the strong odor of old plaster and general decay. It was a relief when we finally emerged in a high, airy attic with a large dormer open at one end and the light finding its way through numerous gaps in the tile roof as well.

I went to the window and looked out. What I saw was disappointing. I was still too low and there was a big chimney right in the way. Still . . .

"Well, is it worth ten francs?" asked Clara.

I reflected. "Yes," I said finally. "It is," and forthwith handed over two five-franc bills. Then there was a pause.

"Monsieur would prefer to be alone?" asked Clara. "Yes?"

I smiled at her gratefully.

"Come on then, Cécile," she said. "Monsieur needs only one in his business. But Monsieur, remember: two hours only. If Madame comes back and finds you here, we are all lost!"

I should not have done it, I know; but no sooner were they out of hearing than I was out the window and scrambling up the peaked tiled roof. I had seen enough to know that the view I was looking for was up there somewhere and there was no time to lose. It wasn't two minutes before I was seated astride the ridge pole with my back against the great chimney, counting up my treasure.

Yes! Yes! Yes! It was all there. All that I had divined, wished, hoped for from below: the sea of roofs, the intricate exposed anatomy of the great unfinished church so archly terminated by its sprightly minaret; the vista beyond of church after church stretching away in a grand processional path to the cathedral. Here is the sketch I made. But where is the color? Where the thousand and one shades of red, orange and russet in the patchwork roofs? Where the blue sky of May, the glow of the midafternoon sun? I should paint, you suggest? But even then, where is the great silence and the peace? Where above all is the gentle far off bell that broke the silence and nigh broke my heart?





WALK IN your garden, dearest, when the sun
 On some bright summer day towards August's close
 Reaches the sweet mid-hour of afternoon!
 Walk when the light is golden and the trees'
 Tall guardian presences benignly send
 Cool shadows creeping far aslant the lawn!
 Walk while the gorgeous beds of zinnias glow
 In richest hues of red with here and there
 A crimson or an orange struck to flame!
 So may you know these deep-dyed roofs of Troyes;
 So may you see her towers bathed in light;
 And breathe as well the quiet and the peace
 Which fills the air. No single sound I hear
 But some child's prattle piping to the low
 Dull hum and drone of Troyes' one modern street,
 Melody dainty as your fountain plays
 To the sonorous murmur of the falls . . .
 "Now, Hal, what time of day is it, my lad?"
 What time you ask? Here is no time at Troyes.
 Nay, see the clock's hand halted on the dial
 While the impetuous arches of this church
 And yon arrested tower that waits its mate
 Stand poised in ever young expectancy.
 Here is no time at Troyes. What should Time do
 In this eternal blaze of afternoon
 Waxing in splendor? Is not this the sun
 Whose angry flashing on the jeweled robes
 Of Trojan priests gone chanting out to treat
 With wild Attila struck a charger's eye
 So blindly he threw and killed his lord,
 Condemning all to bloody massacre?
 Was it today or yesterday this sun
 Down streaming through the windows of yon church
 Lighted King Harry's nuptials when he gripped
 France and her princess in his English grasp
 Cold and efficient?



There . . . now let me see . . .

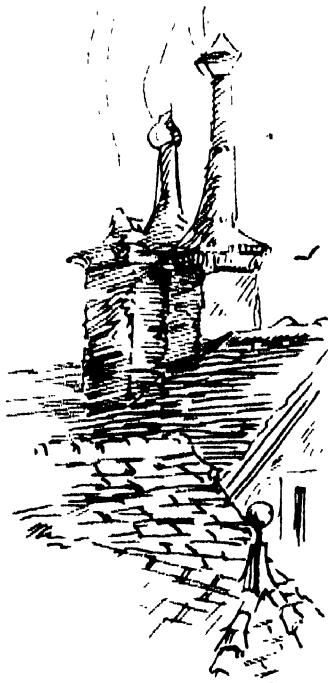


Have I said enough, Chérie, for you to catch the mood? Can you feel yourself sitting on that bawdy house-roof with me gazing down grandiose architectural and historical perspectives? If not, I can go right on, right through Jeanne d'Arc to November 11, 1918, when ecstatic American soldiers danced in the streets of Troyes, embracing all and sundry. However, I know you are getting impatient for the Madame to come home and find me on her roof. If I rhapsodize further, I know you will skip it. But what of the little bell that broke into my reverie with its plaintive strokes? No, you will have to wait a minute for the denouement. Just a minute. So . . .

BACK TO your garden, Madame, back, I say,
On some bright summer day towards August's close,
(Of course, I know it's June but none the less . . .)
Back to your garden, Madame, when the sun
On some bright summer day towards August's close
Rests on the burning summits of the trees;
Back at that crucial hour when light and shade
Are locked in splendid contest each arrayed
In all the special glory of his arms,
So balanced in their beauty you could swear
The act must last forever. Yet now see
The golden warrior with his mighty shaft
Has pierced the crest of yonder sable hill
And burns it clean away; his arrows rain
Across the garden and they sweep the sky
With splendor. Sure, he wins, he wins! But oh!
What sudden, cold and deadly thrust was that,
While shadows leap to follow and pursue?
What sorrow stirs among the whispering trees
While ghastly rumor in the blanching skies
Shrieks, "Woe! The sun is wounded unto death,
And perishes behind the western hill!"
So in your garden, Dearest, mark the end
Of some fair summer day towards August's close
As I upon this roof this eve of June
High in the capital of old Champagne.



And in that hour when the soft night air
Kisses the flowers, whispers in the trees,
Should then some petals from a blossom fall
That all the day had preened in summer's pride
One, two or three, no more . . . without a sound
Upon the dewy grass but in your heart
Most poignantly as ruefully you count
The few full lusty days of summer left
E'er autumn wrap the dying year in dreams,
Then may you hear the little far-off bell
That rang this evening o'er the roofs of Troyes.
Gently it rang as though a thousand years
Of city murmurs were distilled in its
Sweet ringing. 'Twas the buzz of bees
About the flowers on the window ledge;
It was the muffled chanting of the choir
Heard from without; the latest saucy air
In whistled snatches; the glad caroling
Of some blithe vendor warbling the praise
Of creamy cheeses; 'twas the chimney sweeps'
Heartbreaking eerie wail, bleak tragic cry
That shivers through French cities when the first
White frosty morn of fall marks the approach
Of winter. Sounds like these, cheery and sad,
Blent in the ringing of that little bell.
Sweet quivering tone! I know not whence it rang.
It rang not from the height of yonder tower,
Nor yet from any bell in sight it came,
But clear it floated on the evening air
Most like the very spirit of the hour,
And silence closed around it like a sigh
Compassionate and wise, as one who knows
The vanity of grieving, yet must mourn
For love's sake the veiled, subtle threat of time.



And now, on this exquisite note of tender and refined melancholy, *ma Chérie*, I will bid you adieu . . .

But what about . . . ?

What about the Madame? What happened when she came home and found me on her roof? But she never came! Oh, I admit she should have come and, as Clara said, by all the rules of dramatic technique, we were slated to be lost, especially after that tile which slid down the roof. Yes, yes, I grant you the formidable Madame's return was indisputably obligatory, an undoubted "scene à faire." But what can I do? She just didn't materialize. I even managed to get back into the attic before Clara and Cécile came up to discover how I was getting on.

Then there is no lurid detail at all?

None, *Chérie*, none. The ladies — Clara at least — were most enthusiastic about the drawing. "But it is magnificent," said she. "It really is. Better than reality. Poor old St. Jean! I wonder when the rest of him will fall down."

"The rest of him?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied. "Did you not know? There was formerly a great tower at this end."

"And what happened to it?"

"See," she drew me to the window. "There was the tower, with many houses crowded against it. Well, they took the houses away. The houses were all that held the tower up and down it came. But that was long ago. Before the war . . . Poor old church," she said again — and then: "You know I have an uncle who is a priest. Yes indeed. He is up at Arras. He believes in the good God, the good man! At least, so he says. But what do you want? It's his trade."

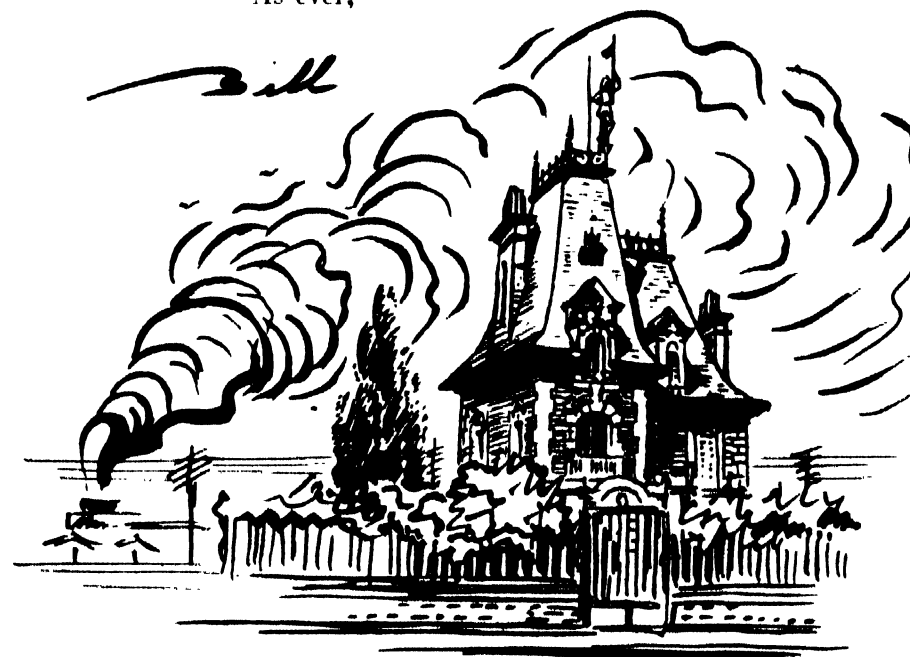
P.S. I have found out the house where Judge Prince lived when he was Public Prosecutor at Troyes. Clara told me and seemed to find my curiosity no more than natural. Alas, alas! I had pictured one of those

sad, mysterious provincial façades, all shuttered up and pregnant with tragic repressions. But nothing of the sort. The Prosecutor's mansion is the most extreme example of lavish, tasteless, 19th-century romanticism that I have seen. It looks like a dictionary drawing expressly designed to illustrate every florid detail in that period's extensive vocabulary. Why, there is even a full-fledged knight at arms standing on the roof. You never saw anything more meretricious in all your life.

And it is right beside the railroad tracks. The great expresses from Paris to Basle roar past it in the night . . .

It makes one wonder if the Judge had a special feeling for trains.

As ever,



LA MAISON
DE
M. PRINCE



A Tragic Day in Germany

HITLER SMASHES BROWN SHIRT REVOLT IN SWIFT AND BLOODY PARTY PURGE !

Captain Roehm and seven high Storm Troop Chiefs executed at once
GENERAL VON SCHLEICHER AND HIS WIFE ASSASSINATED BY HITLER'S MEN

Hitler Chooses.... His Own Way !

The German crisis, of which vague rumors reached us yesterday, assumed at once a typically savage and brutal character. On the pretext of forestalling a plot against his supreme authority, Hitler has struck out without the slightest hesitation at his most powerful lieutenants, the leaders of his Storm Troopers who constitute the military backbone of his regime.

Hits Both Right and Left

What was this plot? Was there conspiracy among the extremists of the Nazi movement with the aim of realizing a real social revolution? And what of those Nazi conservatives having contacts with Rightist circles and the Reichswehr? The fact that former Chancellor von Schleicher, one time all-powerful chief of the Reichswehr, as well as a close collaborator of M. von Papen, are found in such strange company as Captain Roehm, would seem to authorize all sorts of suppositions. This much is true, however. The Nazi extremists have for some time been protesting violently against the present tendencies of the government and their leaders were joining forces at Munich to impose their will on the Fuhrer.

On the other hand, it is no less certain that the recent speech of M. von Papen marked the beginning of a reaction on the part of the Junkers, the industrialists and various Catholic forces against the political blunders which have brought Germany both at home and abroad to the pass where she finds herself today.

It remained to be seen which side Hitler would take, the revolutionary or the reactionary. Now he has taken a definite stand, his own stand. He is determined to play his own hand against the extremists and against the conservatives behind whom loom the Hohenzollerns. He has acted with remarkable audacity and ferocious energy but not without having seriously compromised the totalitarian character of his regime. Where will this road end? That is the secret of tomorrow!



The most serious internal crisis of the Nazi regime has startled Germany on the very eve of her vacation season. The Fuhrer has met this crisis boldly, energetically and with complete ruthlessness. Storm Troop Commander, Captain Roehm, and seven of his subordinates summarily executed, General von Schleicher and his wife shot down in their own home, hundreds arrested.. such is the record of a day of so-called party purging but whose real significance remains obscure.

Berlin Mystified

Towards noon yesterday, traffic became congested in the center of Berlin. The block of buildings situated at the junction of the Tiergartenstrasse, the Viktoriastrasse and the Standartenstrasse appeared to be surrounded by Marshal Goering's special police and strong barricades had been set up in the vicinity. As this block is the headquarters of the "Steel Helmets," as well as of the Storm Troopers, many surmised some action against the former, who have lately been subjected to lively criticism in the Party. The incredible fact was soon apparent, however, that Roehm's headquarters had been occupied by a considerable body of troops. Soon the wildest rumors became more precise if no less sensational. The activity was indeed directed against Roehm and his entourage. He was accused of plotting a revolt with ex-Chancellor von Schleicher.

General von Schleicher Slain

At 3:15, Marshal Goering summoned the foreign press by telephone to the Ministry of Propaganda, where he read a brief statement covering the principal events. He alluded to the notorious morals of M. Roehm and added that General von Schleicher had been arrested. However, on leaving the room, M. Goering turned and cried, "Gentlemen, I forgot to tell you.... Schleicher resisted. He is dead!"

It was only later learned that the general's wife had also fallen a victim to the fusillade with which Hitler's agents overcame the general's alleged resistance. (For further details see Page 3)



Roehm Seized in Bed

The circumstances attending the arrest of M. Roehm are officially set forth in terms of the most revolting coarseness. For several days the Storm Troop chieftain had been enjoying a rest cure at Wiessee, a small spa near Munich. The Fuhrer, meanwhile, was in the Rhineland at Godesberg, where information reached him that the Storm Troopers had been mobilized by their commander-in-chief with the watchword, "To arms! The Fuhrer is against us!"

On receipt of this warning, Hitler had himself flown at 2 o'clock in the morning to the Bavarian capital. In that city, M. Wagner, Bavarian Minister of the Interior, had taken it upon himself to detain two suspect party leaders, MM. Schmidt and Schniewber. Hitler on his arrival had them formally arrested and himself ripped off their epaulettes. Then he betook himself by auto to Wiessee. It was 4:30 A.M.; M. Roehm and his associates were still wrapped in strangely unconsigliatorial if unorthodox slumbers. The Fuhrer burst without ceremony into Roehm's room and informed him of his arrest in language of extraordinary violence to which M. Roehm offered no reply.

A Scandalous Scene

In a neighboring room the Fuhrer found Heines, Breslau's chief of police, sleeping in company with a "Lustknabe," to use the happy Teutonic appellation. Heines is one of the 7 leaders who were shot yesterday. The circumstances of his arrest were, it appears, so revolting as to preclude description. In the words of a witness who

(Continued on Page 3, Column 4)

Was there a Plot ?

According to the official communiques, Roehm and his associates had planned to overthrow the existing regime. General von Schleicher is reported to have played the part of go-between, as well as a certain doubtful personage who may have been Gregor Strasser. The conspirators are said to have entered into relations with a foreign power and certain militant reactionaries. Who is this foreign power? England and Italy are both mentioned. How considerable was this plot and how far did its ramifications extend? Finally, how much of Herr Hitler's drastic purging may be laid to a desire for a moral cleansing of his party? It must be pointed out, however, that unlike the Biblical city of old, the Nazi Sodom has not met with complete and total obliteration. Such a condemnation would have required an even more appalling array of corpses!

AN INTERVIEW WITH DOLLFUSS

The JOURNAL is pleased to announce the early publication of a series of articles on the present situation in Austria by its distinguished correspondent, M. Felix Butat who has been spending the last six months in Vienna.

M. Butat will begin his series with the account of an extremely interesting interview with Chancellor Dollfuss. We are sure that all our readers will welcome this opportunity for having a first hand impression of the heroic little Chancellor whose valiant fight for the independence of his country has aroused the admiration of all the civilized world.

Echoes

Imitator!

Many are the reports of MM. Hitler and Mussolini's first meeting in Venice last month, that earth-shaking encounter of two supreme beings. Here is one version:

Whirr! The plane alights. The Führer descends and scowlingly hails the Duce with the sonorous "Ave Imperator" of Roman days.

Great Caesar hears. Then scowl for scowl salute for salute, he hurls back Latin for Latin.... "Ave Imitator!" he rhymes!

Warm Weather!

A somewhat cruel story but one most appropriate to the torrid weather of the past few weeks, has been going the rounds in a certain Parisian restaurant.

There, a lady, very mature, very much made up, very much the worse for the heat under which, like the decomposing butter balls, she was literally melting away, was heard to sigh wistfully:

"Oh, if I could only be put on ice!" Her companion glanced at the poor face whose architecture had been devastated as much by time as the heat and, with the air of a man long since resigned, let fall these simple words:

"Too late!"

The Queen's Bust

The room, which our princely guest, the Bey of Tunis, now occupies in an historic Parisian mansion, has always been ornamented with a magnificent bust of Marie Antoinette. The day after the Bey's arrival the bust was found covered with a handkerchief. This was promptly removed, only to be replaced by another on the following day.

It was then surmised that the image of the unhappy Queen awakened sad reflections in the Prince's mind. But no. It seems it was the woman and not the Queen who troubled the Bey's repose. His religion forbids him to gaze on a beautiful throat even when it is carved in marble!

The management has taken away the bust and replaced it by one of Thiers. Surely Thiers is authorized by the Koran!

Signs of the Times

This is a London story, a story of the "City."

A certain banker's son had the misfortune to get one of his father's secretaries with child and, like an honorable if indiscreet young man, he sought out the girl's family and offered "to do the right thing by her."

"Excuse me, Sir," replied the father with some hesitation; "but on reflection, we would rather have a bastard in the family than a banker!"

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Summer Philosophy



Summer is here! The happy vacationist basks on Norman beaches or hies him to the mountains of Savoy. The sun blazes, the air simmers and Paris dozes in a contented calm broken only by the hectic exertions of our friends from over-seas.



Summer is here! Serene, opulent, triumphant summer! How winter's preoccupations dwindle in the radiance of that quivering, illimitable sky! The Stavisky scandal, the Prince inquiry, once so absorbing.... Who has time for them now?

Summer is here! Disturbing, intoxicating summer! Strange yearnings stir us to seek, to find, to know. The vast out-of-doors calls to us. Come, let us be up and off! Yes... yes.. If only it weren't so warm!

Summer is here! Soothing, caressing summer! Stay, let us lie here in the shade a little longer. There is no hurry... Let us wander in the cooler spaces of dreamland, the infinite regions of sleep.....

Summer is here.....

A VOICE THEY WOULD SILENCE

Suppressed Pastoral Letter of Cardinal Faulhaber, Dauntless Archbishop of Munich

We publish herewith the principal parts of a document whose accents will echo everywhere that mind and spirit still retain their freedom.

Cardinal Faulhaber, a devoted German, who has given ample proof of his patriotism has never ceased to defend Christian Doctrine against the assaults of avowed paganism. Now once again he has essayed to utter the words of truth, in a letter designed to be read from every pulpit in the diocese of Munich. The Hitler government, however, in spite of its Concordat with the Holy See, has categorically forbidden the dissemination of this letter.

Cardinal Faulhaber is silenced for the moment, yet we can never sufficiently honor the courage and spiritual force of this great German and we are sure his voice will finally rise above the Nazi clamor for he speaks with the voice of Eternity itself.

Extracts from the Letter

"We Bishops cannot remain silent in the face of such peril. The Church and her servants are publicly attacked and insulted in newspapers and pamphlets, by word and by picture. Christ, our Saviour, is mocked and outraged. The infinite Majesty of God is offended!

"We dare not be silent when a book, which by flagrant distortion of the Divine Word seeks to undermine the Christian religion, is circulated in the schools and labor camps as the basis of a new conception of the world, of a new code of ethics destined for all peoples.... When such works are publicly recommended and even imposed by force on the faithful, it is our duty to point out a mortal sin. No, we cannot be silent when we see not only private persons, but official personages with powerful means of influence at their disposal, among the propagators of this new paganism."

The Cardinal then complains that the Catholic press is no longer free to discuss the great problems of the day in the light of Catholic faith and precept or to answer attacks on the Church and religion.

"Sunday," continues His Eminence, "is so taken over with parades, festivals and all sorts of political demonstrations that the faithful have no time for church. Catholic associations are suppressed and persecuted in violation of all promises made...."

Finally, waxing in eloquence, the prelate concludes:

"You have heard and read that when you put on a uniform you cease to be Catholic or Protestant but we, your Bishops, say to you:

"Yes, you should practice in the service all that good comradeship and mutual consideration demand. Your religion, however, is not a coat you can fling off and hang on a hook while you are in the service. Religion is the soul of the soul, a sacred obligation at all times and places. Religion remains in professional activity and in national service a source of power and the most precious bulwark of personal morality. Let no shallow arguments win you over to this mad doctrine that you cease to be Catholic when in the service!"

"You have heard and read that you can practice a positive Christianity without believing in Christ as the Son of God or in the Gospels. But we, your Bishops, say to you, "There is no positive Christianity save that which believes in Christ, the Son of God made man, which believes His Gospels and observes all his Commandments."

"Again, you have heard and read that true morality is that which serves your fellow citizens, the needs, the aims, the well-being of the race. But we, your Bishops, say to you, "There is no true morality beyond the Will and Commandment of God!"

PRINCE CONSORT OF HOLLAND STRICKEN

Holland is in mourning. Her Majesty Queen Wilhelmina is once again struck in her dearest affections.

His Royal Highness, Prince Henry of the Netherlands, died very suddenly this afternoon of a heart attack. Queen Wilhelmina absent in the suburbs, was unable to reach his bedside at The Hague before the end

(See Obituary on Page 17)

Parliament Adjourns

Chamber and Senate have closed their doors. Constitutionally, the normal session should run 5 months. This one opened the 10th of January, 1934. It has, there fore, passed the legal age.

M. Doumergue today read the decree of adjournment with the authority of an ex president and a high good humor which is not hard to understand. At the end, large majority of the assembly saluted the reader with richly-deserved applause. An historic session is closed.

AFTER THE PURGE

Special Session of Reichstag Called to Hear Hitler Justify Killings

The Reichstag has been summoned to meet in special session next Friday at 8 P.M.

The only item on the agenda is a government declaration to be made by Chancellor Hitler presumably in explanation of the events of June 30th.

The Reichstag will then be called on to vote a resolution not only approving the action of the Chancellor but thanking him as well for having saved Germany from a dire calamity!

A Disquieting Rumor

According to certain reports which have reached us indirectly, the Hitler purge of June 30 had its origin in international rather than national affairs. It is asserted that the Nazi leader was determined to launch a lightning attack against France, starting with a surprise bombardment of Paris by all the instruments of destruction that the German laboratories have devised. M. Hitler is said to have sought the cooperation of M. Mussolini which was categorically refused. There upon, the Chancellor vented his rage and disappointment on those who had opposed the adventure at home, notably, General von Schleicher and Captain Roehm.

Mme. Curie Critically Ill

Mme Curie, the illustrious scientist and co-discoverer of radium, is reported



THE STAVISKY INQUIRY

Justice Sacrificed to Party Politics

Perfidious Resolution Clears M. Pressard, Indicts M. Lescouvé

Acting on a Socialist motion, the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry yesterday adopted the following astounding resolution by a vote of 29 to 3 with 12 abstentions.

"The Commission reports that its investigation has revealed no dishonorable act on the part of ex-Prosecutor Pressard but that as head of his department he must bear some share of responsibility for the adjournments by which Stavisky benefited for 6 years and was enabled to elude justice."

"It believes, however, that there is no reason to recommend any sanctions against the former Prosecutor in view of the measure which has already called him to other duties."

"The Commission further takes note of the difference in tone between the two reports of the sub-commission presided over by M. Lescouvé, the one showing excessive indulgence towards the former Prosecutor and the other an excessive severity."

"The Commission considers that this contradiction is not justified by any new solidly-established fact. It is shocked by the omission of essential testimony and deplors that this second report was not drawn up in a due spirit of impartiality."

Clearly, the Parliamentary Commission of Inquiry has degenerated into the merest political cockpit. One has only to look at this resolution whitewashing M. Pressard and indicting M. Lescouvé to be convinced once and for all that a political tribunal cannot decently conduct a judicial investigation. How could it when each member's sole preoccupation is the compromising of his political adversary? How could it when every consideration is weighed in terms of "Right" and "Left"? How could it when each is working for the triumph of his own "truth" even though that truth be the demonstration of an impossible suicide?

Let us look at this charge against M. Lescouvé. Of what does it consist? The resolution alludes to the suppression of important testimony in M. Lescouvé's second report and deplors that this report was not drawn up in a due spirit of impartiality. What does this mean? Simply that the report is unfavorable to the majority of the commissioners' proteges, M. Pressard. This is the crux of the matter and that is the real reason for this savage attack on M. Lescouvé, the highest magistrate in France, who was induced to give up the serenity of the Court of Cassation by his keen love of justice. Truly, this is a sorry spectacle when such a man is delivered over to the obscene gibberish of a political scalp-dance!

AN INTERVIEW WITH DOLLFUSS

It is July, the first florid lazy month of summer. A warm, bright sunshine, still not too hot, is flooding down from above and playing with joyous abandon on the broken, syncopated rhythms of Vienna's Rococo architecture. As I go to interview Chancellor Dollfuss this morning, I am more than ever under the spell of this enchanting city whose graceful spirit shines no less in the smiling faces of her children than in the radiant vistas of her public gardens.

An Historic Setting

Chancellor Dollfuss has chosen the old Ballhausplatz for his chancellery, a fine Baroque palace fraught with memories of the Congress of Vienna. As I contemplate the 18th-century suavity and charm of its exterior, I am inevitably carried back to the dashing Czar Alexander, to Talleyrand and the arch diplomat that was Metternich; but once inside, the modest business-like arrangements of the interior suggest more vividly the efficient and modern spirit of the present occupant who is the object of my visit.

I pass into a little paved court, enter a narrow door guarded by a sentry and, after ascending a simple staircase, am ushered into a room where the lovely face of Vienna shines at me again through the tall open windows. His Excellency will be with me in a moment and as I wait I advance to take in all the loveliness of the spectacle outside.

The Ballhausplatz is situated on the edge of the picturesque old city, crowded with palaces and churches but these particular windows face on the open spaces without. I look over trees and flowered stretches to the rim of blue hills from which is wafted a barely perceptible but deliciously refreshing breeze. Pigeons are fluttering about the window ledge. There are thousands of them in Vienna and their contented cooing contributes not a little to the prevailing atmosphere of gentleness and peace. "Can this be the background for a dictator?" I ask myself. It is hard to imagine any authority here more onerous than the benign watchfulness of a father. And that is how the Viennese speak of him. "He is too good," they say.

Dollfuss the Man

A door opens and there he is, the small but well-proportioned and dignified figure one has learned to know in photographs. He introduces himself in simple and cordial fashion with the single word 'Dollfuss' and from then on the interview moves along in a homely and intimate fashion which cannot, however, hide the astuteness that lurks behind the disarming smile and the large, ever inquisitive blue eyes.

My attention is caught by a photograph

on his desk. "It is a picture of my children," says the Chancellor handing it to me. "If you like it, I will get one for you," and while I study the features of two pretty moppets, their fond father recalls anecdotes of youthful triumphs and disasters.

Yes, there is a humanity about the



CHANCELLOR DOLLFUSS

"Little Chancellor" which is infinitely appealing. Here is no Hitler or Mussolini, no doctrinaire apostle of a world movement, no demagogue or theatrical actor strutting for the benefit of crowds or the camera but a straightforward patriot whose enlightened goodness is backed by extraordinary energy. For Dollfuss does not spare himself. Although a family man, he does not even have Sundays to himself but must sometimes speak twice a day, traveling from one engagement to another by plane.

The Skillful Administrator

Our conversation touched on many phases of Austria's situation and always the Chancellor spoke with the same comprehension and enthusiasm. He was especially an-

imated in speaking of Agriculture, for Dollfuss is a son of the soil and considers that Austria's renaissance is largely owing to the energy and sound sense of her peasants.

The Christian Leader

We spoke of the war, of his post-war experiences and of his close association with Mgr. Seipel. In effect, the Chancellor declared himself to be no more than the disciple and executor of the great church statesman; for above all things Dollfuss is the leader of Christian and Catholic Austria. His deep religious attitude takes on almost the fervor of an inspired mission and nowhere is this more apparent than in his discussion of the problems springing from the insurrection and suppression of the Austrian Socialist party.

It is obvious that so powerful a party, commanding more than a million and a half votes, could not really be obliterated. It must be converted. The Christian Socialist order must take the place of the Marxist and there must be no disillusion for the worker in passing from Karl Marx-hoff to the Christian house.

It is this responsibility which the Chancellor, whose spiritual stature may be said to be in inverse ratio to his physical diminutiveness, understands in the fullest sense. The work of moral disinfection is under way. Public libraries have been purged. Atheistic and immoral leagues have been dissolved. Masses are being said in those Socialist citadels where formerly no priest dared show his head and the only gospel was that of Karl Marx.

"Yes," said the Chancellor, "we have a great work to do. The ideas of Otto Bauer were doomed to failure for he sought to convince the worker that if Socialism went out, he would be delivered over to his old bondage to capitalism. We must now show him how wrong he was."

At this point, we were interrupted by the ringing of a telephone. As the Chancellor answered it, his face lit up with a bright smile.

"It's my wife. She says I'm late," he said, turning to me with a mischievous glance almost incredible on the face of a dictator.

Then, before parting, we went to the window and looked out together. The summer morning freshness was giving way to the almost unbearable brilliance of high noon. The walks of the Volksgarten were deserted except for a few persons and these were directing their steps, as I myself was about to do, to one of the embowered cafes along the Ringstrasse, I to ponder on how it had remained for a small country under a tiny but great-souled leader to set the first example of a state governed on strictly Christian principles.

f
mod
Naz
chi
per
Hit
cou
war
Ber
and
Sov
203
Can
las
B
Lon
som
the
con
Hit
oni
war
civ
Fas
arm
Roo
som
bla
bro
red
Naz
Goe
war
and
all
V
the
say
Hit
pea
was
bri
Naz
and
Cez
wal
men
ser
cri
war
Pol
let
rep
mil
deb
Hit
Goe
the
Fas
lie
and
com
A
gra
rio
dis
Naz
inc
bru
Sov
kee
inc
som
the
war
Hit
civ
rel
Naz
Fas



THE STAVISKY INQUIRY

Mired With Same Mud Rights and Lefts Compromise on Resolution Clearing Both Pressard and Lescouvé

-S-3000

No more flagrant instance of mutual blackmail is to be found in the history of the bourgeois political parties than the resolution adopted yesterday by the Commission of Inquiry on the case of ex-Prosecutor Pressard and the President of the Court of Cassation, M. Lescouvé. In substance, the "Rights" have agreed not to make capital of M. Pressard's evident laxness and incompetence as prosecutor provided the "Lefts" will overlook M. Lescouvé's equivocal role in building up a wholly unfounded charge of murder against M. Pressard. The resolution, which was adopted by a vote of 29 to 3 with 12 abstentions, reads as follows.

"The Commission reports that its investigation has revealed no dishonorable act on the part of ex-Prosecutor Pressard but that as head of his department he must bear some share of responsibility for the adjournments by which Stavisky benefited for 6 years and which enabled him to elude justice.

It believes, however, that there is no reason to recommend any sanctions against the former Prosecutor in view of the measure which has already called him to other duties.

The Commission further takes note of the difference in tone between the two reports of the sub-commission presided over by M. Lescouvé, the one showing excessive indulgence towards the former Prosecutor and the other an excessive severity.

The Commission considers that this contradiction is not justified by any new solidly established fact. It is shocked by the omission of essential testimony and in general must deplore that this second report was not drawn up in a due spirit of impartiality.

resolution," declared Renaud Jean. "At the point which our investigation has reached, it is apparent that nothing remains of the accusation brought against M. Pressard in connection with the death of M. Prince, an accusation which was based entirely on the now completely invalidated implications of M. Lescouvé's second report."

"But this said, I cannot associate myself with the certificate of honorability which you are bent on granting M. Pressard."

"I have already indicated the reasons for my judgement, and I will take none of them back. M. Pressard cannot but have remembered on the 8th of last January the existence of the Cousin report. It is therefore willfully that he let fall on his subordinates all responsibility for the multiple adjournments by which Stavisky profited."

"No more do I accept your text in the matter of the contradictions existing between the first and second Lescouvé reports or as regards M. Lescouvé's subsequent testimony before this commission."

"I esteem that this resolution seeks to cover up the faults committed by the authors of this second report and by the witness Lescouvé in as much as the resolution willfully omits to emphasize M. Lescouvé's failure to point out:

(1) The contradictory character of the declarations made by M. Prince to M. Cauvez, Bruzin, Caujolle and Lescouvé.

(2) That M. Prince never showed anyone the documents or notes he claimed to have found.

(3) That he himself had failed to hear M. Penancier on the

See continuation of text page 3

THE CRIMES OF FASCISM

Declaration by Renaud Jean

Outstanding among the 3 members voting against the resolution was our comrade Renaud Jean whose shrewd questions played so important a part in exposing the dubious role of M. Lescouvé.

"I shall vote against this

While Monarchist and Fascist demonstrations multiply in Austria, the criminal Dollfuss government steadfastly refuses to repair the workers' dwellings that were wrecked in the February bombardments. Workers' families are forced to live in ruins with broken windows and great gaps in



Chérie! Chérie!

TROYES, July 5, 1934.

What a place! Yes, I am down at Troyes again. In fact, I think I shall spend a great part of the summer here. As soon as my month at Paris is up, I shall come here for good. You never saw such a place. There is a picture at every turn.

What a pity! What a thousand pities that the cathedral has that terrific tower! A clumsy awkward affair in the worst style of the 16th century! And even that isn't finished. It was originally intended to have a little round temple of love at each corner with two or three super-imposed temples of love in the middle, making six or seven little temples of love in all, as rakish a bonnet as ever coiffed a cathedral tower. How-

ever, they got around to building only the two little temples of love in front and there they stand up perkily, for all the world like the cocked ears of some silly old mule.

And that is Troyes. Oh yes, there is no getting away from it. Like an ugly nose, it makes an immediate and devastating impression. Come over the hills from Sens, or down the Seine valley from Bar or up the Seine valley from Romilly, and there it rises among the poplars and willows, the first and last object to meet the eye.

What a pity! What a thousand pities!

If it weren't for that tower, I'm sure Troyes would be what I've been

looking for — my dream, my ideal cathedral city; for the cathedral internally is a singularly lovely building, resplendent with some of the most gorgeous glass in France: deep mystic blues shot through with passionate reds in the 13th-century choir, sensuous reds, yellows and greens in the 14th-century nave, pure burning saffron in the great western rose; the whole effect not quite so tremendous as that of Chartres but withal more human and liveable.

Then, as I told you, there is a perfect union between the church and the city. All the main streets lead towards it where it stands neither remote nor aloof on its island but yet set apart and sanctified by its girdle of waters. The hospital is on the island too; two hospitals in fact, and several orphanages, the seminary and the prison, all ringed about and blessed by the waters of the Seine, all standing in the shadow of the cathedral.

I wish you could make the circuit of the river with me in the evening. There is a tree-arched walk which follows the stream all the way around. It has been laid out on the substructure of the old walls and, being still fairly elevated, almost on a level with the roofs of the houses, it inspires that serene possessive feeling one experiences when walking atop the walls of York or Avila. As on those ramparts, one seems to share in the tranquillity of a tremendous embrace. It is pleasant to walk there in the evening, watching the people going home on bicycles — the lovers walking two by two, the laughing groups of young people pushing and shoving one another, the lone washerwoman belatedly slapping her linen in the stream.

The cathedral too is at its most impressive from the river walk. It dominates the Ile de la Cité in truly majestic fashion, even the barbarous tower composing admirably with the shifting masses of choir and transept. There are a dozen sketches there if there is one, but I don't know when I shall get to them. This afternoon, I set out to make a start

and was distracted by two washerwomen in a shed by the Seine. The light from the river threw up great witch-like shadows on the wall and the reflections of the water eddied round them in the weirdest, most exciting fashion. Consequently, I am returning to Paris with none of the sketches done I planned to do, my mind full of visions seen by the river in Troyes and a supercrowded schedule for the next week-end.

Yes, I have about decided to spend the month of August, at least, here in Troyes.

As ever,

Bill





IN THE U. S. A.

VAST GENERAL STRIKE TO PARALYZE PACIFIC COAST

Next Monday, 65,000 workers of San Francisco and 40,000 of Oakland and Alameda will join 27,000 dock workers of the port in one of the most serious general strikes in American history. The action follows a 560 to 15 vote by the executive council of the union.

The Secretary of Labor, Mme Perkins, is in constant telephone communication with the Pacific coast and likewise keeps the President informed by radio as he enjoys his vacation cruise.

The Governor of the state, M. Merriam, has taken special measures to assure the transport of food and medical supplies to the state's 40 hospitals while the mayors of several cities in the neighborhood of San Francisco have met to devise similar measures for the protection of their respective populations. Provisions in all these cities are almost exhausted even now. Milk trucks continue to arrive in San Francisco but it is feared this service will soon be stopped also. Traffic in the city is almost entirely crippled by the shortage of gasoline. Tramways have ceased running, numerous stores are closed and the streets present a lugubrious aspect.

Heavy Police Reinforcements

The regular police forces numbering 1,300 men will be reinforced by 500 more as well as by 2,200 special police and 4,400 State Troopers. 6,000 members of the National Guard can also be requisitioned in several hours. (Martial Law in San Francisco? See Page 4)

Polo-Czechoslovak Friction

(Prague) The papers today are expressing the greatest regret at the position taken by the Polish authorities with regard to a monument recently erected near the frontier of the so-called Teschen area.

The monument, which is dedicated to Polish liberation, presents among other figures a soldier who is pointing a sword in the direction of Czechoslovakia. As this is clearly no accident, the Czech papers see in it a disagreeable suggestion.

The monument is scheduled for dedication in August.

PRESIDENT HINDENBURG SICK

The rumor runs in Berlin diplomatic circles that the celebrated surgeon Sauerbrunn has been urgently called to the bedside of the Reichspresident at Neudeck.

"Just A Friendly Visit"

MUSSOLINI TO ENTERTAIN DOLLFUSS



The Austrian Chancellor is about to visit Italy where for a few days he will be the guest of M. Mussolini at Riccione. Although an interview has been contemplated for some time, pains have been taken to give this meeting the appearance of a private visit, the Duce and the Chancellor being the best of friends. It is none the less true that circumstances will lend this 'friendly visit' considerable political interest and that the conversations of the two statesmen cannot fail to attract attention by their probable influence on the course of events in Austria.

Italy is following very closely the development of the situation at Vienna. Not only has she proclaimed her full agreement with France and Great Britain on the absolute necessity of maintaining Austrian independence, but the safeguarding of her own security and of her interests in central Europe forces her to oppose any prospect of any kind of Anschluss with the greatest vigilance. Italy has a vital interest in a prosperous and independent Austria. It is a question which dominates all Italian policy in Central Europe and by the same token, one of the essential factors of Rome's policy in general. We have always held that German-Italian cooperation, whatever the affinities of Fascism and National Socialism, will be without durable foundation as long as Vienna stands between Berlin and Rome. No subtle diplomatic manoeuvre or momentary advantage can modify the essential nature of things. Surely, here, if anywhere, we may affirm that the policy of a nation is determined by its geography.



Renewed Terrorism in Austria

Sabotage of a Power Line

The management of the Vienna Electric Works reports:

Last night an explosion near Gratkorn in Styria destroyed one of the towers carrying the high tension lines which furnish current to the greater part of Styria and lower Austria.

This outrage caused a 30 minute cessation of current in Vienna and resulted in several more or less serious accidents throughout the city. No trace of the author of the crime has been found to date.

32 Nazis Arrested in Vienna Suburb

The police have arrested 32 Nazis who were engaged in nocturnal military exercises in the Vienna suburb of Strebendorf last night.

Police Break Up Communist Meeting

Austria's troubles are not confined to the Nazis. Last night the police surprised a reunion of more than 1,000 Communists at Kaltenleutgeben near Vienna. The demonstration (See further details on Page 9)

Mme. Dollfuss in Italy

Mme Engelbert Dollfuss, wife of the Austrian Chancellor, has preceded her husband to Italy and with her two children is already the guest of Mme Rachel Mussolini at Riccione. The little Dollfusses have made an instant hit with the little Mussolinis and already are beginning to babble Italian. Only last night, on the long distance telephone, when mother had finished her daily call, the little Rudolph greeted his delighted papa with a gentle "Bon Giorno!"

1914

Unpublished Memoirs of JULES CAMBON

Of the French Academy Former French Ambassador to Berlin

I never see this time of year return without going back, in spite of myself to the July days of 1914.

On the 28th of June, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife were assassinated at Sarajevo. The Vienna government sought to wreak vengeance on Serbia whom it accused of complicity in the crime. It overlooked the incredible negligence of the Austrian authorities at Sarajevo in their measures for safeguarding the life of the Archduke.

However, the Czar of Russia gave prudent advice to Belgrade and in most of the chancelleries of Europe it was believed that with a little patience a solution would be reached corresponding with Serbia's ardent desire for peace. It was known that Belgrade feared the hazards of war and we could not believe that the aged Franz Joseph would want to close his long reign with bloodshed.

Nevertheless, in spite of the repeated efforts of England and France, the war was drawn into the conflict. The power desiring peace ran up against the determination of Vienna to seize the occasion for subjugating Serbia which had long regarded as the chief obstacle to Austrian domination of the Balkans. Austrian policy had already driven Serbia into the arms of Russia and created over that country a dangerous rivalry between the chancelleries of St. Petersburg and Vienna.

For several months already, I had had occasion to notice many indications in Berlin that the possibility of war was viewed with entire displeasure by the (Continued on Page 11)

Germany's Plans Bared in Curious London Publication

There will soon be published in London, under the title of "Berlin Journal," a book whose authorship must, for evident reasons, remain anonymous.

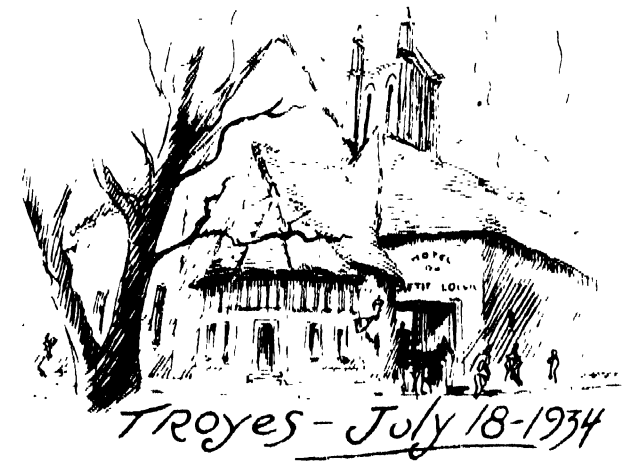
The STAR, which today publishes some extracts from the work, believes the author to be a German general once closely associated with General von Schleicher.

Be that as it may, the volume contains

important revelations concerning the secret training of large bodies of men in Germany and the description of a new toxic gas cynically called "Red Cross," which is "14 times as active as any gas known to the enemies of Germany."

More sensational still is a passage relating to a plan for bacteriological warfare (Continued on Page 2)





Chérie! Chérie! Chérie!

I have found it, my dream, my city! Yes, it is Troyes after all. In spite of the barbarous tower, it is certainly Troyes!

Look at that plan! Do you see? Do you understand? Look at the little plan in the corner and then at the big one. The little diagram is the plan of the cathedral. The aerial view shows the plan of the city. Can you see that they are one and the same, nave for nave, transept for transept, choir for choir, altar for altar?

No, look! Do you see how the Rue Emile Zola leads down through the heart of town, a slightly devious but obvious nave towards the cathedral? Do you see the lesser aisles or streets to either side? Do you see how the canal falls athwart them like a transept and how the river circles around the cathedral just as the choir aisle circles around the altar? Why there is even a Lady Chapel! Yes. What is that little church back of the cathedral if it isn't a Lady Chapel? And all those other churches, what are they but lateral chapels along the nave?

You can't deny it. How could you? Why should you? For it is true. You must allow that it is true!

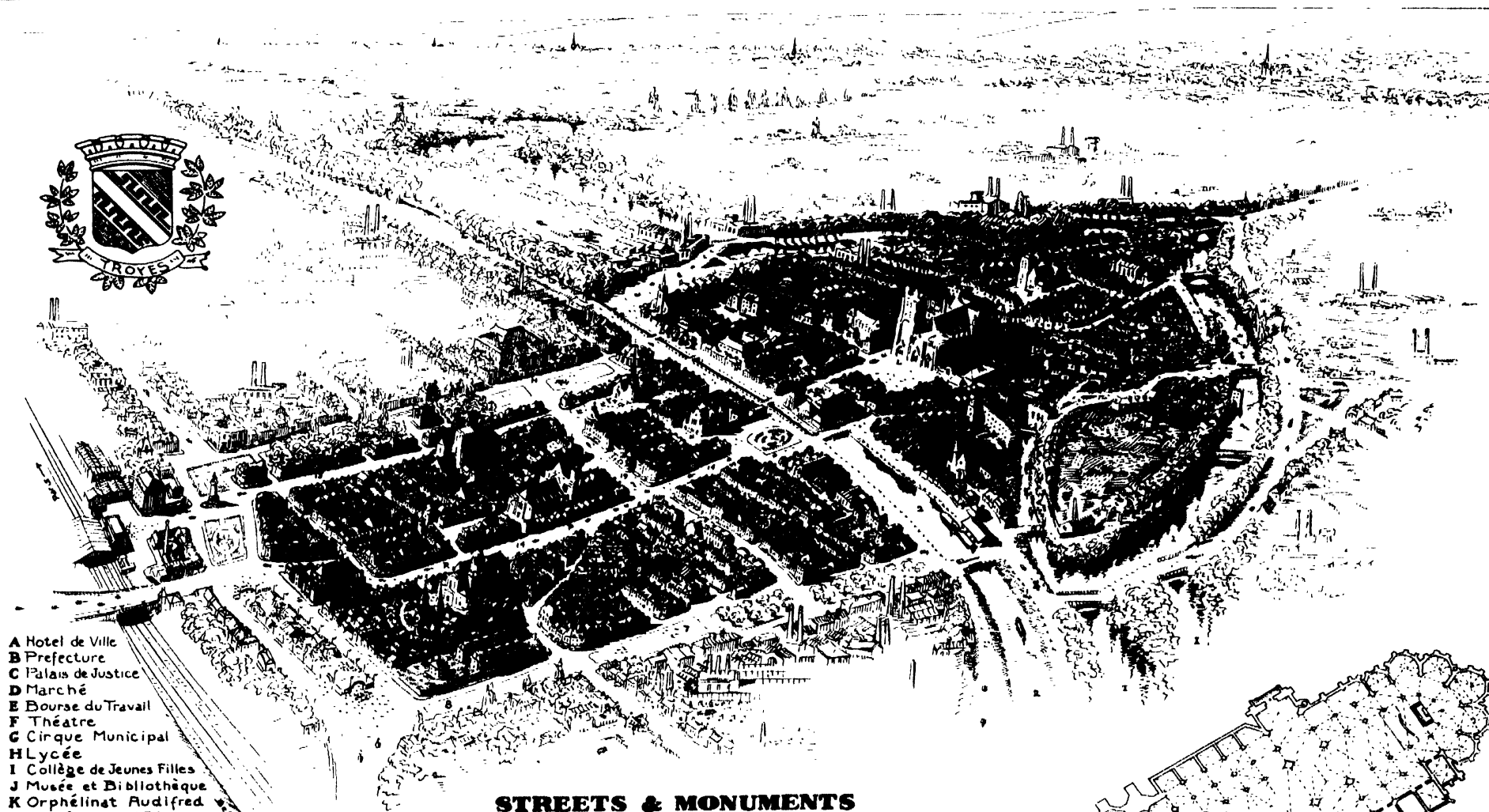
And is it important? Is it significant?

Chérie, have you ever considered the cathedral and its plan, how they work and what they do to you? You think, perhaps, as you move towards, into and around such a shrine you are obeying your own impulses but it is not so. From the moment you see that tower in the distance you are responding to the commands and rhythms of an influence more potent than any music. You are in the presence of nothing more nor less than a visual allegory of God, an allegory so perfect as to suggest the actual presence of God.

You are walking along and suddenly you see it — always with a thrill of satisfaction and recognition. Always it appears as something sought and hoped for, answering from afar the yearning for power and glory which is ever present in every heart. For the cathedral is mighty and it is beautiful. It is an ever present revelation of power that is beautiful and beauty which is powerful, and that is a divine thing in this world where so seldom the two go hand in hand together.

And so you seek it out; and as you draw near it waxes in power and glory — not, if all is well, in one unbroken crescendo but in mounting waves of awesomeness and shifting perspectives of beauty. See how it

TROYES IN CHAMPAGNE



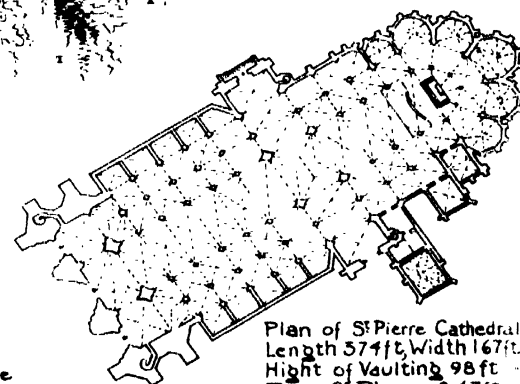
A Hotel de Ville
 B Prefecture
 C Palais de Justice
 D Marché
 E Bourse du Travail
 F Théâtre
 G Cirque Municipal
 H Lycée
 I Collège de Jeunes Filles
 J Musée et Bibliothèque
 K Orphelinat Audifred
 L Cathédrale St Pierre
 M Église St Nizier
 N Église St Urbain
 O Église St Remi
 P Église St Jean
 Q Église de la Madeleine
 R Église St Pantaléon
 S Église St Nicholas
 T Temple Protestant
 U Hotel de Valuisant

V Hotel de Chapealaines
 W Poste et Télégraphe

STREETS & MONUMENTS

1 LA SEINE
 2 Canal de la Haute Seine
 3 Chemin de Fer de l'Est
 4 Boulevard Carnot
 5 Boulevard Gambetta

6 Boulevard Danton
 7 Boulevard du 14 Juillet
 8 Boulevard Victor Hugo
 9 Place Jean Jaurez
 10 Quai La fontaine
 11 Quai des Comtes de Champagne
 12 Quai de Dampierre
 13 Cours St Jacques
 14 Rue Émile Zola
 15 Rue Thiers
 16 Rue de la République
 17 Rue Turenne
 18 Rue du Général Saussier
 19 Place du Maréchal Foch
 20 Rue de la Grande Tannerie
 21 Rue de la Petite Tannerie



Plan of St Pierre Cathedral
 Length 574 ft Width 167 ft
 Height of Vaulting 98 ft
 Tour St Pierre 243 ft



towers above those roofs and chimneys! Yet, as you advance, the roofs and chimneys come to blot it out completely. It is eclipsed. It is gone. But wait, there it is again, nearer, larger, dwarfing new roofs and chimneys, dwindling again behind them until that climactic moment when you emerge in the cathedral square and the façade towers above you, infinite, tremendous, not to be grasped except as an upward rush of soaring buttresses and gables.

This is the normal approach but at Troyes there is the very special feature of the transept, the cross axis formed by the canal, and, as inside a church, this element plays a powerful emotional role. Recall some great cruciform interior to mind. You are proceeding in your inevitable course down the nave when suddenly a counter influence falls across your way, the compelling challenge of the transept. The preponderant attraction of the main axis is subdued for a moment. You pause, you look about you. Hitherto you have been hypnotically led but it is only by an effort of your own will that you can get across that transept, choosing not to go back or to the right or to the left but forwards and, as at all moments of choice, there is a certain instability and terror of doubt, so at the transepts in a church, e'er you penetrate the mysteries of the choir, the walls fall away from you while the twin flaming roses smite you with their potent and disturbing fires. So too, while crossing by the canal basin at Troyes, does the earth fall away from under you, leaving you suspended between two heavens as voluntarily, at first with doubt and then with growing eagerness, you advance into the mysteries of the holy island.

After that, in the church or on the island, as you circle around the altar or follow the river around the cathedral, you and the building, you and the river are one. Pagan or skeptic though you be you cannot escape the benediction of that mystic embrace.

These are subtle influences but they are real and they are beautiful. You would think so too if you could live at Troyes a while and feel the pull which the cathedral exerts from every part of the town, not by the elevation on which it stands for that is slight, nor by its size for that is relatively small, nor by the beauty of its tower for that is ugly — but simply by its relation to the city and the loveliness of its interior. Like





the altar inside, the tower beckons to you at the end of every street and, if you go once out of curiosity, you will go a hundred times for love of beauty. You will go in the early morning to see the high eastern windows flashing with the light of the rising sun. You will return in the afternoon as the splendor is leaving the southern side to kindle the fires of the great western rose. You will linger in the evening as the brief glories of the northern windows throw their sumptuous colors straight across the nave in rich floods of light streaming directly from the setting sun.

Yes, I shall take Troyes for my city.

In fact, I have come to think that the barbarous tower may even be a good thing. From it springs that constant unrest, that dissatisfaction which is at the bottom of all creative endeavor. Looking at that tower in so many perfect settings or studying the grandiose composition of the facade below, I know exactly how the Gothic builders felt when they surveyed some inadequate remnant of Romanesque work. Too mean! Too low! Away with it! Make room for something higher and nobler! Yes, in a sense, this tower and the unfinished façade permit one to experience as nothing else could the dynamic urges of the heyday of cathedral building, striving and exulting in the infinitude of the incomplete, the challenge of the still to be realized.

Oh, I should like to crystallize the image of this city, with the visible symbol of beauty and holiness woven so centrally into the scheme of its being, still calling for greater and greater emphasis, still apparently a living and growing thing. True, it belongs to the past; it is an illusion, perhaps a dangerous, too fascinating illusion, but I cannot leave it without some effort to trace at least its outlines; for the truth is, Chérie, that, as I look on the beauty of this old world and consider the shadows stealing over it, I am afraid, I am terribly afraid. Deep as I may try to steep myself in these medieval splendors, it is impossible to be blind to the horrible reality. We are moving so fast towards the next war it is like being on a toboggan. And when that war, with its clouds of airplanes, its incendiary bombs that water will not quench, is over, what will remain?



57 Boulevard St. Marcel,
Paris, July 26, 1934.

Ma Chérie:

I am sitting in my little attic room taking a long last look at my beloved view. Almost everything is packed and ready for my removal to Troyes. I took the press and some other heavy things over to the Gare de l'Est and checked them this morning.

It is tragic. Whenever I am leaving a place, I see all the things I have missed and which make me almost sick with regret. Lately, Paris has been pretty much eclipsed by Troyes but this morning, rolling across the city in a taxi and even coming back in the Metro, I saw dozens of new subjects and I suppose I shall see a dozen more on my final trip to the station this afternoon.

And my view, my incomparable view! How it twinkles and sparkles in this blazing July sunshine! How utterly inadequate all my past efforts to render it have been, how cramped, how stodgy! Yet if I stayed today, it would appear in some new guise tomorrow. I could never catch up with it. Coquettish, elusive apparition, adieu! Adieu! And yet . . .

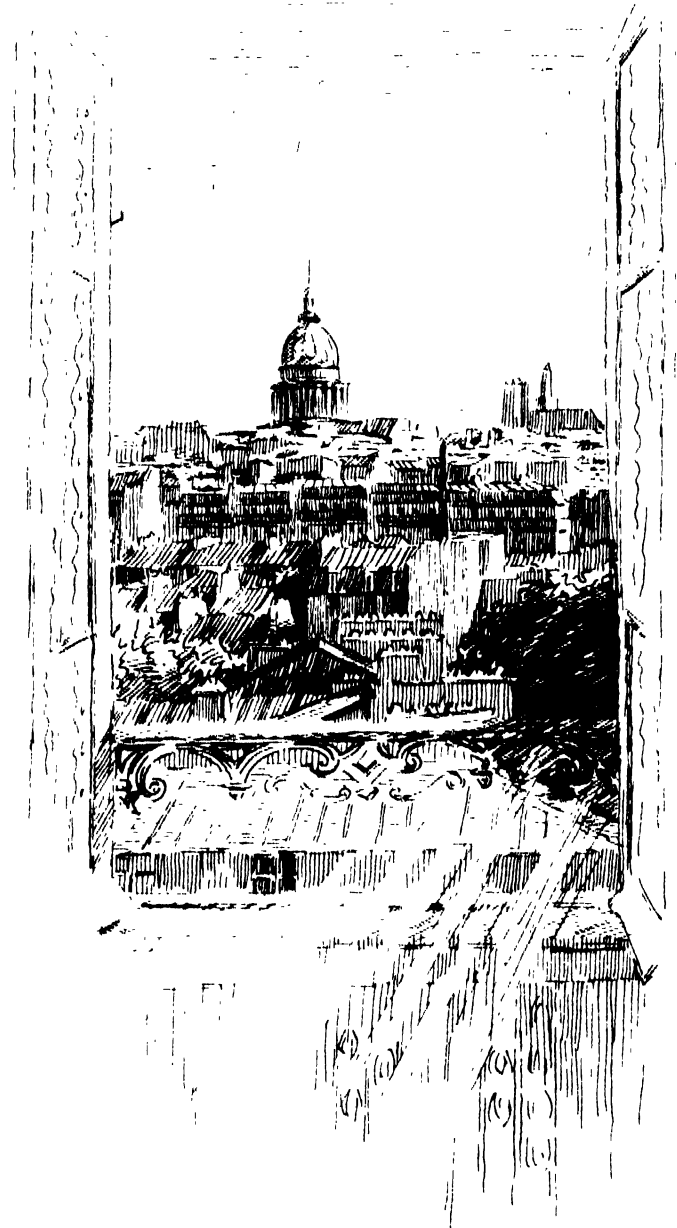
There

That is positively the last time And still it isn't it. Just a frivolous little tailpiece to an extraordinary adventure — my winter in Paris in my little attic room. A strange experience, very strange. It is seven flights up, this little attic room but it will always seem much higher. It seems, indeed, as though all my life before led inevitably up to it and will for a long time lead inevitably back to it: up, up, seven eternities from street level. How and why did I ever get here? I haven't thought much about this. Mostly I have been absorbed with the wonder of it and then, every once in a while, there would come a break in the wonder and I would suddenly realize with dismay the strangeness of my situation — here, all alone, high up above a foreign city. What on earth was I doing here?

Well, enough of that. I must get a few more things together and I shall be off. That is exciting, too. Goodbye. Send your letters to me "Poste Restante, Troyes."

As ever,

Bill



1

I'm off on a journey today!
Yes, soon I shall leave for the station!
How grand to be up and away!
How pleasant a summer vacation!

2

Yes, soon I shall leave for the station,
And soon I shall ride on the train!
How pleasant a summer vacation!
How nice to be moving again!

3

Yes, soon I shall ride on the train
Come, come now and tend to your packing!
How nice to be moving again
Most certainly something is lacking.

4

I told you to tend to your packing.
Now where in the world is that card?
I was certain that something was lacking.
Oh packing is damnably hard!

5

Now where in the world is that card?
Just think where you noticed it last.
Yes, packing is damnably hard.
Oh quick! It's already half past!

6

Just think where you noticed it last
Don't open that bureau again!
Oh quick! It's way after half past!
Your carelessness gives me a pain!

7

Don't open that bureau again!
Why, here it is under this book!
Your carelessness gives me a pain!
What time is it? You'd better look

8

How did it get under that book?
Well, anyway now we can start.
What time is it? You'd better look.
It's just the right time to depart.

9

Hurrah! For now we can start!
How gay is this bright summer weather!
Oh come, let us haste to depart.
My heart feels as light as a feather.

10

How gay is this bright summer weather!
No, don't buy a paper today.
My heart feels as light as a feather.
Oh keep the world's troubles away!

11

No, don't buy a paper today!
There's been nothing new for a week
Oh, keep the world's troubles away!
No, please, not so much as a peek





Tragedy in Vienna

DOLLFUSS ASSASSINATED IN ABORTIVE PLOT NAZI INSURGENTS FAIL TO CAPTURE POWER

144 DISGUISED NAZIS SEIZE FEDERAL CHANCELLERY, — SHOOT DOWN DOLLFUSS
LATER SURRENDER ON GUARANTY OF "FREE RETURN TO GERMANY"

On Guard !

Hard on the tragedy of June 30th in Germany, comes the tragedy of July 25th in Austria. National Socialism, in whose name all those crimes are committed, loves to assert itself by violence and bloodshed. The assassination of Chancellor Dollfuss shocks the entire world. No worse crime against Europe and civilization could be perpetrated at the present hour. A statesman of exceptional ability and courage is violently removed just at the moment when he inaugurated and inspired was about to be realized. The event is charged with incalculable consequences. Let us try to consider it calmly and coolly but with all the attention which its gravity demands.

We must wait to learn all the circumstances of the drama before we can distinguish between those directly and indirectly implicated. Certainly grave moral responsibilities have been incurred by those who have encouraged Nazi terrorism in Austria and kept the country in a ferment of civil war.

The plot has failed in the sense that, while M. Dollfuss is dead, his government continues under the direction of his close friend and collaborator, Dr. Schuschnigg, who fervently proclaims that the ideal of Austrian independence must survive the statesman who has sacrificed his life for his country.

Dr. Schuschnigg is not alone in this determination. Chancellor Dollfuss' inspired conception of a strong and independent Austria is an absolute necessity for the peace of Europe. The aid of those nations who last February so solemnly affirmed the necessity of Austrian independence will not fail the Vienna government if the latter fulfills its duty as faithfully as the leader who was shot down yesterday. The happenings in Vienna have created a situation which no power interested in the preservation of peace can evade. Dr. Dollfuss' tragic death ushers in a new era in Austria and perhaps in Europe, where the repercussions of this atrocity may be great and far-reaching.

Sarajevo 1934 ?



Vienna was yesterday the scene of an audacious coup d'etat whose gravity is heightened by the undoubted international responsibilities involved.

Here, briefly, are the essential facts:

At precisely 1 o'clock, just as the Ballplatz guard was about to be changed, five heavy trucks

drove at full speed into the court of the chancellery. Abruptly they came to a halt and out jumped some 144 men in Heimwehr uniforms. The circumstance was unusual, but the disguised Nazis, for such they were, had occupied all the exits and disarmed the regular guard before anyone realized what was afoot. "A surprise military drill" it seemed to such government officials as were drawn to their windows by the stir outside. Even a few seconds later, as with drawn pistols the Nazis swarmed through the offices, roughly herding all and sundry together as hostages, it was hard to grasp the reality of a plot too bold to be true.

The cabinet had been sitting since 11 o'clock. A few minutes before the arrival of the Nazis, a telephone call had warned the council of some impending outbreak and several ministers had immediately left the chancellery to regain their respective offices, notably the Minister of Justice, M. Schuschnigg, and the Minister of War, General Zehner. Thus, while the principal aim of the conspirators was to catch all the ministers in one trap, the chancellery actually contained only M. Dollfuss, Major Fey and Secretary Karwinsky.

From his office windows, M. Dollfuss saw the Nazis unloading in the court and was advised by his secretary, M. Hardwick, to seek escape through the labyrinthine archive room upstairs. Thereupon the Chancellor left his office and proceeded through a connecting room towards the famous Congress Hall. The door of the latter was locked and, as M. Hardwick was fumbling with the key, 3 Nazis burst into the room and immediately opened fire on the Chancellor, inflicting 3 mortal wounds, one in the neck, one in the chest and a third in the hip.

Bleeding profusely, M. Dollfuss was carried to a sofa where his assassins let him agonize for nearly 3 hours without allowing the approach of a doctor or even a priest whose ministrations the Chancellor, a fervent Catholic, kept repeatedly requesting.

Meanwhile M. Fey and Karwinsky, with all the personnel of the chancellery, were held as hostages. At 3:30, the Nazis summoned Major Fey to the side of Chancellor Dollfuss who recognized



CHANCELLOR DOLLFUSS

him and at once asked with concern regarding his situation and that of the other members of the government. Reassured on their score, he then earnestly begged Major Fey to ask Premier Mussolini of Italy to take care of his wife and two little children still in Italy. (See continuation top of Column 4)

At this, one of the putschists came with his revolver drawn and said, "Go to the point. We are not interested in your arrangements. Give Major Fey the order that Rintelin is to form the new government and that no military action is to be undertaken against the chancellery."

Weak as he was, the Chancellor was to be bullied. "Minister Schuschnigg," replied, "is to be entrusted with the government or, if he is dead, Police Chief Skul." Major Fey was thereupon led away. He left, the Chancellor repeated, "Please look after my wife and children."

All efforts to secure a priest for the dying man were without avail. "Oh let creak!" sneered one of the Nazis.

The Plot Fails

It is not yet certain what the capt of the Ballhausplatz expected. It is known what other bands were to have joined them, what other outrages were to have taken place. A smaller contingent captured the Vienna radio station and proclaimed a new government, with Rintelin, the ambassador to Rome, at its head. Yet at 2 o'clock, Rintelin gave himself up at the Ministry of War and by 3 the chancellery besieged by an ever growing army of 10 forces.

At 5:30, Major Fey appeared on a balcony of the chancellery, attended by two Nazis. "Has Rintelin already taken over the government?" he called to M. Neustadt Stürmer, the cabinet minister in command of the besiegers.

"No," replied the latter. "Then you may as well evacuate the chancellery," said Major Fey, turning his Nazi escort.

"If you don't," chimed in M. Neustadt Stürmer, "we shall take it by storm. Give you just 15 minutes."

At this, the Nazis prodded Major and he sailed down, "I am the command in-chief of the army and I do not or the police to be taken by assault."

"President Miklas," retorted M. Neustadt-Stürmer, "has decreed that the members of the government who are prisoners have provisionally lost their prerogatives. M. Schuschnigg has been named Chancellor of Austria and M. Schuschnigg has given orders to storm the chancellery."

TRAGIC AND TERRIBLE EVENTS IN AUSTRIA

VIENNA NAZIS SLAY CHANCELLOR DOLLFUSS

In Bold but Unsuccessful Attempt to Take Over Government

DISGUISED INSURGENTS SEIZE CHANCELLERY AND VIENNA RADIO STATION IN SUDDEN RAID

Chancellor, Major Fey and Many Government Officials Held for 6 Hours as Hostages against Counter Attack.

REVOLT FAILS TO OBTAIN ANTICIPATED SUPPORT

144 Putschists Surrender on Pledge of Safe Conduct to Reich. M. von Schuschnigg to Succeed M. Dollfuss

YESTERDAY, AT 1 O'CLOCK, IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE HOUR BY THE VIENNA RADIO STUDIOS, LISTENERS WERE STUPEFIED BY A BULLETIN THAT CHANCELLOR DOLLFUSS HAD RESIGNED AND BEEN REPLACED BY M. VON RINTELIN, THE AMBASSADOR TO ROME. THE BROADCASTING OF THIS FALSE REPORT WAS THE FIRST STEP IN A NAZI PUTSCH AT VIENNA WHICH COMPRISED TWO PRINCIPAL OPERATIONS, ONE THE CAPTURE OF THE CENTRAL RADIO STUDIOS AND THE OTHER THE SEIZURE OF THE CHANCELLERY, IN THE COURSE OF WHICH CHANCELLOR DOLLFUSS WAS ASSASSINATED.

AT THE END OF THE DAY, THE GOVERNMENT SEEMS ONCE MORE IN CONTROL THOUGH FORCED TO GUARANTEE IMMUNITY TO THE INSURGENTS BY REASON OF THE MANY HOSTAGES THEY HELD.

Seizure of Chancellery

VIENNA, July 25. This afternoon, just before 1 o'clock, 144 Nazis in government uniforms, riding in vans, obtained entrance to the Federal Chancellery on the pretext of relieving the guard. After having entered the building, they seized as hostages all the officials then present, including Chancellor Dollfuss himself, Vice Chancellor Fey and Secretary Karwinsky.

Thus no energetic action could be taken against the Chancellery and the government representatives were compelled to enter into negotiations with the rebels. These failed at first and a short delay ensued during which strong military detachments were ordered up to take the building by assault in case the parley failed.

However, finding themselves unsupported by any rising without, the insurgents, at about 6 o'clock, decided to capitulate on a guaranty of immunity and safe-conduct to Germany.

Capture of Radio Station

Simultaneously with the attack on the Chancellery, 14 Nazis entered the broadcasting station in the Johanniagasse, at 12:58 this afternoon. After shooting a guard as well as the director's chauffeur they burst into the studio where a program of phonograph records was in progress. Here putting a gun to the announcer's head, the invaders forced him to broadcast the statement that Dr. Dollfuss had resigned and been succeeded by M. von Rintelin.

This false report on the air was a signal for conspirators in all parts of Austria, and the plan had been to repeat it every 10 minutes along with fabricated instructions to the country. Fortunately, a telephone girl had time to send out an alarm and an official with great presence of mind cut the wires to the sending station so that the Nazis were unable to deliver a second message.

(See Last Minute Dispatches on Page 2)



ASSASSINATED !

VIENNA, July 25. M. Schuschnigg, Minister of Justice, broadcast a statement this evening in which he announced that Chancellor Dollfuss had been cowardly attacked and had died as the result of his wounds.

The circumstances of the Chancellor's death are still obscure but it is thought this outrage may cause the government to revoke the guaranty of immunity which was granted the insurgents on the strict condition that no hostage should be harmed.

Sarajevo 1934 ?

Once again, almost exactly 20 years later, the world is thrown into turmoil by an assassination in Austria.

Sarajevo 1914, Vienna 1934, the parallel is striking and will doubtless be drawn by many.

The situation is indeed one requiring the utmost vigilance on the part of all the supporters of international law and order, yet it may be well to point out that the Sarajevo parallel is more striking than actual.

The shot at Sarajevo, 20 years ago precipitated a clash between two great coalitions. Today, the situation is very different, as the immediate reactions in every capital of Europe testify. Never has Germany found herself more isolated than at this moment. All reports bear witness to universal indignation and in Rome

(Continued on Page 3, Column 4)

Was Dollfuss Betrayed ?

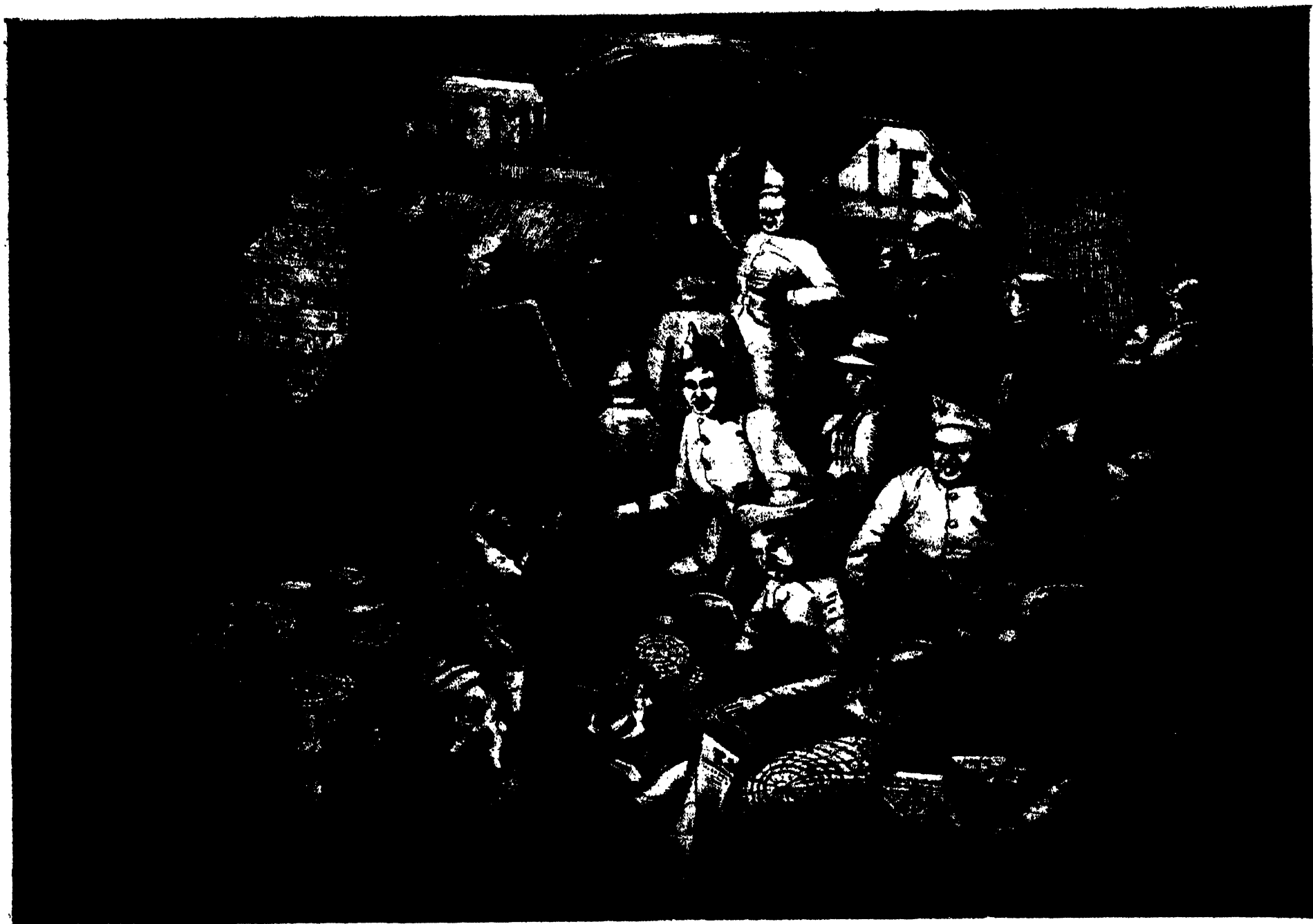
(London, July 26) According to certain reports, it would seem that Chancellor Dollfuss had been betrayed to the Nazi by men of his own party. It is common knowledge that Major Fey was jealous of his chief and, as for Dr. Schuschnigg, he is also a suspect, since only a few weeks ago he was prominent among those favoring negotiations with the Nazis.

Rumored Invasion

MUNICH, July 26. Bavaria is seething with rumors. The Foreign Legion of Austrian Nazis exiled in Germany is said to be on the point of invading Austria. The Austrian section of the Nazi party has been showing intense activity for the past four days. 3,000 Nazis are said to be under arms, waiting for orders to pour into Austria at different points all along the Austro-Bavarian frontier.

GERMANY'S RESPONSIBILITY





NOW MORE THAN EVER "DOWN WITH FASCISM!"

Dollfuss assassinated: Europe stunned. Sees Sarajevo 1934.

Vienna coup the signal for European War

THE AMERICAN STRIKE

Roosevelt and Labor

The Capitalist press of two continents is loudly congratulating itself on the decision of the strikers council at San Francisco to have recourse to arbitration. This satisfaction, however, is not entirely unmixed. Recourse to arbitration was only voted provisionally. If it is true (but is it true?) that "Frisco" has resumed its normal life, it is still more evident that the strikers haven't been beaten. The dockworkers, in particular, declare that if arbitration fails to satisfy their essential demands, they will resume the strike immediately. Furthermore, strikes by miners, metal and textile workers at Seattle, Birmingham and Minneapolis are still spreading. The

These facts are not of a nature to reassure the "Haves" of two hemispheres who yesterday so loudly cheered the raiding of the San Francisco "Daily Worker."

For us, the social fact of first importance is the great revolutionary lesson of San Francisco teaches us this essential doctrine, whose significance we Communists must stress more than ever.

(Continued on Page 6, Column 4)



FIRST: Rooseveltism has not brought the working class those better living conditions so presumptuously heralded by admirers of the American experiment. Figures are more eloquent than the most prettily phrased arguments. The rise in the cost of living has, according to M. Green himself, largely made up for the rise in wages. This truth is obvious. Real wages have been reduced 20% in 1934, while according to the State Department, the cost of clothing has risen 29% and the prices of potatoes, flour and rice have risen from 30 to 70%.

SECOND: The famous codes have not materially reduced unemployment. From March 1st to the end of June 1933, the number of workers employed rose 14%. On the other hand, the codes have been much more effective in "sweating" the laborer. In the period above mentioned the workers' output increased 44.9%.

THIRD: The N.R.A. has not promoted industrial or-

TWO WEEKS AGO, BARRICADES IN AMSTERDAM; LAST WEEK, STREET FIGHTING IN SAN FRANCISCO; AND YESTERDAY, A COUP D'ETAT IN VIENNA! DOLLFUSS ASSASSINATED DURING A BLOODY BATTLE IN THE HALLS OF THE CHANCELLERY ITSELF! WHAT A WHIRLWIND OF EARTH SHAKING EVENTS!

Last February, with France's help, Dollfuss drowned the defensive revolt of the Vienna proletariat in blood. The Quai d'Orsay, at that time, made the glad echoes ring with the shout that their little Metternich had flogged the Nazi giant. The truth was quite otherwise. Dollfuss' abject regime had only played into the Nazi's hands by its brutal assault on the Working Class.

It is typical that on the very eve of this coup d'etat, the Federal Government was arresting 300 Socialist and Communist anti-Fascists, besides condemning two militant Social Democrats to the gallows.

BUT IT IS IN THE FIELD OF INTERNATIONAL POLITICS THAT THE AUSTRIAN COUP D'ETAT WILL HAVE ITS MOST DRAMATIC RESULTS. THE PRECEDENT OF SARAJEVO IS OFTEN RECALLED IN THESE DAYS OF INTERNATIONAL CRISIS.

MULTIPLY SARAJEVO BY TEN AND YOU HAVE THIS AFFAIR AT VIENNA!

For over a year, Italy, France and Great Britain have been protesting against Nazi activity in Austria. By manifold diplomatic declarations, they have proclaimed their unalterable opposition to any form of Anschluss. Fascist Italy, especially, has shown the most violent hostility to Hitler's ambitions in Austria. Finally, the states of the Little Entente have declared that the realization of the German plan would automatically bring them into war and M. Barthou has assured them that France would be found at their side.

THIS NAZI COUP AT VIENNA IS THE REALIZATION OF THE GERMAN PLAN. IT AUTOMATICALLY TOUCHES OFF THE FUSES OF ALL THE POLITICAL AND MILITARY ALLIANCES. IT MEANS WAR THE FIRE WHICH HAS BEEN SMOLDERING IN THE RUINS OF THE DUAL MONARCHY NOW FLARES UP TO EMBRACE THE WORLD!



Vienna, July 25 —

After having seized the V broadcasting station from which proclaimed the resignation of Dollfuss government, a band of disguised in army uniforms occupied the Chancellery for several hours holding Dollfuss and Major F prisoners. At the end of the afternoon, the Nazis were disarmed by the Federal army. But before rescue could arrive, the Chancellor had been slain. Such is the still incomplete and confused. (See Page 2 for Last Minute News)

1914-1934

NOW, AFTER TWENTY YEARS, LET THE PROLETARIAT AFFIRM ITS WILL TO RESIST THE MAKERS OF WAR!

THINGS HAVE CHANGED IN TWENTY YEARS.

THERE IS NOW IN THE WORLD A COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL WHICH HAS EXPOSED THE LYING MOCKERY OF "NATIONAL DEFENSE."

IN EVERY COUNTRY, THERE ARE COMMUNIST PARTIES TELLING THE WORKER:

"DON'T BE MISLED BY THEIR HIGH-FLOWN APPEALS TO PATRIOTISM.

"IT IS AGAINST IMPERIALISM AGAINST WAR ITSELF, YOU MUST FIGHT! YOUR ENEMY IS AT HOME!"

DOLLFUSS ASSASSINATED! EUROPE STUNNED!

AUSTRIAN NAZIS MURDER CHANCELLOR!

(Quarter to four, at four we board the train.)

DOLLFUSS ASSASSINATED! NAZIS SEIZE

VIENNA CHANCELLERY! ALL EUROPE TENSE!

(Quarter to four, at four we shall be off.)

DOLLFUSS IS SLAIN! ITALY MASSES TROOPS!

FEAR SARAJEVO 1934!

Quarter to four -- My God, what ails that clock?

Damn it! I swear the pointer hasn't budged

For half an hour. Ha! There it jumps ahead.

But why should time be made to stop

And jump spasmodically? Time is a stream

That flows continuously. Time does not stop

And start and stall for hours on end.

DOLLFUSS ASSASSINATED! EUROPE STUNNED!

FEARS SARAJEVO 1934!

So twenty years shrink into nothingness

And time stands stupified. O Gare de l'Est,

What griefs, what memories wake within thy walls

As from a noonday nap! Chemin de Fer,

Chemin de Fer de l'Est, grim iron way,

Way of the East, strewn with the scattered bones

Of countless thousands, what prophetic mind

Named you so aptly, bloody iron way?

Your fields are graveyards and your cities' names

Sound on the fearful ear like cannonades

Pounding their drums of doom behind the hills:

VERDUN! VERDUN! CHALONS sur MARNE! VERDUN!

VERDUN! RHEIMS, CHATEAU THIERRY! RHEIMS! VERDUN!

VERDUN!



1068630

Still fourteen minutes more, let's see . . .
DOLLFUSS ASSASSINATED! No, no use
To buy another paper. We have read
Right up to the last minute and they but
Repeat themselves or vainly speculate,
Seeking to build the fearful present out
With dubious prophecy, dyke in a space
Of those black thundering waves that roar so loud
Their dark uncertainties. Pathetic task!
Their guess is worth no more than yours or mine.
DOLLFUSS IS SLAIN! ALL EUROPE HOLDS HER BREATH!
FEARS SARAJEVO! Move, you crazy hand!
We cannot hold our breath forever. Move!
Say time has stopped for Dollfuss, must we too
Smother in timelessness, be paralyzed,
Petrified here with Europe on the brink
Of God knows what and all the watching world
Fearfully waiting? Fourteen minutes more . . .
Just fourteen little minutes such as pass
So easily over one's coffee. Ha!
It moves! It moves! Just thirteen minutes left!
Time is advancing onward after all.
And so shall we! Oh, to start moving, slowly,
Surely, then with a growing urgency
Strong and resistless. Oh life-bringing joy
Of motion! Oh to glide along the rails
Faster and faster, see the buildings move
Against the sky, majestic, stately, slow,
Grand counter point of our lighthearted speed!
Faster and faster! Oh to hit the track,
Hurtling from switch to switch, rattling across



WAR'S WORST RAIDS!

Street crossings, under bridges, roaring loud
Through dark reverberating tunnels . . . On,
On, ever faster, out into the sky,
The open country! Oh, to rise, to fly!
Oh, to be free, racing ahead of time,
Not fretting here, chained to a palsied hand
Which moves by inches! Thirteen minutes more,
Thirteen eternities! All Europe holds
Its breath, remembering Sarajevo! CHRIST!

THE END

The end? Stop here abruptly with the shock
Of Dollfuss' murder? Leave us wondering?
And is not that the image of this time?
This was the age of waiting and suspense.
Some feared the end of all while others hoped
For new beginnings, but so great the doubt
Dread colored the expectancy of all.
But no, to tell you truly friend, this work
Is but an introduction, and this break
A pause in a long story which would lead
Right up to that black moment when the fear
Became reality and France, whose light
Had shed a glory on the earth, was lost
In blackest night of absolute eclipse.
I say eclipse, and such eclipse as France
Has known before and when the shadow passed
Has shone again her old effulgent self



You ask me, Sir, why I
 Select France of all nations for my model?
 'Tis briefly answered: France from her days of birth
 Has ever lived intensely at the heart
 Of Christendom. Fiercely, the dreams that sweep
 The souls of men have burned in France in their
 First clarity, unspent by distance, and
 The mind of France has wrought these visions of
 Her soul in forms so apposite as to
 Become the symbols of those dreams for all
 Mankind. A soul to feel intensely and
 A mind keen to express the feelings of
 Her soul — these, France has had from the beginning.
 Seek you the best

Jesus, lay off of that!
 How do such raptures square with France today?
 I have been thumbing through your opus here
 And I observe some method in your madness . . .
 But tell me, is it finished? Here you stop
 Abruptly in the midst of all the shock
 Of Dollfuss' murder, leave us wondering

And is not that the image of that time?
 That was the time of waiting and suspense.
 Some feared the end of all while others hoped
 For new beginnings, but so great the doubt,
 Dread colored the expectancy of all.
 But no, to tell you truly, Sir, this work
 Is but begun. Herein are held the seeds
 Of future volumes which, if God permit,
 I shall continue, but if not, this work
 Is none the less complete within itself.

'If God permit!' Still the religious twist!
 My friend, we just don't use that style to-day.

Sir, I am well aware of that and you
 Need fear but little of it in this book
 Of mine.

So much the better then, but why
 Start off in so antique a style? Jesus!
 I swear I thought you were completely cracked.

Sir, I began with that name on my lips.
 I have it now on yours, or let us both
 Cry "JESUS!" That will be prologue enough!

IN VIA
 PRA
 WA

ALISTES
 LANGLER LA REPUBLIQUE!



UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY



143 620

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

